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Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

A MEMOIR

OF

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

ELLA WAITE COBB

PUBLISHED FOR HIS FAMILY
BOSTON
1891

NEW YORK
PUBLIC

Copyright, 1891,
By Ella Waite Cobb.

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C. J. PETERS & SON,
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To the Masonic Fraternity

Of which SYLVANUS COBB, JR., was long an active and honored member; whose principles of Love, Fidelity, and Truth, governed his own life; whose basis — the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man — was the very soul of his own religion; and especially to those Masonic Brethren with whom he was more intimately connected, meeting them often in sacred council, and whom he tenderly loved,

This Memoir of My Father

is respectfully dedicated.

E. W. C.

PREFACE.

EXCEPT of those who, by their prominence and success in political, literary, or philanthropic work, have made their names as "familiar as household words," the stories of real life are little known. There can hardly be found a person who has reached maturity, however obscure, who has not passed through some experience, overcome some obstacle, or fought and conquered in some battle, the narration of which would encourage and uplift another. In every cemetery, however humble, sleeps some "mute, inglorious Milton," "some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood." All honor to the great and good who have gained eminence by a heroic struggle with penury and obscurity; but no less respect and admiration are due to those who, in the quieter walks of life, if only in the circle of their own homes, cheerfully perform their daily duties, and with patient heroism overcome their daily temptations. Modest "footprints on the sands of time" mark many a brave and noble life.

To his family and immediate friends, the life of Mr. Cobb seemed deserving of a memorial, and they felt

that it could not be prepared by a stranger's hand. The work has been necessarily slow and of long duration; the greater part of two years has been devoted to it, but it has been a work of love and enjoyment.

In preparing this memoir, the prevailing desire of the compiler has been to make Mr. Cobb, as far as possible, tell the story of his own life, and portray his own character. With this end in view, all quotations, letters, and sketches have been gathered, which in any way were identified with his own life, or which helped to reveal some personal characteristic. In fulfilling this desire, and in establishing the correctness of dates, his diaries, which he often said might at some time prove useful, have been invaluable. The endeavor has been to make the arrangement of this material as simple as possible; to be impartial; to refrain from eulogy; for many who will read the book know how free from imperfections he was. He had his weaknesses, — who of us have not? — but of wilful faults he had none.

To the many kind friends who have expressed their interest, and have rendered valuable assistance in the work, thanks are extended.

With this brief introduction, the memorial is presented to the reader with the hope that it may be found useful; that the story of this sweet and noble life may bear a lesson of love and duty to many hearts.

E. W. C.

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MEMOIR OF SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND BIRTH.

On Thursday, June 5, 1823, the subject of this memoir was born at Waterville, Me. On his father's side, his descent is traced from Elder Henry Cobb, who is believed to have come from England to the "Old Colony" by the second trip of the Mayflower, ten years after her first voyage with the Pilgrim Fathers.[1] Farmer's "Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England" says of Henry Cobb: "He came to Plymouth as early as 1629; was at Scituate in 1633; removed to Barnstable, where he died in 1679, leaving seven sons and four daughters." His descendants, says *The Antiquary* of Plymouth (2 Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. iv. 247), are as numerous, figuratively, "as the sands on the sea-shore." In 1828 nineteen of the name had graduated at the New England colleges. In 1631 Elder Henry Cobb married Patience, daughter of Deacon James Hurst of Plymouth, Mass. According to Lothrop's Church Record, she was "buryed May 4th, 1648, the first

[1] This may have been another Mayflower.

that was buryed in our new burying-place by our meeting-house." December 12, 1649, he was married to his second wife Sarah, daughter of Samuel Hinckley. He died in 1679, and his wife Sarah survived him. He had fifteen children, — seven sons and eight daughters; of these the second son James, born January 14, 1634, is the great-great-great-great-great-grandfather of Sylvanus Jr. December 26, 1663, James married Sarah, daughter of George Lewis Sr., and died in 1695. Eleven children were the fruit of this union. The fifth child, James 2d, born July 8, 1673, married, and reared nine children, the eldest of whom was James Cobb 3d. He married Elizabeth Hallett; and of their seven children, one was Sylvanus, born October, 1701. He was married to Marcia Baker, by the Rev. Joseph Green, November 7, 1728. He had seven children: the second child, Ebenezer, is in the direct line of our progenitors. Of the family of Ebenezer Cobb, his second son, Ebenezer, born March 17, 1759, married Elizabeth Cobb, daughter of Samuel Cobb of Carver, Mass. She was in another line of descent from the same Elder Henry, our immigrant ancestor. The seventh child of this union was Sylvanus, father of Sylvanus Jr., born July 17, 1798. He, then, was doubly a Cobb, of the old Pilgrim stock; the seventh generation from the immigrant Henry, by the line of descent on the paternal side, and the sixth generation from the same on the maternal side.

In the *New York Ledger* of September 19, 1874, appeared the following item:

"Mrs. Dorothy D. Bates of Kingston, Mass., eighty-seven years old, recollects seeing Ebenezer Cobb, who died in 1801, aged one hundred and seven years. This 'Granther Cobb' recollected seeing the funeral procession of Peregrine White, who was born on board the Mayflower, and died in 1704, aged eighty-four years. Thus, a person now living has seen and recollects a man who saw the funeral procession of one who landed on Plymouth Rock from the Mayflower, over two and a half centuries ago."

Three weeks later, Mr. Cobb furnished additional information, thus: —

"My dear Ledger, — In your issue of September 19, you published an item headed 'Recollecting Back of the Mayflower.' The Ebenezer Cobb there mentioned was great-uncle to my grandfather, and also great-uncle to my grandmother on the paternal side, the two last-named progenitors having been of the same stock. My grandmother taught me to smoke. When I was a boy, I used to fill and light her pipe for her; and to-day I own the very tobacco-box which 'Uncle Eben' gave to his son, and which his son gave to his son, and which his son, dying, left with my grandmother."

Sylvanus Cobb was married, September 10, 1822, to Eunice Hale Waite of Hallowell, Me. Of her genealogy, the following data are trustworthy: —

Thomas Waite of Ipswich is first mentioned in 1658. He was appointed sergeant in 1664. His wife was complained of before the court for wearing a silk dress, but it was decided that she was entitled to do so. From various circumstances, it is supposed that Thomas Waite was of the same family with the Malden Waites, and

with them descended from Samuel Waite of Wethersfield, Essex County, England; but the evidence of such descent seems unattainable. Of his five children, the second son, John, was born in 1658, died May 21, 1736. He married for his first wife Kathren Carroll, August 14, 1685; for second wife, Hannah Dorr, November 16, 1712. Their children numbered eight. Jonadab, the third son, was born February 20, 1690, married Hannah Adams, September 11, 1725, and died July 6, 1761. They had one child, John, baptized August 17, 1729. He was married to Sarah Kimball, November 30, 1749; died in February, 1752, leaving his widow, Sarah Waite (who in 1773 married John Hodgkins), and two children, of whom John, the youngest, was born April 24, 1752. In the year 1773 he married Eunice Hale of Newbury. March, 1782, she died; and December 29, 1785, he took for his second wife Judith Hale. John Waite died August 6, 1789. Of the three children by his first marriage, Hale was the second, born April 30, 1779; died 1807. He married Elizabeth Stanwood, and had two daughters, the youngest of whom was Eunice Hale, who married Sylvanus Cobb. In March, 1684, Sergeant Thomas Waite was granted land on which to build a house for his son John; and it was in that house that Hale Waite, the father of Mrs. Cobb, was born.

Philip and Jane Stanwood were living in Gloucester in 1653, and from them Elizabeth was directly descended. Isaac Stanwood, born May 2, 1755, married Eunice Hodgkins of Ipswich, February 26, 1778. Their

second child, and first daughter, was Elizabeth, born September 29, 1781 ; baptized October 14, 1781.

The following extract is from the autobiography of Sylvanus Cobb : —

"September 10, 1822, I gave my hand and heart in marriage to Miss Eunice Hale Waite of Hallowell, Me. . . . The ceremony was performed in the morning ; and I forthwith took my lawful wife into my carriage, and set off for the General Convention of Universalists, to be held at Warner, N.H., on the 18th and 19th of the same month."

Under the same date, Mrs. Cobb's diary has this record : —

"Gave my hand in marriage this morn to Rev. Sylvanus Cobb. How solemn ! how truly interesting the scene ! What a duty have I now taken upon me ! I have become a wife, the companion of one who is laboring in his Master's vineyard, endeavoring to promote the cause of the blest Redeemer ; and shall I not realize how great is my responsibility, and how great a duty is now incumbent upon me ? that in everything I must consult the interest, the happiness, and the welfare of *My Husband,* knowing that a person in his situation ought never to have anything in his own family to mar his happiness or interrupt his mind : therefore may it be my constant study to make him contented and happy, and then will my own happiness be sure. May we, in time of prosperity, remember with humility and gratitude from whom all our blessings flow ; and in times of trouble, should any arise and becloud the day, may we still be contented, and ever feel a humble submission to all the dispensations of God's holy providence, ever bearing in mind that 'the Judge of all the earth will do right.'"

How faithfully and sacredly her wifely duties and responsibilities were performed, a second extract from his autobiography will tell: —

"I have shared her sympathy and encouragement in my arduous and responsible labors, and she has cheered me with her presence in much of my journeying abroad. Though, with the increase of the number of our children, her domestic cares and responsibilities increased, — all of which she enjoyed and faithfully acquitted, for she never failed to look well to the ways of her household, — yet she managed her affairs with such system and skill, that with great frequency she could, with home all right, gratify her own and my desires, by taking a seat in my carriage, and accompanying me when I went out to spend the sabbath from home, and in attendance upon our Associational and Conventional meetings. Of such a one there can be no doubt of Solomon's accuracy in the saying, 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.'"

One whose memory carries him back to the last years of their wedded life, knows that it was a union of sacred devotion and perfect earthly happiness. The first of their nine children was Sylvanus Jr., born at Waterville, June 5, 1823. From the happy mother's diary of that date is taken this beautiful benediction and prayer:—

"This day commences a new and an interesting era in my life. I have, by the great goodness of Heaven, been made the mother of a living son. How rich! how valuable a blessing! And may we feel duly thankful to the Supreme Author for the gift of such a favor; and also feel sensible of the great duty which will devolve upon us in bringing it up in the nurture and admonition of the same Almighty Being."

The Eastern Association of Universalists met in Waterville on the 25th and the 26th of this month, June, 1823; and on the second day of the Association, Thursday, June 26, the little babe was publicly dedicated to God by "Father Hosea Ballou." It is often said, and is related in his mother's journal, that it had been planned to name this dear first-born Sebastian Streeter, for the one with whom his father "spent so many happy days in preparatory study for the ministry;" and it was only at the last moment, after "Father Ballou" had taken the child in his arms, that the mother's heart rebelled, and, stepping forward, she requested to have the little son christened Sylvanus Jr., and Sylvanus Jr. he was, even after his father's death. Father and son had both written to some extent, and each had made his own name more or less famous; and for this reason, if for no other, the son felt it to be unadvisable to drop the "Junior." He often said, when questioned on the subject, "I *am* Sylvanus Jr." At the time of his father's death, he sent the following card to Mr. Bonner, and it was published in the *Ledger* of February 23, 1867: —

My dear Mr. Bonner, — Will you give me permission to say to my friends, through the columns of the *Ledger*, that I do not drop the 'Junior' from my name, owing to the death of my father, Rev. Sylvanus Cobb. He will live in his published works for generations to come; and as I am known to the public as Sylvanus Cobb Jr., there might be much confounding of individualities were I to drop from my name the only sign which has distinguished the son from the sire. Therefore, in order that no one may

give me credit for works that are his, and that the droppings from my pen may not be attributed to him, I shall in the time to come, as in times past, subscribe myself, as I wish to be addressed,

SYLVANUS COBB JR.

How would it have sounded had he been christened as first arranged? Sebastian Streeter Cobb, the novelist! It is not euphonious; and there is reason for rejoicing that his mother revoked her decision, and honored her babe with the father's name.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD AND EDUCATION.

In April, 1828, before Sylvanus was five years of age, his parents removed to Malden, Mass., where his father was settled as pastor of the first parish of that place. April 22, they took up their abode in the "Parsonage House," where they resided for ten years, from the fifth to the fifteenth year of Sylvanus Jr. One may well wish to know more of those years, more of his every-day life, of his boyish sports and troubles. That he was a genuine boy is certain from his rehearsal of many of his pranks and frolics. One of these is worth relating.

With his next younger brother, S. T., he had made a foraging expedition into a neighbor's orchard. This neighbor was one of those men who had the unhappy faculty of making himself disagreeable to mischievous boys, and on this particular occasion succeeded in capturing the younger brother, and applying what to the boys seemed unjust and uncalled-for corporal punishment. The rage and resentment surging through the breast of the older boy outside, waiting for the release of his dear brother, can only be imagined. Too

small and too weak to attempt a rescue, what was there to do but to retaliate? On a dark night soon after, he visited the melon-field of his harsh judge, and, with his jack-knife, cut from its root every vine. It was a boy's headstrong, thoughtless requital, but it serves to illustrate a trait of character which "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." His heart was full of sympathy and tenderness for the weak and the oppressed, and of bitter resentment toward oppressors. He was ever ready with a kind, cheerful word of advice or a helping hand; and the needy and suffering never called on him in vain.

The Malden parsonage comprised, besides the house, a barn and about twenty acres of land. The old house is still standing, and is celebrated as the birthplace of Adoniram Judson. The name of Sylvanus Cobb Jr., is still to be read, scratched on one of the old-fashioned window-panes. At a very early age, this eldest son was given his share of the farm-work to do, and used to tell how he was called in the cold gray dawn of the winter mornings, to go out with the hired man, and feed the horses and the cattle. The following extract is taken from a letter which his father sent him from Portsmouth in August, 1835. It illustrates the confidence his parents had in his ability and fidelity.

"I have full confidence in your fidelity in the discharge of the trust which I committed to you, in the care of home. In the enjoyment which you will reap from a consciousness of doing well, and from knowing that you give your parents happiness by your filial faithfulness, you will both be qual-

ifying yourself for future usefulness in life, and enjoying a taste of that felicity which shall always accompany a sentimental discharge of all the duties of every relation which you may sustain in life.

"There is one thing which I forgot to mention to you before I left home, and I will therefore say it now, viz.: If the old potatoes in the barrel are used up, sort out and give the pig the little ones from among the early potatoes which I directed you and Samuel Tucker to dig; and, if necessary, mix some meal with the drink you give him, — looking out well that the rats do not have a hole open in the trough. If there are more cucumbers than the family wants to use, get two quarts of *cider vinegar*, and let Eliza Ann put the residue in the same for pickles."

In December, 1837, while his father was away from home, Sylvanus wrote to him thus: —

"The concerns at the barn, the cows and pigs, have fared very well. . . . We have got a new load of wood, upon which I spend some of my leisure time."

He also had his happy hours of play and bright holidays, when all work was laid aside. The Fourth of July was then, as it is now, "the glorious Fourth," but was eclipsed by "Muster Day," which, to the American boy of sixty years ago, was *the* grand holiday of the year. After Sylvanus became large enough to go from home alone, he always spent this day with Starr King at Charlestown, where his father was then settled. Their pocket-money was put into one sum, and spent in common. This friendship was one of those strong, boyish attachments, beautiful in its depth and truth, which lasted until death called one to his early

rest, and then the tenderest memories of this playmate and friend lingered in the heart of the other.

June 17, 1881, Mr. Cobb wrote in his diary thus: —

"Oh for the days of my boyhood! What a day was this then! Into Charlestown with Starr King, and then, fun! Good-by — old days!"

Sylvanus was a great favorite with his mates, beloved by all. He always came as a peacemaker where he was needed, and never quarrelled. He never made an enemy in his life.

He was called to pass through the customary ills and ails of childhood. Of one serious illness, typhus fever, he often spoke. The old-school, hard-shelled physician had ceased to hope, and at night told the anxiously watching mother that her boy must die. Burning with fever and parched with thirst, he constantly cried for water, but not a drop could be allowed. The night which it was feared would be his last, while his father slept at his side, in his partial delirium he took his case into his own hands, arose from his bed, crawled upon his hands and knees down-stairs and out into the winter night to the pump-room, where the water-pail stood always full. He struggled up and grasped the tin pot, and with its bottom edge broke through the ice, and eagerly drank his fill. He *walked back* to his bed, and soon fell into a quiet sleep and profuse perspiration. In the morning the doctor found the fever gone, and pronounced him past all danger. It was a long time before his parents knew of the escapade of that Jan-

uary night. The doctor was also told of it in time. He shook his head dubiously, with the remark, "It ought to have killed him!"

His days of travel commenced when he was six years old, in June, 1829, when his father took him on a four-weeks' journey to Maine. In those days of travelling in one's own carriage, if one would go from Malden, Mass., to Norway, Me., and return in four weeks, there was little time for visiting. Sylvanus could recall in after years many pleasant incidents of this trip; memories of the friends with whom they tarried on the way, and of the relatives in Norway whom he now for the first time met. During his thirteenth summer he went alone from Malden to Portland to meet his mother who was visiting in Hallowell. Off Portsmouth the steamer encountered a gale, and the captain was obliged to put back into Cape Ann. His mother's diary for August 11 says: —

"By the power of Heaven my little son arrived here in safety to-day, the fourth day out from Boston. Sylvanus says he was not at all frightened or seasick."

It was in Malden that most of his school-days were passed. In his mother's diary for February 16, 1830, is this entry: —

"Attended Miss Goodwin's school examination; the school which Sylvanus attends."

Of Miss Goodwin he was often heard to speak, and he held many pleasant memories of her kindness. It

was also one of his Malden teachers of whom in later years he wrote as follows : —

"I close my eyes, and see the man as I saw him then, a celestial presence, with a halo about his head — a face of rare sweetness it was, looking up through the glorified sheen from the white pillow. Many years have passed since that day, but the scene is as distinct as though I had turned from it but a moment ago. The man had been my teacher, — our village schoolmaster, — beloved by his pupils, and respected by all who knew him.

"Master Kelly knew that he was passing out from the lower life, and he desired to see his scholars once more. On that day the school was closed at an early hour in the afternoon, and the children all went to the house where our dear friend lay dying. He took us each by the hand, and spoke in the old pleasant way. He asked us not to weep. He was sorry that he must leave his pupils, whom he had learned to love, to the care of another, but the change was better for him. He hoped to meet us all again in that brighter world, where the sorrow of parting should be known no more forever. We were stricken with grief and filled with awe. It was the first time most of us had ever looked upon death.

"And then he caused us to be gathered in a semicircle around his bed. A change came over the white face. The golden beams of the sinking sun touched it with a divine effulgence, and a heavenly light, as from a spirit newly-winged for celestial flight, shone out from the far-away depths of the loving eyes. With failing strength he turned his head from side to side, and a smile of infinite tenderness irradiated his shrinking features. Suddenly he swept his thin hand over his brow, and struggled for breath.

"'Children,' he whispered, 'it is growing dark. The

day is spent, and the work is done. School may be dismissed!'

"And so at the very gates of the unseen world, he laid down the burden, having borne it to the end." [1]

It was while in school at Malden, near the age of eleven, that he wrote the following composition; and, boy though he was, there is cause to regret that the story was left unfinished. —

CHAPTER I.

There lived in a remote part of Asia a rich merchant, whose name was Alli, and his wife. They had an only son, the joy and pride of his parents, and the delight of all his playmates. His name was Shams. As he grew older, he also became more beautiful and pleasing. At the age of fourteen, he was master of the Koran and all other studies adapted to his rank. Until this time he had never been away from his father's premises. He was invited one day, with his young friends, to attend a party at one of the gardens a short way outside of the city, and his parents consented to let him go, entreating him to beware of doing anything that would injure his character, and not to stay late. When they arrived at the gate of the garden, they were conducted by the servant into a pleasant arbor where was the rest of the company. They were saluted with joy by their friends. They spent the day in different sports: some dancing, some singing, and others regaling themselves by the fountains of the garden.

At length night drew near, but Shams forgot the commands of his parents, and remained in the garden with the rest of his friends. As soon as it became dark, the owner lighted up the arbors and sent for his musicians, who were

[1] *New York Ledger*, October 7, 1876.

females, and well might be called houris. The wine passed around freely, and the musicians filled the air with the sweetest of music. One seated herself near Shams, and, lifting up her veil, displayed one of the most lovely faces ever seen. He had never tasted of wine, but, when she presented the cup to him, the enamoured youth gave himself up to temptation and took it. Liking it, he was persuaded to take another; liking that still better, he helped himself to a third. And thus giving himself up to love, and to the effects of wine, he became entirely intoxicated. He was carried home in the morning in a state of insensibility. His father being out, his mother put him to bed. When his father came home he went to the bed of his son, and, waking him up, smelt the fumes of the wine, and reproved him. Shams, being out of his head from the effects of the wine, struck his father such a blow as to fell him to the floor. The old gentleman then went to his wife, and swore that he would either turn his son from his house or cut off his right hand. She, knowing the stubbornness of her husband's temper, felt that it was no idle threat; therefore, when he had gone from home she called Shams to her, related to him what his father had said, and gave him two bags of money, each of which contained a thousand pieces of gold, and her best advice and blessing. Upon his departure from home he repaired to the wharf, where he found a vessel bound for Cairo. In this he determined to embark. Having a favorable wind they arrived at their port of destination in a short time. Thus, at the age of eighteen, he found himself in a strange country, and without a single friend. But being uncommonly beautiful, of a symmetrical form, and dressed in a costume different from the inhabitants, he was noticed by an old gentleman who called him to him, and, understanding the language which Shams spoke, he took him to his house, and took care of him until he had

learned the language of the country, then, giving him some advice relating to the customs, he let him go.

Finding himself once more without a home, Shams took his way towards the outskirts of the city, and, having seated himself upon the grass, he indulged in thoughts of his banishment and his present situation, until he became bathed in tears.

An officer of the grand vizier chancing to pass that way noticed him, and, calling to him, asked what was the matter. Shams told him his history from beginning to end, and was taken to the palace of the vizier, who, finding him a very forward youth, gave him the charge of his palace. Having served in that capacity a year, the vizier introduced him to the king, who, liking his appearance, gave him charge of a large body of guards.

The sea being infested by many corsairs who did great mischief to the king's ships, Shams was sent out against them with three ships of war, and about one thousand men. At length four corsairs hove in sight. The king's ships gave chase, and the one which Shams was in, being the best sailer, outsailed the rest and came up with the corsairs, the other two being near a league off. The corsairs immediately hauled to, attacked Shams, and took him prisoner, before the other ships had time to come up with them; but, seeing their leader and their comrades taken by the enemy, they gave immediate chase, but were unable to overtake them, and therefore returned to Cairo. When the king heard of the capture of Shams he tore his hair with grief at having lost so noble a youth.

CHAPTER II.

It was near midnight when a loud rap was heard at the gates of Cairo. The porter having opened them, an old man entered, worn out with fatigue, and who, from his

dress, appeared to be of some foreign country. He inquired his way to a *khan* where he put up for the night. The morning sun found him on his way to the wharves. Having arrived there, he went first to one and then to another of the vessels, of which the harbor was full, inquiring very diligently of the captains if within two years they had seen anything of a young man of foreign appearance; but no one recollected having seen a person of the description given. At length, as he was on the point of starting for the city to make further inquiries, he saw a vessel on the point of sailing. He called to the captain, and, having described the person of whom he was in search, was told that, about two years ago, a youth answering to his description, sailed with him from a certain city in Asia to Cairo. The old gentleman's countenance was flushed with joy as he asked what further he knew of him. Having got all the information he could, he was directed to the house of an old merchant, who, he was told, was a native of the same city from which he had come.

You will, by this time, recognize this person to be Alli, father of Shams, who, having repented of the harsh sentence he had passed upon his son, had determined to go in search of him.

Having arrived at the house to which he had been directed, he knocked at the door, which was opened by an old gentleman who desired Alli to enter and be seated. Having done so, he related his story, and the merchant told him that he had taken Shams into his house and had kept him until he learned their language, when he then departed. He also told of the misfortune that befell him as has been related. When Alli heard this, he was ready to die with grief; bewailing more than ever his own rashness.

The merchant then invited him to stay with him as long as he remained in Cairo, adding, that since Shams was so much beloved by the king and officers, he might soon be

rescued from his bondage. Alli accepted the invitation with joy, and sat down to write a letter to his wife, informing her concerning his luck and situation. Having done which, he repaired with the letter to the wharf, and, finding a vessel bound for his own country, he gave it to the captain and desired him to deliver it immediately upon his arrival. He then returned to the house of his friend, where, after taking supper, he was shown to his chamber, and, being greatly fatigued, he soon fell into a sound sleep.

CHAPTER III.

It was early one morning, when the sun broke forth in all its glory, spreading a resplendent lustre over all around, that a youth might be seen sitting in a cold and narrow cell, with his head resting upon his hands, apparently lost in deep thought; but the rays of the morning sun started him from his revery. On raising his head, he displayed the features of the young man whom we left in the hands of the corsairs.

Shams, having been taken by his enemies, was carried to Damascus, and thrown into prison where we now see him.

A small river running up from the sea murmured along by the wall of the cell in which Shams was confined. By means of this he hoped to escape. With this project in his head he fell to work until he had loosened one of the bars enough to pull it out, and by means of this he was enabled to remove two more, which having been done, he replaced them so as to prevent any suspicion from the jailer.

He had but just seated himself when the jailer entered and brought him his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was to be executed at to-morrow's noon. When he had departed, Shams sat down and indulged in thoughts of the most bitter kind, yet hoping that he might be able to escape before morning. He remained in deep thought

the rest of the day, and having taken his supper, he awaited the hour of midnight.

The desired hour at length arrived, and Shams, arising, removed the bars which he had before loosened, having done which, he climbed to the window and let himself fall as easy as possible into the river, and swam across to the other side. Having gone nearly a mile without stopping, he arrived at a small house, at the door of which he knocked and was admitted by an old gentleman, he and his wife being the only occupants. The old man built a fire, and Shams seated himself before it to dry his garments, and warm himself, after which the hospitable landlord showed him to a neat but small chamber. Here Shams related the circumstances of his imprisonment, and begged him to save him if possible.

Meanwhile the jailer, missing his prisoner, gave the alarm, and scouts were sent out in every direction in quest of him. Several of them stopped at the house in which Shams had taken refuge, but were sent away without any information respecting him. At length, not being able to find him, they gave up the pursuit and returned to the city. And Shams, having thanked his kind host, left the house, and again found himself upon the earth without a home, without money, and without friends.

Upon their removal to Waltham in 1838, Sylvanus entered the high school under "Master Smith." It was here that he was once reprimanded, for arguing or disputing with the schoolmaster on a question in parsing. Each believed himself right, and each was unwilling to yield. As a natural result, the scholar was sent home, expelled, and disgraced. The following morning he returned, however, accompanied by his father, who was a member of the school-committee,

and was reinstated with honor. The boy had a fondness for grammar, and attained that control of the English language which is seen in the graceful flow of his writings. A valuable part of his education was attained in his father's study. There, with other "students," much of his time was passed. His father was anxious that he should complete a college course, and afterward study law. For this purpose he was put under the private tuition of Master Smith; but later, when his father became interested in the publication of a denominational paper, *The Christian Freeman*, he gave up law and study, and entered the printing-office, of which he was soon qualified to take the entire charge. After a brief apprenticeship in type-setting, he became a remarkably rapid workman. He was always proud to call himself a printer, and often said that, should his pen fail, he had a good trade upon which he could fall back. In this connection is quoted the following extract from his own writings: —

"I never look at my old steel composing-rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type-case, and be sure to find work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly, — newspaper-work, job-work, book-work, and press-work. I am glad to have a good trade. It is a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing-office, or to the artisan's bench, or, if you please, to the farm — for be sure that farming is a trade, and a

grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please. And so may a man become truly independent."

In February, 1841, he left his home in Waltham, and enlisted in the United States Navy at the Brooklyn yard. A strong love for the sea, combined with other influences, culminated in this act. It was committed without the knowledge or the sanction of his parents. Is there "a divinity which shapes our ends"? This service in the navy, which at the time seemed to his friends wayward and reckless, proved of value to him in his future work. Traces of his life on board ship, where he became familiar with the work, the technical terms and phrases of seafaring life, and the many points of interest visited along the shores of the Mediterranean, are to be found scattered throughout his writings. He was often asked by seamen how he had gained such a thorough understanding of a ship's rigging and management, and such acquaintance with nautical terms.

Of the influences brought to bear upon boyhood's days, the mother's love and teachings overbalance every thing else. His father, feeling the great responsibility of "training a child in the way he should go," faithful, just, but stern, adopted the harsher methods in which, no doubt, he himself had been trained, but which could not fail to have an unhappy effect upon one whose temperament was sensitive, tender, and affectionate. To counteract the result of this false dis-

cipline, was one aim of the fond mother's tender, fostering care. Many were the times when the gentle spirit of the boy was crushed, and still rebellious, her kind ministerings soothed and healed it. The love between mother and son — strengthening with his growing years — was something beautiful and holy. Of a strongly religious nature, she early inculcated in the minds of her children the belief, so dear to her own heart, in God's universal goodness and love. In her diary for October 28, 1827, when her first-born was only four years old, is the following entry: —

"I spent the evening remarkably pleasantly. Our little boy Sylvanus, after the other children had retired, came and sat down by me, and said, 'Now, mother, I want you to talk to me about God.' His little, interesting questions respecting the independent existence of the Deity, and His manner of working, both in creation and providence, were truly edifying, and required no small degree of attention and judgment to answer. Oh, how great is my responsibility, and how much I feel the need of divine assistance in performing the duties devolving upon me as a parent! Oh, thou great Father of life and light, fountain of all knowledge, thou who in infinite wisdom hast been pleased to place me in the all-important, though pleasant, situation of a mother, wilt thou deign to smile graciously upon me, and grant me that aid which my situation in life now so much requires."

Many, many such pleasant hours did he spend at his mother's knee, listening to her kind teachings, helpful advice, and loving, tender rebukes; or enjoying the story-telling with which she frequently entertained the

little circle of childish admirers, and which, in order to please her oldest lad, must always be about "the sea." In memory of these happy evenings he wrote, in after years, the following scrap: —

"A few evenings since, in glancing over a news print of the week, my eye caught the following: 'Stories heard upon a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. Such, warmed by the fervor of a mother's love, and tinted with the rainbow promises of a mother's hope, become as well-springs in our journey through the scorching years, never drying up.'

"Oh, how quickly came back the one bright picture, almost above all others, of my early childhood! I see the old parsonage, in the depth of stern and honest winter, — winters so honest and true in New England, that from mid-November to the middle of March, the sleigh-bells never for a day ceased their merry jingle. Where are those white-robed winters now? But never mind that. The old parsonage in winter; the 'chores' which Sam T. and myself had to do, all done; my father's students shut away in the study; the farm-hands and maids with work before them which they could turn into play at pleasure; and about the grand old kitchen fire the charmed circle! It was before the days of cooking-stoves and ranges. I had never seen such a thing. The fire of that winter evening was a generous, soaring flame, from well-seasoned hickory, birch, and beech; before that fire was drawn up the great semicircular settle, and upon it sat we children, an earnest, eager crew, revelling in scenes as bright and stirring as ever gave entertainment to the admirer of the 'Arabian Nights.' And there, in her easy-chair, sat our mother, knitting in hand, telling to us stories of love and adventure and brave deeds; carefully shutting out the

evil, and tenderly leading to the worship of the true, the pure, and the good. And so, night after night, from a seemingly exhaustless fund, our dear mother gave us sweet entertainment, weaving into fanciful stories, that held us spellbound, all the lessons of life her yearning heart would have us learn.

"Oh, those old stories of our mother! Who shall say how much of the after life took direction and color from them? A mother's influence! Who can justly estimate it? Ah! is it not woman's dearest and most sacred right? And as she uses that right, so shall be, in a great measure, the coming generations, bearing good or ill from her hands!" [1]

Feeling her great responsibility, his mother earnestly and unselfishly worked for the future, both the spiritual and material good of her children, and she had her reward. May every mother exercise as salutary an influence over the purity, honesty, and health of her offspring as she did!

On June 5, 1849, his twenty-sixth birthday, he thus wrote to her: —

TO MY MOTHER.

Just six and twenty years have passed
Since first you felt a mother's joy,
Since first your heart sent forth its prayer
That God would bless your infant boy.

And God *has* heard that mother's prayer,
And smiled His answer from above.
There's one bright star still guides my path,
My own dear mother's unbought love.

SYLVANUS.

[1] *New York Ledger*, October 13, 1877.

In closing this chapter, some extracts may be welcome, from a letter written to be read at the family gathering, from which Sylvanus was unavoidably absent. It commemorates his mother's fifty-fourth birthday. In his own words this beautiful, lifelong companionship can be best portrayed: —

"Fifty-and-four years! Ah! the truth is told! We all know now. So we must take this face back with us when we recall the past, for surely we can remember no other. I am glad we have no faithful picture of her as she looked in the other years. If we had such an one it would clash with our feelings. It would tell us that *this* is not the face we looked upon then. As true as I live, if I had a lifelike likeness of my mother as she looked five-and-twenty years ago, I would destroy it. People should not look upon it and say, 'Is this your mother? My — how she has changed!' No, no, — 'twould not be my mother! There she is, as she looks to-day, and as to me she looked when I first caught the sweet smile of her face, first heard the gentle tones of her voice; and first learned to love her! There she is — my mother in infancy; my mother in youth; my mother in manhood; and my mother for all coming time — God bless her — God bless her! . . .

"God has given her babes of her own to rear. Into her hands He has intrusted immortal souls that must be reared for the labor of life. . . . See the frail, helpless thing, without sense of help, and without power of safety! Who shall care for it? Who shall bear it through its utter helplessness, and set it safely upon the highway of Life? Who shall love it when it has no reason, and who shall labor for it when it cannot labor in return? Who shall shield it from the thousand dangers that hourly beset it, and yield it nourishment in its time of need? Who shall

bear with its little frettings, and with its many troubles and trials? Who shall soothe its pains and wipe away its infant tears? And, above all else, who shall prepare for it that CHART OF THE SOUL — that GUIDING PRINCIPLE OF LIFE — which all the world must see, and which for all time must be a part of the individual? Who shall dare to look forward into the maturity of that child, when it is fully launched upon the great sea of humanity, and say, — '*I made it what it is!*' Who? Who? Ah, loved ones, I hear you all answer, in the fulness of love and gratitude, — 'OUR MOTHER! Our Mother!'" . . .

"We have seen her in the hour of affliction, when the tender ties have been broken — when the cords that bound her loved ones to earth have been snapped in sunder, — and yet we have never seen her lose sight of that great faith which she has so earnestly labored to impart to us. It is a great thing to feel and exercise a faith like hers."

The following is an extract from a letter written to Mrs. E. R. Manson after his mother's death, which was published in "Our Woman Workers:" —

"I am writing of a mother whom I loved — whom I worshipped. Think of it! The last time I held her living hand in mine, I could look back over more than half a century of clear and well-defined memory of my mother's life. I was never a wrong-hearted boy, *but I was a boy*, strong, vimmy, headstrong, and sometimes reckless. I gave that mother many, many seasons of anxiety and travail of soul. I had been wayward, and I had wandered; yet, in looking back over all the years of my mother's life, I can say this: She never struck me; she never, never spoke to me a hasty, angry word — never! She never bent upon me an unkind, unloving look; she never, in short, spoke to me a word, or cast upon me a look, which I

could ever wish to forget, or to blot out! How many, at the age of seven-and-fifty, can say that? Do you wonder that I loved my mother? Oh, what a blessed thing to me is the memory I hold of her! We are told by the preachers of the day that no man *can* live and not sin. Such a belief is an outrage upon humanity, and a slur upon the God who made us. I am happy in the belief that man, if he will, can live without sin; and I shall always, while sense and memory are mine, cherish deep in my heart the blessed belief that my now sainted mother did, while a dweller on earth, walk her round of daily duties for many an hour and many a day, — ay, for long, long seasons, — without sin. She may have erred; that is human."

And now, again, they are together, in the home beyond.

CHAPTER III.

NAVAL SERVICE.

A BOY of seventeen entered the United States Navy, enlisting as a man of twenty-one. He always doubted whether the assertion of his majority was credited; but well developed in limb and muscle, broad-shouldered, manly, and in perfect health, he more than answered the demands of naval law, and was enrolled without questioning.

While at the Brooklyn yard, he, with all the United States troops, was called to Washington to attend the funeral of President Harrison, April 7. The procession, which was two miles long, marched through muddy streets, the rain falling in torrents, drenching them to the skin.

The following extracts are from a letter which he sent to his father in the May following his departure in February:

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, May 29, 1841.

Before you get this letter I shall be at sea. I shall sail to-morrow morning in the United States frigate Brandywine for the Mediterranean Sea. I shall probably be gone three years. I am going as one of the ship's guard, not as a sailor. . . . When I left home I went to

Boston, and from there to Providence, and then to New York. I then went into the United States service. . . . The term of service is four years, mostly at sea. I shall go first to the coast of Africa, and then up the Mediterranean Sea, going to Turkey and all around there. Give my love to the children. I have made a rule for myself which I mean to live up to. [What this rule was, he never disclosed.]

Your son,
SYLVANUS.

The sailing of the Brandywine was evidently delayed, for it was a month after this letter was dated that she finally left New York.

There was no regular diary kept during these three years of naval service, but the little book in which he now and then jotted down his thoughts, and impressions of places visited, though now faded, and yellow with age and salt-water, is still easily deciphered and sacredly cherished. Several letters written home have survived the ravages of time and change. The cities visited were nearly all of historical interest, and have often been written up by scholars by the side of whose writings his youthful descriptions may seem crude and tame. Nevertheless, as relating to his own life, they are of interest, and his readers are kindly asked to bear in mind that they were written over forty years ago, by a boy who had not yet seen twenty summers. He does not begin his diary until 1843, when he commences with the following account of his first experience on board a United-States frigate: —

"On the 31st day of May, A.D. 1841, in company with five, I entered on board the United States frigate Brandywine, then lying in the North River, New York. She had a crew of about five hundred men, and was a fine frigate. When I first found myself on the gun-deck it was almost dark. I had no bedding, no hammock, and felt very curious, i.e., kind of green. Just as I got upon the gun-deck, and stood bewildered like one in a dark forest, I heard beside me a sharp, shrill whistle, a second, third, and fourth; then followed, in a most stentorian voice, 'All hands stand by your hammocks!' and such a rushing and pushing you can scarcely imagine. I looked around for my five companions, and then I saw them huddled up together like so many sheep in a pen, and I soon joined them. Nobody took any notice of us, but we were knocked about as though we did not cost anything. At last we found ourselves the sole occupants of the gun-deck. We looked at one another, then came the questions, 'What are you going to do?' 'When are we going to get our beds?' 'I wonder if we can get anything to eat?' But our conversation was cut short by the crew returning with their hammocks. We kept out of the way as much as possible, and as soon as it was quiet, we sallied forth, and were soon surrounded by friends of our own order. They showed us the purser's steward, who took us down into the cock-pit and gave us our mattresses; then we got our hammocks. As soon as we made our appearance on the gun-deck again, several of my new shipmates came around me. One went to his bag and got me a set of clews; another slung my hammock, and I soon found myself all '*atanto*.' My hammock was hung up, and I undressed myself. Then came the tug of war. How was I to get into my hammock? I looked at it on all sides, considering how 'twas to be accomplished. At last I made a desperate effort, and in I went, but alas! only to go out on the other side; then a laugh was raised

at my expense; but a second time I was more successful and kept my balance; but I felt rather green when I found myself suspended about five or six feet from the deck, in a little kind of a sack just large enough to hold me. But I soon became used to it, and now (for it is two years since then), I can sleep easier and more comfortable than upon any feather-bed that I ever saw. In the morning, before daylight, I was awakened by the shrill whistle of the boatswain's call piping up all hammocks. So I jumped out, lashed up my hammock, carried it on deck, and stowed it in the netting. Then the b'mate passed the word to get up the sand and 'holy-stones,' and they commenced to 'holy-stone' the decks, during which operation I seated myself upon the booms, and watched every move with great eagerness, determined to learn the ropes as soon as possible. After the decks were dry and cleaned up, we waited patiently for eight bells; at last it came, and the boatswain piped to breakfast. I went below, and there I found my 'mess' in the shape of a small tarpaulin studded with tin pots, pans, spoons, a kettle of tea, a pan of bread, and a good-sized junk of salt meat which looked, felt, and tasted as though it would have made a good substitute for mahogany. I soon accomplished the easy task of sitting myself down on deck, and finished my meal. I arose from the mess and looked about to see if there was anything to divert my attention. At last I spied one of my companions in conversation with a person dressed half-sailor, half-citizen, with tremendous long soap locks; so I just walked over to get an introduction. This was soon accomplished, and I found the person to be David Buckley, the ship's drummer. Thus commenced an acquaintance which in a short time became quite intimate, and I soon became familiar with the ways of a man-of-war. After I had been on board about a week or more, as I was walking forward on the spar-deck, the corporal of the guard came

up to me and informed me that there was a person below who wished to see me. 'Who is it?' asked I. 'Don't know, but he is quite a respectable-looking gentleman.' I, wondering who it could be, proceeded down on the gun-deck; and imagine my surprise when I saw, standing in company with one or two of our officers, the real, substantial figure of my father. He hurried forward to meet me, grasped me kindly by the hand, and greeted me with all the affection of a fond parent. He brought me several letters from my friends and relatives. He stopped about three hours, and after giving me some kind paternal advice, he left. After I had been on board about a fortnight I went with a sprain on the 'sick report,' where I remained for a week. While I was on the list, eight members of my barrack mates joined the ship. On the 28th of June we dropped down to the mouth of the harbor and came to anchor, waiting for a fair wind. On the 29th we called all hands to 'up anchor,' and set sail for our station. We had quite pleasant weather until we got into the Gulf, when we had rough weather for a couple of days. We had to spend the Fourth of July at sea, and we were blessed with a very heavy rain all day. In the forenoon divine service was performed by Mr. Steward our chaplain. The rest of the passage was pleasant. On the morning of the 24th of July we saw the coast of Portugal, and about noon entered the river Tagus, and after passing numerous beautiful villas and vineyards, and 'Old Bellum Castle,' which is a specimen of the old fortifications of the Spanish and Portuguese, though in rather a dilapidated state now, we came to anchor off the city of Lisbon, situated about nine miles from the mouth of the river, and a very commodious and beautiful harbor. Upon our left lies the city of New Lisbon. On our right rises a high, perpendicular precipice, capped by a few old ruins, the only vestige which remains of the ill-fated city of Old Lisbon; and right beneath us,

at the depth of about thirty fathoms, lie the ruins of the city, which was destroyed in 1755, by a tremendous earthquake. We lay in Lisbon about a fortnight, when we 'up anchor' and made sail for Cadiz. We had a pleasant passage. Cadiz is a large and beautiful city, situated in the south-western part of Spain. There are some splendid edifices here, the most conspicuous of which is the new church built of marble."

Here his narrative closes, and an irregular diary is kept during the remainder of his service. April 15, 1842, he was transferred from the Brandywine to the Fairfield, and it was probably at that time that the following happy entry without date was made:

"Ha! ha! what a glorious cruise have we before us! Now in Mahon, from here to Marseilles, Leghorn, Naples, Toulon, Trieste, Venice, Athens, Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, touching at all the intermediate places. Ah! I forgot Corfu and Palermo. Ah! and also Civita Vecchia and Messina."

Then comes a break of nearly a year, after which a more connected record is commenced.

"On the 1st of March [1843] we left Genoa for Mahon, and had a most beautiful passage, up to our knees in water upon both decks all the time; lost all our spare spars overboard, some of our port's rigging, etc.; and all of them were marked with our ship's name, and being picked up at sea after the gale had subsided, it was reported in the French papers that she was lost. That was the time to think of home. Four days without a dry rag upon my back, no fire to cook anything, compelled to lash myself to a mess-chest and nibble dry biscuit; and worst of all, with a wet bed. Every part of the ship was afloat, even the cabin had a foot of water in it."

"*March* 25. — Lay in Marseilles; rained like a deluge all day. Entertained great hopes of getting liberty before we left."

"On the 19th of April, the Delaware came into Mahon about half-past nine in the morning."

"*Sunday, April* 23. — Mustered the crew at quarters, after which the captain performed divine services. Thought very much that I should visit the Delaware in the afternoon. Guard in full uniform."

"*May* 21, 1843. — Here we lay in Civita Vecchia, a city in the dominions of his Excellency the Pope, about thirty miles from Rome. Appears rather small. One of the cardinals visited the ship."

"*June* 4, *Sunday.* — This morning put into Gaeta, an old and well-fortified town about sixty miles from Naples. It is a beautiful day, and as I hear the church-bells ringing, I think of the pleasure that I once enjoyed when, in company with friends, I attended church. As the sun sinks behind the beautiful hills of Italy, throwing a glory and splendor upon the face of nature, how it brings back to my memory the many, *many* happy hours spent with those I love. Our evening walks and — but, oh, don't mention it! Let memory have her sway, and let me, the poor son of misfortune, blown about upon the ocean of fate, still remember the happiness of former days, and chew my cud of disappointment in silence."

"*Naples, Tuesday, June* 6. — Beautiful day. There are three Brazilian men-of-war here to carry the sister of the King of Naples to Brazil, where she is to be married to the Emperor of Brazil. The King of Naples visited the Brazilian frigate with his retinue. Fourteen men-of-war — two American, three Brazilian, and nine Neapolitan — all manned yards and fired a salute, twenty-one guns each, all at the same time when the king passed."

"On Saturday, June 10, went on shore in Naples. Immediately upon landing proceeded directly to Pompeii; went through all the ruins and then returned. Spent a pleasant evening; adjourned to a splendid hotel, for a splendid house is better for a foreigner than any other. We spent the evening in our sitting-room, a front room in the third story, with large balconies to the windows, where we sat, sipped coffee, and smoked, until twelve o'clock, then turned in. Spent the next day, Sunday, the same here as any other day, in walking about the city."

"*June* 14, 1843. — This day entered Palermo, a large city in the north-western part of Sicily. This was an important city in the time of Dionysius the Elder. Got liberty here on the 20th of June, and it is a pleasant place. Visited a great many beautiful gardens; also the Capaucena. The bodies undergo some chemical process which destroys the flesh and makes the skin resemble thin burnt leather. They are ranged along the walls in rows three or four tiers high, and stand upon a narrow board, upright, with nothing to keep them in their places but a cord which runs around their waists and is fastened to the wall. They are thus thrown into the most grotesque and ludicrous postures imaginable. Their waists being confined to the wall, throws the upper part of the body forward, and their heads incline downward, which, as you are below them, makes them appear as though they were all gazing directly upon you. They are placed without any distinction of age, for you will behold an old man with his white locks still remaining, placed beside a boy whose bright flaxen ringlets retain their lustre, and flow over that neck and forehead which once, perhaps, were so beautiful, but which now are horrible to look upon. The old man will be looking down upon the child with a most horrid grin, and so it is all along; the under jaws being in all sorts of positions; and the feel-

ings which are generally excited upon the sight of death are wholly destroyed; and were it not for the knowledge that you are in the chamber of death, it would be almost impossible to restrain laughter. The females are in a separate apartment, and are all in a lying posture, dressed with as much care and fancy as though they had just left their toilets for some party, with their necklaces, rings, slippers, silks, and satins. Their faces and hair have the same appearance as the men's.

"One of the most obstinate practices of the Sicilians is that of still adhering to the old Roman method of computing time. Their day commences at sunset, computing without subdivision from one to twenty-four hours in succession; by which absurd method twenty o'clock occurs at half-past four in the summer and at one in winter. When I was on shore here it was a long time before I could find out what time it was, as I could neither make head nor tail to their watches. I soon found out."

"Upon the 8th of July arrived at Ancona, a town in the Pope's dominions, east part of Italy."

"*Sunday, July* 9. — Here we lie in Ancona, a city in the Pope's dominions, on the Gulf of Venice. It is a pleasant place, but looks old. The country around is beautifully cultivated. Here is a triumphal arch, built of white marble, in honor of Emperor Trajan, said to be the most beautiful piece of old Roman architecture at present standing."

"*Thursday, July* 13. — Here we are in Trieste, a city in Lombardy in the southern part of Austria. It has a great trade, and nearly all Austria is supplied with foreign goods through this place. There are sixteen American merchantships lying here at present. It is a beautiful place, and the country from the sea has the appearance of high cultivation."

"*July* 15. *Trieste.* — To-day is Saturday. 'Time flies swiftly' on in dull monotony. The same old tune, day after day; but the time will come, and must come, when each new-born day shall bring with it some new pleasure, some token of kind affection, or something to kill *ennui.*"

"*Trieste, July* 19. — To-day is pleasant; the sun shines hot enough; feel very sleepy, and would like to turn in, but can't; expect we'll humbug till sunset. Consul's family coming aboard."

"*Trieste, Thursday, July* 20. — How long it has been now since I heard from home! Not since last February, in Genoa! What can be the matter? Letters must have been sent, and perhaps are now lying somewhere up here. What pleasure it would give me to receive a letter from home! From amongst so large a family, important events may have happened since then; even her to whom I owe most on earth was, when I last heard, upon a sick-bed unable to write. Oh, Heaven grant that she may be now enjoying health and blessings, and that I may once more receive from those fond lips an avowal of a mother's tender love!"

"*July* 25. — Left Trieste for Ragusa with a fair wind, and half a dozen females on board who went below as soon as we had got outside. Had quite a pleasant passage."

"*July* 28. — Arrived in Ragusa, a well-fortified town in the southern extremity of Austria, province of Dalmatia."

"*July* 29, *Saturday. Ragusa.* — This morning had a heavy rain with thunder and lightning. It is surprising to see what loads the mountaineers of this country will carry. The town is surrounded by high, steep mountains, among which live the above-named class. They raise produce, butter, cheese, milk, etc., which they bring to market and exchange for other goods, nearly all of which they carry

themselves. I have seen one man carry as much as ever I saw a horse at home; and even the young girls carry burdens upon the head with a large basket made for the purpose, and a large sack upon each shoulder. The Austrian maids are generally beautiful, especially the Lombards; there is an expression common to their features which is not to be found except among the Swiss, Tyrolese, and some Germans.

"The governor visited the ship with his staff, which consisted of about twenty officers, very good-looking soldiers. The finest-looking soldiers that I see in this part of the world are the Hungarians; they are all large, well-built, and powerful."

"On Thursday, August 1, anchored in Corfu, an island on the coast of Turkey. It belongs to the Greeks, who hire the English to protect it for them. There are three English regiments stationed here and among the other Ionian Islands. They are a fine-looking set of fellows, and appear to be very much pleased to see us."

"*August* 2. — Here we lie in Corfu, the largest of the Ionian Islands, at the entrance of the Adriatic. It is owned by the Greeks, but guarded and protected by the English. This island was once a powerful kingdom, at the time when Athens was in its glory, but was reduced when Greece began her decline by the internal war instigated by Pericles the Athenian. It was famous even from the time of Homer, who called it Phæacia. And some of the ancient ruins are still visible."

"*Sunday, August* 6. *Corfu.* — Here I am on the sick-list, with a bad cold and cough, but am getting better. In consequence of my illness I am excused from duty, but if I were at home how gladly would I join my friends in their public devotions; but here they must be private."

"On Monday, August 7, left Corfu for Port Lion, with a beautiful breeze and pleasant weather."

"On Friday, the 11th, arrived at Port Lion, the old port of Athens, but which is now very small. As we enter we pass between two large solid stone beacons or posts, which are in the form of pyramids. They were formerly the two posts of the city for the purpose of shutting up the port, which was done by sending large, massive chains across from one to the other; and the large bolts are yet left to which they were fastened; and large strong walls, about ten or twelve feet thick, are built from each post to the shore. The present city of Athens is about five miles inland, and upon entering we could see the old Acropolis, the Temple of Theseus, and also Mars Hill. On all sides of us are to be seen slight vestiges of what was once the glory and pride of architecture; for instance, the foundations of tremendous stone edifices are just peering from the ground. King Otho, the present King of the Greeks, lives in Athens. This port, which is sometimes called the Piræus, was once the Wapping of Athens. There was a theatre for the sailors and their sweethearts.

"Ancient Athens! What a wreck is left of thy former glory! It is now evening in the month of August; the gentle zephyr wafted from thy olive groves brings with it feelings of awe and admiration, as I gaze upon the moonlit hills now crowned with but slight vestiges of thy former glory and power. And as the bright, full moon rises just above Mars Hill, shedding her lustre upon that memorable spot where St. Paul rebuked the unbelieving and idolatrous Athenians, spreading abroad that 'glorious gospel' of peace and happiness, I cannot help thinking of the suffering and privations of those apostles of our Saviour for our good; and although ages have rolled by since, how much still remains to be done to consummate that work which our Saviour begun.

"This place is a small harbor capable of holding three or four hundred ships, and is probably the Piræus which was built about five or six hundred years before Christ, the time when Athens was rebuilt after its destruction by Xerxes. It was built for a harbor for the Grecian navy, which was at that time considerable. This city soon became as large as Athens, and was, during the administration of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, enclosed, together with Athens, by a strong, impenetrable wall, so that the enclosing walls of Athens were eighteen miles in length. But nothing now remains of either of these cities but ruins; and even these are almost all obliterated. But all over, on all sides, may be seen the massive foundations of walls just peering from beneath the earth. There are standing at the present day, some of the ruins of the most noble works of Greece, namely, the Acropolis, the Temple of Theseus, the Parthenon — erected in memory of the goddess Minerva — nothing now but a mass of marble ruins. Almost four days' journey from the port-city stand the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, one of the greatest works of art ever erected. There are at present twenty-eight of its pillars standing."

"*Port Lion, Sunday, August* 13. — Here we lie in the Piræus of Athens. Nothing of consequence going on. Several Greeks visited the ship, all in their natural costume. We see here the same kind of ship used by the Apostle Paul, with a foremast and short jigger-mast above a kind of lugger-sail; they have a kind of top and topgallant sail, with the braces rove through a block at the end of the sprit."

"On the 16th left Athens. On running out the wind hauled, and, not being able to luff up nigh enough, we ran afoul of one of the beacons, but did *us* no damage. Let go the starboard anchor, and got a hawser out on the star-

board bow; hove her head round, and made sail again, and stood out with a fair wind for Tripoli. This morning took two boys on board to carry to the States, — the sons of an American who was shipwrecked on this coast some time ago."

"*Tuesday, August* 22. — On the passage from Athens to Tripoli. We are now on the coast of Africa, and whew! such weather! I had a jack-knife melt in my pocket, or at least it would have melted had it been a little warmer. Thermometer 95° in the shade. Last night a gale sprung up from the south'ard, and the wind, blowing directly from the great desert, felt like air from a hot furnace. Spent most of my time in ruminating upon what I shall do when I get home; and, more than all, whether I shall find any letters and papers at Mahon. I hope so, for it has been a long time since I heard, and I feel anxious."

"*August* 23. — This morning arrived at Tripoli, which stands on low land, and is well fortified. The town has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, who are mostly Turks, Moors, and Jews. The streets are narrow and dirty. When the breeze comes from the sea it is quite comfortable, but when it comes from the land the heat is almost insupportable. The land is nearly all sand, with no springs or streams; and all the fresh water that they use during the summer is that which they preserve during the rainy season, which is the same as our winter. The mercury 96°."

"*Tripoli, August* 24. — Early this morning the Tripolitan army returned victorious from the interior; and they are certainly the most horrible and dirty looking objects that I ever beheld: about ten thousand of them. They pitched their tents on the beach over against the city. The Pasha has caused great rejoicings. A general sham fight in the shape of an attack upon the city was made by this army, and by the gunboats and shipping of the Tripolitans.

It was certainly a grand sight. All the guns of the forts, and the heavy artillery of the gunboats, men-of-war, and the army, blazing away together! Mercury 90°."

"*Tripoli, August* 25. — Warm and pleasant. In the afternoon the Swedish, French, and American consuls visited our ship, and, with the captain and some of the lieutenants, had a grand blow-out in the cabin, lasting until nine o'clock. They drank toasts until they were unable to drink any more. Upon their leaving the ship, we manned the rigging, and gave them three cheers by order of the captain. As soon as they shoved off, a blue light was lit upon each yard-arm, each quarter and bowsprit, jib-boom, and flying jib-boom."

"*August* 28. — Still on our way to Mahon. Why such attraction for that place? There I expect to find letters from home; that happy home! Every day, every hour, I get more discontented; and why should I not? Here I can find but one person with whom to converse, and with him I spend most of my leisure hours."

"*Friday, September* 1. — This morning arrived in Tunis, a large city, and capital of the state of the same name. The houses are all built of stone, only one story high, with flat roofs. The ruins of ancient Carthage are situated about ten miles from Tunis, and about three miles from the sea-shore, just back of a high promontory upon which is a small village bearing the name of Cape Carthage."

"*September* 9. — This morning at meridian arrived at Algiers. At the distance of about five miles it has a beautiful appearance, built on the side of a steep hill, which rises gradually from the water. The city is well fortified, having a strong wall around it, and ports all over the city, as all parts of it command the harbor. The houses are all built of stone, and seem like so many mounds. Both

houses and streets are without regularity. The French flag flies here, and since the French have taken possession of it the country has greatly improved. We sent a boat on shore, but could not get less than eleven days quarantine; but the captain preferred to ride out, as he wished to get to Mahon as soon as possible. Our provisions and water are all running short, and we are on a short allowance of everything, but water is the worst. I can bear hunger better than thirst. Beans, flour, rice, molasses, butter and cheese all gone, and but little bread, and that bad."

"On the morning of the 12th of September arrived in Mahon, after an absence of four months; were put in quarantine for ten days. The letters and papers for the ship came on board, but nothing for me. After having lived in hope of hearing from home for so long a time, and then to be disappointed, it is too bad! Perhaps none of them know that there is such a person alive as old Cobb; but if ever I get home I'll tell them of it."

"*Sunday, Mahon, September* 17. — Here we lie in quarantine yet. To-day is Sunday, but how differently do I behold the day from those happy ones which I have beheld! Here it is nothing but humbug all day long. To the officers a day of sport and fun; to the men a day of humbug and privation."

"*September* 18. — To-day went on shore at the quarantine island to wash our clothes. The houses are all built of soft stone, and in the walls of one I engraved my name quite deep."

"*Mahon, September* 19. — To-day I received two packages from home, one dated last February, and the other in March. They were full of that affection from my parents and friends that I always received. Two from my mother, breathing that tender love which she always evinced toward her child."

"*Sunday, September* 24. — This morning got under way for Gibraltar, with a fair breeze."

"*October* 1, *Sunday.* — Arrived in Gibraltar at daylight in the morning, going close hauled upon the wind, and, by the inattention of the captain and first lieutenant, run aground upon the flats off the northern part of the bay, but got off without much trouble."

"*October* 18. — Left Gibraltar for Mahon with a fair wind; but when we got off Malaga, the wind chopped round to the east'ard, and blew a regular gale. We reduced sail to the three topsails, close-reefed, and topmast staysail; but it soon began to blow harder, accompanied by heavy rain and thunder and lightning. We hove her to under close-reefed main-topsail, fore-storm staysail and balance-reefed storm-mizzen; and the wind continued in this way until the 23d, when the captain, not liking the fun of being under water all the time, put the helm up and squared away for the Bay of Gibraltar again; and we came to off Algeziras, which is only about ten miles from the rock, at ten o'clock the next day, and where we intend to lay until we get a fair wind."

"*October* 25. — Left Algeziras with a fair wind for Mahon."

"*October* 29. — Arrived in Mahon after a pleasant passage."

"*Mahon, November* 11. — I went on shore yesterday, and had a fine time. Fell in with five Tyrolese musicians, hired a room, and, in company with a friend of mine, we sat up until two o'clock in the morning; and they sang most beautifully, accompanied by a guitar and flute. But the greatest adventure of all was, that a young, bright-eyed Spanish girl accused me of having stolen her heart; but I soon consoled her by informing her that mine was already gone in a distant land."

From such adventures are drawn many of the descriptions in his writings; and all unconsciously to himself he was passing through the best school that, for future work, he could possibly have chosen. After being transferred to the Fairfield, the following incident occurred, which he was very fond of telling, and which has frequently appeared in print. This "scrap" undoubtedly tells the story as it happened: —

MY OLD STEEL RULE.[1]

Why do I have such an affection for that old rule? I have spoken of it more than once already, and those who remember what I then said will know why I have an affection for the implement.

But what I particularly wanted to say about the "old rule" at this time was, to relate another anecdote.

On board the old United States sloop-of-war Fairfield, in the years that have been gone a long, long time, — I don't like to think how *long*, — my position, though one of more than average responsibility, was one of extra exposure. While many others might "calk" and nap during a long night-watch on deck, no escape from wakeful, watchful care was mine. We were running down the African (Atlantic Barbarian) coast, and if ever I longed for shelter and repose it was then. I felt that I would like to be a gentleman, if only for a day; and had I possessed Aladdin's lamp, my first command to its Afrite bondman would have been, "Give me a rest!"

Well, one afternoon, just as the yellow day was fading into the dusk, I stood beneath the break of the poop, near to the cabin-door, when Captain Lynch came out. He was the commander afterwards celebrated for his leadership of

[1] *New York Ledger*, June 15, 1878.

the Dead Sea Expedition, — a quiet, scholarly man, and one of the best friends I ever had. I remember him only with sentiments of gratitude and esteem, notwithstanding we have since been enrolled in deadly opposition to one another. I was leaning against a gun, with my old composing-rule in my hand, and with it scraping my finger-nails.

"What's that?"

I started at the abrupt, crisp demand, and found our commander curiously eying the implement in my hand.

"It is a printer's rule, sir," I answered.

"Are you a printer?"

"That is my profession, sir."

"Do you know anything about proof-reading? Could you take a freely written manuscript, and punctuate and arrange it, so that a printer would know just how to put it in type when he had it in hand?"

I told him that had been one of my duties, and I thought I had not forgotten.

"What are you doing now?"

"Do you mean at this moment, sir?"

"Yes."

"I am on duty here, in charge of your cabin, sir, and of the ship's time."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Dodd," — to the officer of the deck, — "will you have this man relieved?"

And then he bade me, as soon as I was at liberty, to report to him in his cabin.

I did so; and, suffice it to say, that from that time until he left the ship, my duty was wholly in his personal service, revising and arranging various memoranda of travel, etc., for the printer, — an occupation as pleasant and entertaining as it was light and easy, giving me, really, so far as duty and life on shipboard was concerned, the most desirable berth in the commander's gift. And when,

a year later, Captain Lynch was relieved by Captain Downing, the new chief had plenty of work in the same line for me to perform. Among other things, I revised for Captain Downing the MS. of a work which he entitled "The Autobiography of a Midshipman," full of interest and sparkle; among the adventures recorded was Downing's well-known duel at Gibraltar, fought with pistols over the dining-table. I have looked for it since, thinking surely to see it in print; but it has not appeared.

"So much for the talismanic virtue of 'My Old Steel Rule.' I carry it still, the one friend in a pinch while life and sense are mine."

The dear old rule never left him "while life and sense" were his, and was laid aside only when his work here was done.

It has often been related and repeatedly printed that, before half through copying the captain's story, "young Cobb" decided that he could write a better story himself, and determined to try it. But there is no foundation for such an assertion, though during his three-years' cruise he invariably entertained his companions on the watch with "continued stories," and was constantly being hailed with, "Now, Cobb, give us a yarn." It was not until after his return, and then at the earnest solicitation of his brother, that he attempted or thought of story-writing.

After being taken from active duty and made captain's clerk or private secretary, he enjoyed greater liberties and more frequent visits on shore; hence, the more replete memoranda and descriptions. But the boy's heart was becoming heavy with longing for home,

while budding manhood made him restless and dissatisfied in a life that was wholly uncongenial, and which seemed to him inactive and useless. He therefore began to chafe against the bonds that confined and cramped him. As early as October, 1842, his father wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, petitioning for a discharge, but many obstacles were encountered, and it was not until a year later that his untiring efforts were rewarded. While lying at the naval station, Port Mahon, an official promise was received, and the joyful news reached the homesick "sailor boy." His diary is again taken up, giving us the best picture of his hopes and fears.

"I received a letter stating that my dear father had seen the Secretary of the Navy, and obtained a promise from him that I should be ordered home in the first homeward-bound ship. But, alas! I am afraid that this will not be; but Heaven grant that it may be so; on the accomplishment of this happy event I look with the greatest eagerness. But there is an obstacle in the way. This ship is ordered for the Brazils, and should I remain in the ship until then, my hopes are all crushed, and all that I can do is to let time bring what it likes, and by that I must abide."

"*December* 1, *Port Mahon.* — Here we lie yet. To-day is the first day of winter, and it is as pleasant as any summer day at home. What a state of suspense; none of us know where we are bound. Here it is the 1st of December, and this ship has either got to go down the coast of Africa, and over to the Brazils, or else directly home. Some think that we will go home this winter, others think not until next spring or summer; but we cannot know until some ship arrives from home."

"*Mahon, December* 6. — Still in suspense. We can form no idea of what we are to do or where we are going. The Cumberland, or store-ship, is expected daily, and when it comes we shall probably know all, and I shall get some letters from home." *Later.* — "This evening the captain called me into the cabin and told me that he had seen the commodore, and that he spoke to him about me, and that the commodore told him that he received an order, five or six months ago, from the Secretary of the Navy, ordering him to have me sent home in the first homeward-bound public vessel, and that I should go home in the first ship that went."

"*Mahon, December* 11. — To-day, as I was standing on the berth-deck, the orderly sergeant came and told me to get myself ready to go on board the Delaware. I got ready with all possible speed, and went on board at eleven o'clock in the forenoon."

"On the 13th of January, 1844, left Mahon for the United States. With what joy did I hail the boatswain's call, 'All hands up anchor!' for it was for home. We had unfavorable winds for some time, until on the night of the 25th a good breeze sprung up, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 26th we run past the 'Rock' without stopping even to give it a look. We were all greatly disappointed when we looked in the morning and saw the Rock of Gibraltar far astern; but it was an agreeable disappointment to me, for when I looked, we were clear of that sea where, for the last three years, I had been cruising. Now, indeed, was I 'Homeward Bound.'"

"*January* 30. — We are still going it before the wind at the rate of ten knots, as we have been going for the last five days, and I hope that it will last until we see America once more."

"*January* 31. — Half-past eleven at night; on post at the spirit room; wind still aft, and going nine knots. About twelve hundred miles from Gibraltar. Homeward bound."

"*February* 6. — Homeward bound! With what feelings do I watch for every change in the wind which wafts me nearer home. So far we have been very fortunate, and are over half of the way from Gibraltar to Boston! and I never wished so ardently for a fair wind as now."

"*February* 10. — About two o'clock we were struck by a squall which nearly knocked us dead, and would have done so had not the main-topsail gone, torn into ribbons. For the last five days we have had one or two sails split every day."

"*February* 11. — Mid-watch. Blowing a regular north-westerner; carried away our fore-topmast-stay. I think the sooner we get into some port the better, for all our sails and rigging are going. Homeward bound."

"*February* 24. — Eleven o'clock at night. Here we are in the Gulf. It is blowing a gale; our main-staysail and main-topsail blown to ribbons in this watch. But, homeward bound!"

"*February* 28. — This morning the wind increased to a heavy gale. Our fore and main topsails were torn into ribbons, and the jib, foresail, mainsail, main-storm-staysail, and main-spencer torn to pieces also. It is now eleven o'clock at night, and we have been lying to all day and night under a close-reefed spanker, ship rolling, life-lines rove fore and aft on all decks. Wind north-west, and drifting about six knots to the eastward."

"*March* 1. — Got sick of knocking about on the coast of New England in such weather, and put our helm up and squared away for Norfolk."

"On the 4th day of March, 1844, let go our anchor in Hampton Roads, after having been fifty-two days at sea from Mahon, and after an absence of nearly three years from the United States."

This was his last entry. He had expected to enter Boston Harbor, but the ship was beaten back by the storm to Norfolk, and there he received his discharge.

There is no detailed account of the happy home-coming, and it is only through the memory of a participant in the joyful event, that a few facts have been obtained. He was not expected; there had been no time or opportunity to notify friends of his transfer on board the homeward-bound Delaware. His father was away from the house at the time of his arrival, and did not return until toward night. Where the keen mother-love had served to recognize her boy at once, the father failed to penetrate the change which time had wrought, and after a careless introduction, settled himself for a pleasant conversation with the young stranger within his gates. But the eagerness of youth could not be restrained, and after the introduction, and the usual remarks upon the weather had been passed, the son impulsively exclaimed, "O father! *don't* you know me?" The loving, fervent embrace which answered his cry was sufficient criterion of the father's full and joyful recognition.

The few letters which have been preserved are addressed mainly to members of his family, and, with the selections from his diary, serve to illustrate the deep and abiding love for home and friends, while noth-

ing is more pleasant to them than his descriptions of what he saw and what he was learning. He was a quick and keen observer, and instead of wasting his time and health in debaucheries, as did too many of his shipmates, he had improved his visits on shore in studying the beauties and characteristics of the countries, and the manners and customs of their various peoples. The following extracts from his letters have been selected with the view of more clearly showing what stores of thought he was laying by for his future work. They are given in chronological order, and will without further introduction speak for themselves.

U. S. Ship Fairfield, Cadiz, September 9, 1842.

We are now lying in Cadiz, and a beautiful city it is. Although I have not been on shore here, yet I can judge of the city by its appearance from the bay. It is very level, and as you sail in upon the northward and westward it has a very curious appearance, for the first land you see is the city, which looks as though it was on the water. The houses have a very different appearance from those in other cities up here, being all white.

I was on shore at Gibraltar, and it is a place worthy of one's inspection. It is considered impossible for the place to be taken. When I read the account given by Botta, in his History of the American Revolution, of the force sent against this place by the French and Spanish, which was destroyed by the English, I thought it almost impossible. But upon travelling over the Rock you will see at once that everything is all ready for immediate action. The whole front part of the rock is filled with guns; all along at the water's edge are heavy batteries; and then, again, above them, and so on, in every place where it is possible

to build them. And all of them have very heavy cannons mounted, with powder and shot ready at hand. The front of the rock rises with a regular slope to the top, and in places where they cannot build batteries, heavy guns are slung in chains in the caverns and holes of the rock. There are six of Her Majesty's regiments of soldiers stationed here, consisting in all of about six or seven thousand, who are always ready for action at a moment's warning. They have always a stock of provision on hand for a seven-years' siege. The rock is a high promontory, connected by a narrow neck of land to the mainland of Spain. The back part, facing the Mediterranean, is perpendicular, which renders it inaccessible on that side. . . .

My dearest mother, you cannot for a moment doubt the affection of your son. There is something in the name of mother, in the thoughts of the lessons of tender regard received, and of her care and interest for her child when an infant, that excites feelings in the bosom of a son which I cannot describe. When I shall once more receive a mother's kiss and tender embrace, if it ever again be my lot, I think I shall be happy and contented. Do not think your son is forgetting the lessons which he learned in his childhood. No, I have plenty of time for study, which I love to improve. Your most affectionate son,

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

U. S. SHIP FAIRFIELD, TOULON, November 24, 1842.

When I wrote my last letter home I promised to write one to you before long, and I may as well write now as ever, for I am always thinking of you. Here we lie in Toulon, which you know is situated in the southern part of France, on the Gulf of Lyons. The city is very small, for I walked its whole length and breadth in about two hours. Most of the streets are narrow and dirty. The sidewalks are narrow; so much so that only one person can walk

easily at a time, and it is the same case with all the cities up the straits. I was on shore here all night, and found considerable amusement. I walked about the city all day, and saw all there was to be seen. In the evening, I went first to the opera, but I stopped but a short time, for I could neither understand their 'lingo' nor they mine, and taking but little interest in what I did not understand, I left the opera-house and went to the ball-room, where I remained until quite late, and had the pleasure of dancing with the French ladies; and dance was all we could do, for we might talk until the 'day after never,' and not understand one another. As I looked around upon this gay scene, lively with pleasure and smiles, where friends greeted each other with affection, I could not help thinking that it was in such scenes that I used to find pleasure in meeting friends. . . . Here I stood; I gazed around, but saw not a face that I knew, and no one knew me. Ah! how much would I have given, could I have had the pleasure of only one short hour's company with you; but I must wait a long time yet. Oh, that I could now meet those whom I love and who love me! I feel that the time I spend here, as it slowly and heavily passes on, is no better than lost to me. Sometimes I feel dull and downcast, or have some thoughts and feelings which I would like to confide to some friend, but I walk up and down the decks and see not a soul who cares for me or for whom I care. But I never have created an enemy, and never had an angry word with any one on board, and although 'Cobb' is considerable of a noted character on board for his jokes and lively jests, yet he is not happy, nor will he be until he meets those whose hearts may beat in unison with his own."

1843.

Arrived in Naples June 5. Went on shore here and took a coach and rode out to Pompeii. Pompeii is situated

to the south of Vesuvius and about fifteen miles from Naples. In going we rode around the base of Vesuvius. After we got around to the other side of the mountain we had upon our left hand a high bank formed by the lava from Vesuvius. At length we entered an excavation in the bank, and found ourselves at the entrance of an old gateway at the southern extremity of Pompeii. We entered and found a guide who spoke a little English. As we entered we found ourselves in a square, on one side of which were rows of large columns still standing, composed of brick resembling the brick used at the present day. This was some public place, but for what purpose I did not ascertain. We walked on a few steps, and our guide turned to the right and unlocked a modern door and led us through a large brick archway into the comic amphitheatre, which is in the form of a semicircle, the seats rising from the stage like a flight of steps to the number of about thirty, each seat being about one foot and a half wide, so as to give room for the person's feet upon the back part of the seat below him. Upon the back of the stage are the seats occupied by the music; and at the right hand is the archway which probably led to the dressing-rooms for the actors, but in a dilapidated condition. The rest is in a state of good preservation, built of stone resembling our common stone at home. The arena, or stage, is of white marble with an inscription of large bronze letters inserted in the marble, but the words are all obscured, and I could not make them out. We next visited the amphitheatre of the gladiators, which is in the same form as the other, but twice as large and more beautiful, being composed wholly of white marble. This amphitheatre contained some beautiful marble statues, which have all been removed to the museum at Naples. We visited the temple consecrated to the goddess Isis. In front of the principal altar of devotion, stands the altar of sacrifice, which is about four

feet square and five feet high, composed of stone, and covered with a kind of plush upon which were some paintings, but which are now defaced, but some of the inscriptions remain. This also contained some statues, which have been removed to Naples. We also visited the temples of Jupiter and Mercury. It seems that the most labor was expended upon their baths and fountains, of which we visited several. The walls are covered with most beautiful paintings, which remain perfectly bright and clear. I examined the paint, and it resembles in texture the glazing upon common earthen-ware; but the most work is upon the floors, which are composed of mosaic work, being formed of pieces of marble about one-quarter of an inch square, most beautifully laid in somewhat after the fashion of laying brick. The pieces are of different colors and formed into flowers, diamonds, etc., but some of the rooms have mosaic floors wholly white. The bath is round, and about eight feet in diameter and five deep, composed of solid marble; around the room, which is in a circular form, are alcoves, which probably had curtains before them and which were used for dressing-rooms. We visited two most beautiful mosaic fountains, which were inlaid with beautiful shells, marble, and different colored stones, and before which stands a small bronze statue of a youth. The whole presents a most beautiful appearance, and must have cost immense labor. The rooms of the private houses are very small, the bedrooms being only large enough to contain one small bed; and behind the houses are small gardens with beautiful marble walks and large earthen jars, probably used for flowers. The gardens were watered by fountains, of which there were a great many. How high the houses were, it is impossible to say, but there is only one story left standing, and of course no roofs. We visited a long dungeon under the ground, where probably many a poor being has sufferced under the

galling tyranny of ancient power. As you walk through the streets you will frequently see a wine-house, which is designated by a sign over the door of two men carrying a wine-jar or a bunch of grapes upon a pole. The street of tombs has also been excavated. The tombs all face the street, and have marble slabs inserted in the wall with the inscriptions upon them. The streets are very narrow, and paved with large stones over a foot square. These streets must have been very old before the city was destroyed, for in some places the wheel ruts are four and five inches deep, worn in the solid stone, which is very hard. When the city was first excavated it contained a great many curiosities, such as beautiful marble and bronze statues, and some marble columns and pillars of the most exquisite workmanship, but which have since been removed to the museum at Naples. There are some marble statues remaining here yet; two in the Temple of Jupiter, and one on the side of one of the streets. The greater part of the city yet remains buried, and as you trace the course of some wall or building, you arrive at the steep bank, and here all is lost; and along the sides of the bank may be seen old walls and archways peering out from beneath their covering; and yet they are making but very little progress in bringing the rest of the city to light, for when I was here there were only one or two persons at work at all. A great many human bodies were found here lying in their beds; the forms of the bodies were perfect, but the features could not be distinguished, the whole resembling a coal. The beds were all of them very small, only large enough to contain one person, and made somewhat in the shape of a coffin, but about twice as wide, and wider at the head than at the foot. The city is only a few feet below the surface of the ground, which is now covered with thick and beautiful foliage.

The guides were very watchful that the visitors under their charge should carry away no mementos or specimens from Pompeii, but Master Cobb evaded the keenness of his pilot by carelessly dropping his handkerchief and picking up with it a handful of lava. This letter closes with a narrative of his ride about Naples, the length of which necessitates its omission. But he has so often described the beggars of Naples in his stories, that this earlier description seems to be of interest here.

"This city has the most beggars of any that I have visited up here, there being about thirty thousand of them called lazzaroni; and as you ride about the lower part of the city you will see them lying on the walls and in the streets, most of them nearly naked. Wherever your carriage stops, it is instantly surrounded by these aged, pitiable-looking objects, begging charity; but even upon them who must excite the pity of any one, it is useless to bestow anything, for they are like so many bees, and it would take a fortune to supply them all with a little."

— PORT MAHON, Sept. 22, 1843.

DEARLY BELOVED MOTHER, — We arrived here in Mahon on the 12th of this month, after four months' absence spent in cruising about the Mediterranean. On the 19th, the Delaware came in, bringing letters and papers for this ship's company, among which I received two packages from "sweet home" with two long and affectionate letters from you; and you must be aware how much pleasure they gave me, after having been so long ignorant of what was passing among those I hold most dear. Your letters I have read over several times, and you may be sure that I have duly appreciated them. They are

a true type of your noble affections, bearing to your son all the tender love and maternal affection that ever the best of mothers possessed. The son who could not appreciate or take a pride in the possession of such a mother must be hard-hearted indeed. . . . How often, as I get in some less riotous and more secluded spot, do I think of home and all those beloved friends I have left behind; and how many resolves do I form for my future proceedings; but as yet I hardly know what to settle upon, but that I will settle down with you is certain, and strive to become a useful member of society, and not an unworthy member of that noble family to which I belong. . . . I am improving myself as much as possible, but I have not the means that I wish I had. Ah, if I only had father's library to glean from, how much useful information might I obtain! Here I can scarcely obtain a book that tends to mental improvement, excepting now and then a history, or something of the sort. But there are plenty of "Tom Thumbs," "Fairy Tales," "Midnight Murders," "Sailors' Big Yarns," etc., which I take no pleasure in perusing. Oh, mother, what would I not give to be with you in your evening entertainments, and to make one of that happy circle, which must be happy under the care and affections of such parents as ours! But time, the regulator of all things, by the grace of God, must consummate my wishes, and until then I must make myself as contented as possible.

The following extracts are taken from a letter written to a dear friend October 4, 1843.

"How often, as I walk through the gardens and public walks here, do my thoughts turn back upon the many happy hours we have spent together in walking and talking of our prospects for the future, which I hope we shall yet see come to pass. Yes, often do I seek the gardens for

which Italy is so distinguished, and there commune with my own thoughts and think of home. Each sequestered spot brings back to my memory the days of my childhood; and I find more pleasure here than in the opera or the dance-hall. Often in my walks do I pluck a sweet flower, and, gazing upon it, wish that I could present it to you; but they have to waste their sweetness in my possession without going any farther. . . . I shall not probably be at home before the middle of next summer. It seems a long time yet, but it will soon pass away; perhaps sooner to me than to you, for the life that I lead is one of constant excitement; every day brings something new. To-day, perhaps calm and pleasant; to-morrow, tossed about in a gale of wind, and wet to the skin. Continually running from one port to the other. One night I behold the golden tints of an Italian sunset among a beautiful and Christian people, and in two or three days, under the hot sun of Africa, and amid a set of Moors and Turks and wild Arabs. I hope I shall soon change such scenes as these for those of 'Sweet Home.'"

With a few quotations from his father's letters, used to exemplify the home influence and teachings which still surrounded and upheld him, this chapter is brought to a close.

"I am much gratified, my esteemed son, with the tone of your letters. They bespeak the right sentiment and feeling, — an improved and improving mind. I rejoice that you are passing away some of your lonely time in reading and thinking; and even your improved handwriting is an indication of your carefulness and attention to yourself. All these things are noticed and appreciated by your longing parents. . . . In your absence from 'sweet home,' — from those fond hearts who love you, and in

whose kind counsels you will find safety, — look upon the bright side of the picture. Be assured the picture has a bright side. Trust in the wise providence of God. You will return home with experience and reflections enough to place you in a very fixed and undeviating position as to your future course in life. You will reflect that if this experience was necessary, it is better that you should have it at once, than to have been vacillating a long time. Let such reflections comfort you and cheer up your heart. I am pleased to see from your letters that you look with proper disgust upon the vices of the loose seafaring crew.

"Continue, my dear son, your efforts at improvement. Your writing indicates care in that department; and the subject matter of your letters, with the composition, evinces much culture of mind. Continue in well-doing, and the Lord will bless you."

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

Immediately upon his return home, he resumed his former position at the head of his father's printing-office. During his absence this had been removed from Waltham to Boston, and the family residence was at East Boston. Sunday morning, June 29, 1845, he was united in marriage by his father to Mary Jane Head of Waltham. Thus was consummated an engagement made before his naval cruise abroad. The love at first sight, when the boy and girl met at the Waltham High School, had ripened into a strong, abiding affection; had firmly withstood the test of a three years' separation. She was ever a faithful, loving wife and helpmate, a true and tender mother. Their wedded life of forty-two years, though not without its tempering clouds, was brightened with sunshine and prosperity. Let the story be told, and the tribute due to the wife be paid in his own words. The appended "scrap" is a description of his first coming to his own home: —

LIFE'S BRIGHTEST HOUR.[1]

Not long since, I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care was upon

[1] *New York Ledger*, December 9, 1871.

his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to unalloyed.

"I'll tell you," said the millionnaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one and twenty I had saved up eight hundred dollars. I was earning five hundred dollars a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottage just outside of the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday — a Sunday in June — at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The sabbath and the sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof; and on Monday morning, I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home.

"On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went, not to the paternal shelter as in the past, but to my own house, *my own* HOME. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in memory. I opened the door of my cottage, and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen, — our kitchen and dining-room were all one then. I pushed open the kitchen-door, and was — in heaven! The table was set against the wall; the evening meal was ready, prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my helpmeet in deed as well as in name; and by the table, with a throbbing, expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife. I tried to speak, and could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the ecstatic burden of my heart.

"The years have passed, — long, long years, and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and

envied; but as true as heaven, I would part with it all, every dollar, sooner than with the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago."

The following heart gem was written in 1868, at a time when his wife was taken ill, while on a visit from home: —

"Darling, do you know who loves you?
Do you know whose heart is yours?
Who is lonesome here without you,
While this parting-time endures?

Do you know whose prayers are whispered
On the breath of morn and even,
Praying God that o'er his loved one
May be kept the watch of Heaven?

Do you know whose hope of living
Would be stricken from his life,
Should he lose the love and blessing
Of his fondly cherished wife?

Does this parting ever tell you
What a life our life would be,
If from out its heart-held treasures
Trust should cease, and Love should flee?

Does it ever gently whisper, —
'For the sake of joys to come,
Bear each other's burdens kindly,
Let the heaven of earth be HOME?'

O my heart's own cherished treasure!
Come whatever Fate may send,
I will love thee without measure, —
Love and bless thee to the end."

In 1868 he wrote in his journal: —

"Just twenty-three years ago this day I was married. Three and twenty years M—— and I have been husband

and wife. Few have had more variety of scene; few have lived more in the atmosphere of true love; and few have come down to this stage through the lapse of the years with more of the pleasures of the old love clinging about them; and few have been more blessed in their children."

Two years later he wrote thus: —

"This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage, — my wife's and my *Silver Wedding!* I doubt if any can stand on their silver wedding-day stronger and happier in love, true and tried, than do we. God grant that we may enjoy the blessing while we live!"

To his children he was a fond, devoted parent, a loving companion, a wise guardian and friend. Before his youngest child was five years old, he wrote in his diary thus: —

"E—— and I were left alone, the girls having gone to meeting. We made paper dolls and dresses."

And some months later: —

"Entertained E—— this evening by painting her a rose."

A story was never asked for in vain; and his daughters hold the memory of many unpublished fairy-tales and pictures of happy child-life told of an evening in his own study, or perhaps at the sick-bed where he was a tender, faithful watcher. When the children reached years of discretion, his words of counsel, gentle authority, and of loving, watchful interest, were fitted to guide and uphold them. The rod was spared, and harsh or angry words were never heard at his fireside. He taught self-respect and love from the uprightness and sweetness of his own character. The words of

authority, though so gently spoken, were never disregarded, however. It was understood that father was to be obeyed; but the gentleness of his rebukes, and the interest he manifested in their welfare, the intimacy to which he invited them, and his elevation above all petty ill-humor and hasty, undeserved punishments, gave a charm to his authority, and a sweetness to the very act of obedience.

His letters were full of wisdom, his teachings treasured like oracles. Some extracts from his letters will best enable us to understand his relations to his children, and his method of guiding and directing them. In 1852, while separated from his family for several months, he wrote to his little daughter as follows: —

My own dear little Daughter, — How do you do? Papa hopes you are pretty well. I got your sweet little letter that your dear good grandmamma wrote for you; and when I read it, the great big tears came into my eyes. You don't know, my dear little Mary, how happy your papa was to hear that you were so good, and he feels sure that you will always be the same sweet little darling.

Papa sleeps in a room all alone, and very often, after he has got asleep, he begins to dream about you, and then he feels real happy; but pretty soon he wakes up, and finds that it was nothing but a dream after all, and then he feels all alone, and wishes that mamma and little Mary were with him. Sometimes, when I wake up in the night, I look out of the window, and see the bright stars, and they look to me just as your little eyes used to when you woke up in the morning. Then I look at the stars again, and I am always sure to think of you; because when I see the sweet, sparkling little light, clear way up there in the

heavens, I can't help thinking of that pretty poetry you used to say. You remember it: —

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
> How I wonder what you are!
> Far above the world so high,
> Like a diamond in the sky."

That always makes me think of my little daughter. . . .

Now you must take good care of dear mamma, won't you? Put your arms around her neck and kiss her twenty times, and tell her I sent them all to her. Now here are some kisses for my own daughter, and I pray that God may send His good angels to take care of you and mamma.

And again he wrote thus: —

"Do you know, my dear little daughter, that you can make mamma happy or unhappy, just as you have a mind to? Only think what a little angel you can be, and what a great deal of good you can do. I know just how you do while papa is away. You get up in the morning with pleasant looks, and don't fret; and then you eat your breakfast like a little lady, and when mamma fixes you for school you are kind and cheerful. Perhaps after school is done in the afternoon you go down to Captain B——'s and get something for mamma. Then when she says it is bed-time, you hop up, lay down your books, and let her undress you, and then you kiss her and bid her 'good-night.' That's the way you do, isn't it?"

"1860. — You don't know, darling, how much I have thought of the trouble you have had with your face. It would be a sad thing to have my darling's face drawn out of proper shape; but, oh, I would rather have her face distorted than have a blight fall upon her heart! The outer tenement is worth much care, and it is pleasant to see it beautified; but, after all, the cheerful hearth, the

genial fireside, and the flowers of domestic love make the home which we cling to."

In 1868, while his youngest daughter was on a visit to Norway, and away from home alone for the first time, he wrote to her thus: —

"And now, my darling child, be careful, for the sake of the loved ones you have left behind. Be careful of your health. Keep it ever in mind. . . . And, more than all else, be careful — oh! be *very* careful, of the better and purer part of my darling! Be cheerful; be gay; be happy; but do not be careless! You know, my own dear child, how we all pray for you; and I know you will respond to our prayers by the outward as well as the inner walks of your daily life.

"God bless and keep you! A kiss for you, darling — three of them — and a good-night."

And again: —

My own darling Child, — You spoke a few words in your last good letter which I cannot allow to pass without blessing you for them, and letting you know how much I appreciate your high and noble principles; and at the same time you will allow me to add a few words by way of loving counsel.

You speak of certain associations which you are determined to avoid. That is the word, darling: Determined! What you *determine* to do, you will do without trouble; and yet you can do it without offending anybody. Now is the time, darling, to make your resolutions for life. Only think how many a poor child of misfortune has sunk to misery and shame just because they could not say 'No!' at the proper time. It is sometimes hard to refuse a friend; but it is much more easy to refuse at the proper time than to hesitate, and dally, and trifle, and then refuse.

Women are so differently situated from men! It does not seem as though it was hardly fair; but so it is, and we must put up with it. And yet a true woman can do as much towards her future as she has a firm will to do. If she says *I will!* she need not fear for the end, — that is, if her will is RIGHT.

My darling, your whole future of womanhood is before you, and you are just stepping upon the threshold. Your life is in your own hands. And one of these days you may be called upon to share the trials of that life with another. And now, in the early morning, before the trial comes, look around and make up your mind what you would require of such a companion. Think what must be the character and qualities and disposition of the person who is to exercise so much influence for your future weal or woe. Money is not all; education is not all; a good disposition is not all; a high moral character is not all; but all these are requisites, and added thereto we want good Common Sense and Fervent Love.

Aim so to live that such a man may honor and respect you, and may easily select you from women less worthy; and, also, in the presence of a man who is not all that, be circumspect and reserved. You are old enough to understand me.

God bless you, my precious child, now and ever!

"Your good letter came yesterday, and it was a real good letter — a much better one than I had thought you could write. And you may be assured that your loving words to your father were not lost. . . . And let me say here, that you must write to us all you can with comfort to yourself, because this is not only a good opportunity to practise for improvement, but you are writing to those who prize your letters too highly to find fault with mistakes. Every letter from you — real good letter — I will give you

half a dollar for when you get home; and you shall have the money to spend as you please. Isn't that pretty nice? That is more than I ever got for any of my writings until I had been writing a number of years."

His love and reverence for woman was one of the marked features of his character often noticed by his friends. In 1852 Mr. O. S. Fowler, the phrenologist, said to him: —

"But after all, your great social element is love of woman. You appreciate your masculine friends, but your feminine friends are your dearest by all odds. Your valuation of woman is particularly high. Not many men appreciate the feminine as highly as yourself, or are better adapted to love and worship them."

The holidays and the birthdays in the family were always marked with pleasant reminiscences, and often the little scrap of writing accompanying a gift was the most highly prized. For instance, the following: —

"To my darling, — on the fifteenth anniversary of her birthday, — accompanied by a fine gold watch.

Accept this Souvenir;
And may its presence cheer
Thy Spirit with the mem'ry of a heart
That holds thee very dear —
Made glad when thou art near, —
Regarding thee of life a precious part.

May PEACE thy walks attend;
VIRTUE be e'er thy friend, —
As through this life you bravely make your way;
On FAITH'S strong staff depend;
HOPE light thee to the end;
LOVE be thy crown on this thy natal day."

He also left the following tribute of love on the fly-leaf of a Bible: —

"If my child will obey the lessons of life laid down in this book, she will find peace and happiness such as the fleeting things of earth cannot give, and such as the trials and vicissitudes of earth cannot steal away.

"God Bless and Keep Her!"

Perhaps, in this connection, it may be permitted to take a broader view than that of the immediate family circle. As brother — the eldest of nine — he was kind and helpful; he cherished for each brother and sister a sweet, tender affection. He was ever ready to counsel and advise, but always gave his judgment unselfishly and without bias, and frequently offered substantial help when such was needed. Through boyhood and manhood, with head, heart, and hand, he nobly fulfilled his fraternal obligations, and was loved, honored, and always looked up to as the elder brother. In 1852 his brother James, ten years old, the youngest, and the pet of the others, was called to his long home, making the first break in the family circle. The following, written at that time, must find a place here: —

"Dear Mother,
An angel messenger passed o'er the earth,
Plucking sweet flowers to grace the diadem
Of God. Some soul of purity he sought, —
Some spirit meek, that longed to put away
The clod of earth, and bound, all joyously,
Within the sphere of Love and Truth eternal.
That soul — that flower — the angel found with us;
'Twas one of us; our sweetest, fairest one,
In that it was our youngest. He plucked it,
And bore it off to God.

Now doubly dear
Is heaven to us all. That chain of ours,
Wherein each kindred soul formed one strong link,
Has reached the throne of Him who ruleth us
For good. It is not broke, nor shall it ever be ;
Only the transmutation has begun.
The mortal is now immortal, and that
Celestial link has raised us all toward heaven.
Our youngest was the first to be with God
At home. The next, the next, and still the next, —
It matters not which, when, or how ; but yet
All, all will go to that bright home, and all
Will be a band unbroken still for aye,
In that soul's sphere, where all is joy and peace,
And truth, and love, forevermore.

Dear James,
Come to us oft, and bless us with thyself
In spirit presence. God shall have the praise."

His love of home was a predominant characteristic, and to make his home bright and attractive, and the little circle of loved ones happy, was his first thought. In September, 1875, Mr. Mark M. ("Brick") Pomeroy, editor of "Pomeroy's Democrat," called upon him, and on his return West wrote of his visit and spoke thus feelingly of the author and his home: —

"During the day we walked up a rather high hill in company with a friend, and rang the bell at the door of a beautiful house surrounded with rare flowers, plants, and shrubbery. What floral wealth! What a charming spot! Was there ever a more lovely view? See there! For miles and miles away there are groves, little forests, villas, hills, valleys, homes, towns, manufacturing establishments and evidences of wealth, business, industry, and prosperity.

"The alarm at the outer door brings to the entrance a girl with the curl-papers yet in her hair.

"'Is Mr. Cobb at home?'

"'He is.'

"'Will you ask him if he will see a pilgrim and stranger who twenty-six years ago began to read his "To be continued" stories, and who wants to know when they are to end?'

"'Yes, sir. Walk into the parlor.'

"A charming room. Good taste, beautiful articles by the score, and the appearance of a parlor that is not shut up all the time as sacred to the eye, but a place to rest in and enjoy.

"Presently a tall, elderly gentleman enters, and we meet Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the man who writes exclusively for Robert Bonner's paper, *The New York Ledger*. There stood before us a man who has written more stories and novelettes than has any in the world. From 'The Gun Maker of Moscow,' which we read by candle-light when an apprentice, to the story he is now finishing, it has been write, write, write, write, work without end, and profits, fame, reputation, and reward accordingly.

"Mr. Cobb is a *man*. And that is saying a great deal. He is about six feet tall, weighs nearly two hundred pounds, has one of the finest, squarest, best-built heads we ever saw. His whiskers are long and more white than gray. His hair is worn rather long than otherwise, and is also gray. His eyes are as clear as the tinkle of silver bells. They are bright and full of something to rest on. We call it intelligence. His speech is slow, methodical, yet roundly explicit. He talks in parables and paragraphs. He completes his sentence as its conversation comes from his lips.

"His mind has outgrown and reaches round all creeds, to comprehend that God is God, — that intelligence is power, that wisdom is wealth, that work is creation, that a man is just what he builds himself to be.

"His study, library, or sanctum, is away up in the top

of his beautiful home, in the tower. Here, in a room about twelve feet square, is his workshop. Here the children of his wondrous brain are born. Here regiments of characters are dressed for the parts to which Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., assigns them. There is a large, old-fashioned desk, covered with pens, papers, pencils, knives, and such material. An old inkstand, incrusted with the applause that first greeted his stories, as the dark fluid stood on its own threshold in surprise to see into what strange fancies it has been lined. Books, books, books, books — rows of books on shelves all about. There is the work chair, the resting-chair. There are old guns, sabres, ramrods, arrows, tricks and trinkets, odds, ends, curiosities, pictures, photographs, sketches, flowers, curious contrivances of no earthly use except to suggest odd fancies; and in the midst of all is the gifted story-writer, monarch of all he surveys, in a charming, loving, loved, and beautiful home evolved from the tidal waves of restless thought.

"He told us of his past and his present. Of his struggles and his success. Of good times and bad ones. Of longings and roamings, by sea and by land; and, were it not that the hands of the clock on his mantel pointed to the hour of leaving, we could have stayed there until this time, only it is so terrible to be a bore, who knows no better than to rob a working-man of his time."

Though always in the house, from the nature of his work he was, comparatively speaking, little with his family; but the occasional meetings at the table, and an hour or two of an evening, were marked by pleasant interchange of thoughts, or by discussions of the events or the news of the day. He was interested in the workings of the household machinery, and was always ready with a helping hand when a man's strength or mechanical skill was needed.

He was passionately fond of music, and understood it thoroughly. He had a very good bass voice, and never came across a musical instrument upon which he could not play a tune. When he was sixteen his father purchased an organ for his benefit, upon which he learned to play creditably. The first tune he conquered was Hebron; and he often told of the mortification he experienced one afternoon, when his mother had the parlor full of female visitors, and insisted upon his entertaining them by "showing off" this simple accomplishment of which she, fond mother, was so proud. Later, he played both the violin and bass-viol in the church choir at Waltham and East Boston. In later years he was most fond of his organ, and scarcely a day passed when the instrument was not opened. He would most frequently seek this recreation in the early evening, during the twilight, and for an hour or more, without notes, he would play his favorite church melodies and sweet old songs or improvise chords in varied combinations. Frequently, upon rising he would say, "There, I have worked up the plot for a story." His violin was also a favorite instrument. It was the companion of his study, and the remark would often pass below stairs, "Father is fiddling himself out of a tight place in his story." Many pleasant and entertaining hours of the leisure evenings were passed with his family, and sometimes a few intimate friends, on which occasions one of his daughters would furnish piano accompaniment to his violin.

Hospitable he was to a large degree, and unless

deeply engaged in writing a story, seldom refused to see a caller. Servants were never allowed to attend the outer door, and bores were kept from his presence when possible. How often departing guests have heard him say, "You know where I live, and the latch-string is always on the outside."

His fund of reminiscences, stories, and anecdotes was inexhaustible, and his conversational powers remarkable. His views on all subjects, broad, original, and independent, he could easily adapt himself to the tastes or mental capacity of his guests. He was continually receiving calls from unknown admirers, who frequently came long distances to see him. Until the last year of his life, he generally received them with kindly welcome.

He had a bright, happy disposition; was always cheerful in sickness as in health, never known to be despondent. From his heart, he believed this life to be worth living, and lived quite as much for the good he could do, and for the happiness of others, as for selfish enjoyment. His morning salutation was always offered with a bright smile, and the "Good-night, darling," was never forgotten; while his "God bless you," so often bestowed, sank into the heart like a true and helpful benediction.

Thus an attempt has been made to picture some of the traits of his domestic life; but who does not know how much of sweetness and love there is in the home circle which cannot be unveiled to the public gaze? Many little happenings of importance only to the par-

ties interested; little heart-throbs and love-tokns, sacred to "the loved ones at home," — of such his life was full.

Extracts from his writings might be adduced to portray more fully his domestic life; and a few have been selected, but only such as most truly illustrate his own inner life. They may be suitably introduced here: —

"I deem money well and profitably spent that serves to make home cheerful and pleasant."

"Home is the place for comfort and joy — the home where the heart is."

"What a miserable man he must be who has no home, and how little does that man know of true happiness who, having a good home, seeks for recreation elsewhere."

"He realized how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort, the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party, the husband must be the other."

"A home where peace and comfort should prevail; where the husband and wife should be all in all to each other; and where the angel of sweet content should hold full sway."

"He was one of those men who look to their homes for their chief enjoyments of life; and he was never so happy as when his wife was happy with him."

"But that was nothing as compared with the man at home. — the man peaceful, happy, and able to find calm and tranquil repose in the loving atmosphere that pervaded his domestic realm."

"He found that life's heartiest, truest joys, are indwelling — joys resulting from duties truly done — joys accepted

from the Great Giver with trustful gratitude. Verily he found that that kingdom of God, and of peace, and joy, was within him; and by realizing and developing the fact he carried warmth and sunshine wherever he went, and his home was a haven of peace and rest."

"A mote is a tiny particle, but it becomes a thing of painful moment when it is lodged in the eye; and the heart that is made tender with a devoted, living love, is as sensitive to motes as is the eye."

"No man is so strong as is he who comprehends and appreciates the very smallest helps of every-day life."

"He applied the Golden Rule to all the departments of active life, to the social life, the moral life, and the business life. He would, in short, have it underlie the whole social structure."

"'My children," he would say, 'never let a lie go to seed in your souls. If, by chance, you should happen to be tempted into telling a falsehood, let it be plucked out by a proper confession of your fault as quickly as possible. Pluck it out, and cast it from you; for I assure you that of all the noxious weeds that find root in the garden of the soul, none go to seed more quickly, or multiply more rapidly, than does falsehood.'"

The close of the year was always recognized in his journal by some suitable and characteristic sentiment; and after what has gone before, this chapter may well be closed with a few of these extracts: —

"1856. — And this is the last of the year! The new year is at hand. I shall retire now — half-past eleven — and hear the clock strike the hour of midnight, and then, with my whole soul, shall I wish all I love a Happy New Year!"

"1867. — And this is the close of the year. Sunshine and shadow! So it must ever be. In my own soul there is most of sunshine, for I try to do right."

"1871. — And this is the last day of 1871. Well, I have cause only for entire thankfulness in view of the past year. We are all well and happy. God grant that the coming year may be as well for us. I can ask no more."

1876. — "And thus the old year dies away,
Its work is done — its story told;
The coming of another day
Gives a new page to be unrolled.

Oh! may the unrolling be for good —
Each day bring peace to bless its even;
Sweet angels o'er my household brood,
And lead us daily nearer heaven."

"1877. — Well, the year has gone. My conscience is clear; I know not of a single thing in my life of the year agone that could leave a sting behind.

"God bless my home!
Sweet angels smile upon us;
Let love and harmony
Be and abide with us,
Now, and evermore; Amen!
'So mote it be!'"

CHAPTER V.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

In May, 1846, with his brother Samuel T., the subject of our memoir left *The Freeman* office, and started a paper entitled *The Rechabite*, which was devoted to "temperance, moral elevation, literature, and general intelligence." In the later years he wrote: —

"Many of our readers — those among the elder — of Boston and vicinity, will remember Whitney's Auction Rooms, at No. 39 Washington Street. It is all gone now. The old office overhead, where I first tried my hand at the 'quill editorial,' has passed away, and an imposing front of granite and iron has superseded the modest façade upon which I was so proud, in those long-gone days, to see my name stuck up in golden letters."

He had written occasionally for his father's paper, but now took up his pen in earnest as editor of *The Rechabite*, and in the second number of the paper appears his first story, "The Deserter." He was prevailed upon to undertake this by the earnest solicitation and encouragement of his brother. It was a tale of Mahon, and founded upon an incident in his own experience. Many other stories followed, and he was

now well launched upon the fascinating sea of literature. This paper lived about a year and a half, the first number bearing the date of May 6. 1846, and the last that of December 2, 1847. The editorials were pithy, embracing all topics of the day. Extracts have been selected from several, illustrating his style, and portraying the rise and decline of *The Rechabite.*

Youth is daring, and the young editor of *The Rechabite* was no exception to the general rule. The temperance question was handled without gloves, regardless of those whom the thrusts might reach; and all other topics were attacked with the same boldness, showing thought free and unbiassed. The editorial of the first number is a salutatory introducing the paper and its objects, and in its composition, takes on the sailor boy's style.

"KIND READER, — Give us your hand. There, now have a little patience, while we give our reasons for thus appearing upon the already crowded stage of newspaper periodicals. Our captain speaks for the general tone and character of our paper.

"We intend that our humble sheet shall be an organ of the Independent Order of Rechabites. The great cause of temperance, to which Rechabism is designed to give a more permanent establishment, will receive our consideration in all its relations and modes of action. And we shall plead for all that mutual kindness and allowance among the numerous friends of temperance, working in their own ways respectively, which are befitting a cause of such vast interests and diversified bearings. Now, as such is the grand principle which we design to inculcate, and as the Sons of Temperance are engaged to the same end, and are

walking in the same path, we shall make our columns equally interesting to them, and will give intelligence of their doings in the great moral enterprise of the age. Nor have we forgotten the ladies. The United Daughters of Rechab, being a branch of the same family, will also receive our attention, and to this end we have engaged the assistance of an active member of their order in conducting a department devoted to their interests.

"To make *The Rechabite* an efficient instrument in the hands of the order, for the conveyance of general intelligence relating to their institution, and for the advancement of their high and noble principles, we have given our bark a pleasant and inviting appearance, and as we launch out upon the ocean of literature, we mean to make our weekly arrivals at the doors of our patrons, laden with a choice and valuable cargo of foreign and domestic intelligence; and they shall always find 'stowed away,' in a good arrangement, a collection of the literary, scientific, historical, and biographical, thus making it a good FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

"We are aware that nearly all families contain some members who are fond of a good story occasionally, to whet their appetites for more substantial matter; and some good lessons may always be drawn from a well-told tale. We have made arrangements also for this want of the reading community, and great pains will be taken that none of them bear a rude or immodest character.

"This is the track we have laid out, and in pursuing our course we shall claim the privilege of speaking freely upon all points involving the interests of our cause, being careful to encroach upon the religious or political opinions of no one.

"For further and more particular information relating to the paper, we refer you to the sheet before you." . . .

With his naval experience fresh in mind, he did not hesitate to expose, through this medium, the evils and temptations that encountered the sailor. The editorials of June 4 and 11 are upon this subject, and portray the navy as it was in the early forties: —

"We have seen from time to time, in our public journals, many remarks upon the navy of the United States. Now, we deem it no discredit to have spent a few years in this department of our National Government; and therefore will tell you, kind reader, that we have spent over three years in different ships on the Mediterranean stations; and many are the good and wholesome lessons which we have there learned, — lessons derived from the full and practical development of all the baser passions of human nature. Here is the place to study man. Here the broken merchant finds a temporary refuge from the sneers of disappointed creditors; the dainty clerk, and the used-up man about town, find a welcome shelter from the wrath of cheated masters and humbugged citizens; the young adventurer here makes his *début*, and the old, worn-out cruiser here closes his roaming career; the privateer, the slaver, and the pirate even, find a home in which to spend the interim between their more active cruises. Nearly every nation upon the face of the earth contributes towards filling up the complement of seamen for an American man-of-war.

"A *man-of-war!* What ideas of a strange and explicable arbitrary government run through the minds of our citizens as they hear this word. The only conceptions generally formed in regard to it, are of a perfect system of slavery, — slavery of the worst and most aggravated description, — that existing between free-born American citizens, where the master and the man are born free and equal, bowing to no human law but that of their own making, and both equally lords of their native soil.

"Now, that such is the *actual*, present state of our navy, is nearly correct; but that such a state of things is the *legitimate* result of the institution itself, is far from being evident.

"The whole truth can be spoken in a few words: The very foundation upon which rests its present mode of operation, is RUM! This may be deemed, by some, an unwarrantable assertion; but we say it calmly and understandingly — we have been there, and we *know*.

"We will pass over the building and rigging of a man-of-war, by saying that the all-accomplishing stimulus is used during that time as the greatest incentive to a good day's work.

"As soon as the ship is ready for sea, she must be supplied with officers, and as a general thing a pretty 'hard set' of *gentlemen* take their stations. Then come the men. Now for the operations of the great 'recruiting *general*;' he is always abroad, and always filling up the complement of seamen for our men-of-war; in nearly every street of our city are stationed some dozen or so of these efficacious accessories to our navy. It is so; every man-of-war that is fitted out in our city owes its ready complement of men to the hundreds of *rum-holes*.

"Now, when the ship is at sea, is this '*dread monarch*' left behind? No; wherever she goes, this accompaniment goes with her; and even then, both officers and men keep a constant ear open for the '*pipe to grog*.' Is anything extra wanted from the exertions of the sailors, an '*extra tort*' is the grand incentive. On any great occasion, the crew are made happy by the frequent call: '*All hands splice the main brace.*'

"And thus it goes; under the present organization of our navy, RUM is the very vital of all its parts.

"While the ship is at sea, where both officers and men are kept sober, all is peace and order; the crew do their

duty faithfully, and the officers are, with a few exceptions, just and reasonable. But as soon as they reach their first port, then come the troubles and trials of a man-of-war, — then the lash begins to fill the air with its sharp twang, and confusion takes the place of order. But this is not confined to the seamen; the officers rather set the example. Night after night have I seen the captain's cabin a scene of drunkenness and confusion (generally termed 'merry-making'), until past midnight, and that, too, in the midst of foreign gentlemen and officers; and I have seen, too, the whole ship's company, from the captain down to the black cook, on a regular spree, — the officers and their company at their brandy and wine in the cabin, and the crew freely supplied with *whiskey punch* on the berth-deck; and all this by the direct orders of the captain! Yes, I have seen this, and seen the effects of it, — 'double irons' and 'gags' for those who made too free with the captain's kindness!

"We have more to say on this subject."

"Last week we made a few remarks upon the affairs of our navy, in regard to the general application of rum as a part, at least, of the great moving-power. We spoke of what we had seen, and what we knew, in regard to it; and a few more remarks 'of the same sort' may not be out of place in showing the extent to which the *officers*, those who take upon themselves, and to whom it is intrusted, to *regulate* the conduct of the ship's company, — are involved in this matter. And if we give to the community a few facts, they can draw their own conclusions.

"When the order was first issued for a complement of 'apprentice boys' to each ship in our navy, many persons were deluded into sending their children there, by the assurance that they would not only be well taken care of and taught all the branches of a common English educa-

tion, but be kept perfectly free from the baneful influence of intemperance; and many poor widows sent their sons, who had become unmanageable at home, 'into the service,' hoping that they might there be kept steady.

"Now, how is it? Why, as far as we know, there is hardly a worse set of boys on the face of the earth than the apprentice boys of a man-of-war. There are some exceptions, to be sure; but as a general thing, the legitimate end of their course is consummate wickedness. They are left to associate with the hardened villains who compose a part of the crew; and here they learn lessons which should never be put on paper, and the details of which would chill the blood of every true man. We have seen these boys caught in the act of smuggling *rum* on board the ship, after having smuggled themselves on shore. For this they were most severely punished. But only the day before we saw the *first lieutenant* stand by the 'grog-tub' and order the steward to serve these very boys out a '*tort*' of *raw whiskey*, standing by and laughing to see the handy manner in which they swallowed the burning stream. Yes; the first lieutenant standing by and ordering grog to be served out to *boys* only about twelve or thirteen years of age; and then lash them up and cut their flesh with the blood-stained 'cats' for getting drunk!! So much for the fore-mast hands who are initiated on board a man-of-war.

"Now for the officers; — nor do they fall a whit behind in this scale, although, as in all cases, there are some exceptions. Midshipmen (the initiatory degree) are generally very young when they enter upon their duties. They leave the care of parents, and are transferred to a field of almost unlimited bounds in which to exercise their precocious propensities; propensities which are soon fully developed under their *ex-officio* privileges. They here find themselves allowed to exercise an almost tyrannical command over the seamen, which at once elevates them, in

their own estimation, to the character of *gentlemen.* Next, the character must be sustained. To this end they follow the precepts here presented; — they can handle an oath with becoming dignity, then 'swing off a bumper' to the health of their messmates, sometimes collectively, but frequently individually. When they arrive at a foreign station, they commence their official career; all the money that may be due, and frequently much more (for we have seen midshipmen hundreds of dollars in debt), is drawn, and squandered away in dissipation and debauchery. When on shore they are liberal and extravagant, and when on board — if you could but look into a man-of-war's steerage, you would see a strange combination of 'pride and poverty.' . . .

"Again, we have seen the French pilot come on board the ship in the harbor of Marseilles, at four o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of taking us out to sea, and upon looking for the 'officer of the deck' — he found him lying *dead drunk* upon the deck!! This is no magnifying or overreaching of facts, — this we have seen; and marked well, too, the look and exclamation of utter astonishment that burst from the lips of the Frenchman as he saw the *guardian* of our ship lying in a perfectly helpless state of intoxication!

"Now, where is the evil to stop? where is the fountain-head? *At home!* See our Government's public advertisements for the lowest contract for several thousand barrels of whiskey! Here is the first fount of the evil. Why do they not come out and speak plainly? Who will furnish, at the cheapest rates, all the troubles, trials, floggings, lacerated backs, neglected duty, stranded ships, and national disgrace for our navy? Such an advertisement as this would be to the point.

"But we hope the time is not far distant when the decisive step will be taken against this curse."

From the strictly temperance editorials a few of the boldest and strongest have been selected as follows: —

"Most of our readers are informed of all that took place of interest on the 'Glorious Fourth.' The day was pleasant, the people were pleasant, and everything was pleasant. The first thing of more than common interest that arrested our attention as we entered upon our beautiful Common, was a large booth with this most cheering notice painted in large, bold characters on the front: 'GOOD COLD WATER FROM LONG POND — WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE;' and as we passed along we saw several more 'of the same sort,' on different parts of the ground. Truly, this was good, and much praise is due the persons who thus produced these springs of pure water in what has heretofore been almost a desert on our gala days.

"But we took up our pen to speak of the temperate appearance of things in general. It is said, by the opposers of our cause, and by many of its friends too, that there is more rum sold in our city at the present time than ever before. Now, we are not prepared to contradict this statement, as we know not how much of the poison formerly found consumption in Boston; but we do know how much of its effects were visible on our holidays. Ten years ago we used to make the Common our stopping-place for the day, on the Fourth, and it was nothing uncommon to meet a drunken man at almost every turn. But now things are different, — we walked the whole length of the Common, and did not see one case of intoxication. Drunken men there may have been, and we suppose there were; but they were few and far between: like the sneaking assassin, they knew that they were regarded as a pest, and a plague-spot upon our happy festivities; and they cowered away in their true element — darkness.

"We did, indeed, see some sickening sights, — but not on

glorious Boston Common; that spot, as far as we were able to judge, told of freedom from tyranny greater than England's former attempt to keep us in bondage, — a freedom from the tyrant alcohol. Yet in some of our fashionable places of resort we saw the fiery stream flowing forth, — places where snug alcoves and heavy curtains hid from view the young men who were ashamed to be seen in broad daylight, while they poured down the deluding concoctions of sweetened destruction. We can look with less disgust upon the low 'three-cent' counter, than upon these fashionable hells, where Satan robes himself in his most fascinating garments, and where his votaries can hide their evil doings behind his gaudy trappings. But we trust that public opinion will, ere long, make these places, with all their gilding and marble, as despicable to their present frequenters as the dark holes of visible filth and pollution. In a few more years we hope to see beside the glorious 'stars and stripes' another banner, no less glorious, beneath which all will crowd with equal patriotism and zeal, whose pure white folds shall wave over a nation freed from all tyranny, and all home-made tyrants."

"What a jewel is consistency, — bright and glittering as the pure studs of heaven! When man sets this gem upon his brow, and beneath its light pursues the path through which it tends, his way is clear, and no self-created stumbling-blocks impede his progress. But, alas! how little do we see on earth emanating from the devices of men, that bears the stamp of consistency! . . .

"But let us throw *self* out of the way, and see the consistency that is trampled under foot by prejudice, — by mere foolish, blind prejudice. A prejudice that seems to make men *fools*, and, what is worse than all, tends to *keep* them so. It is of this latter cause of inconsistency that we wish to speak at this time.

"These thoughts were prompted by a little circumstance that came to our knowledge a week or two since. A young man of this city lately joined our beloved Order, and for some time seemed to enjoy the meetings; but at length a 'change came over him,' and he expressed a wish to withdraw from his Tent. Upon being asked the reason for so doing, he stated that his parent belonged to the Church, and was decidedly opposed to all *secret* societies, and had expressed a strong determination to have none of his children belong to such an institution. The young man left, and now has, by his own exertion, aided perhaps by his *religious* (oh!) influence, raised himself to the exalted station of a *Rumseller!*

"There, you long-faced deacons, you that are *conscientiously* opposed to our Order because of its *horrible secret*, can you not see your own sanctimonious faces in this picture? Or, at least, how many of you can see the inconsistency in that parent's and child's conduct, that does not continually fill your quota of action to almost overflowing? How many of you throw up the institution of Rechabism as pernicious in its tendency, without even looking to see what its legitimate influence may be, and without stopping to examine the principles upon which it is based? Yes, we put the question to you, *warm* (!) supporters of *religion;* how many of you would meet in conclave to put down this *secret* society, and at the same time join hands with a *rumseller* to carry out your ends? Yes, you laugh to scorn the pure, white, heavenly Tent of the Sons of Rechab, and with a winning smile grasp the hand red with the blood of hundreds of your fellow-citizens. Ay, you will put your hand, like a basilisk, upon the institution of Rechabism, hurl the anathemas of your indignation at its principles, and denounce it as ungodly; and at the same time meet hand in hand and heart to heart with the man who for *six and a quarter cents* would administer a deadly poison to your own child!

"Such is the consistency of many of our citizens, and such is a fair sample of the consistency of all who oppose our institution. . . .

"Oh, how often have we wished, as we have seen such proceedings, that we could only have the privilege of jamming a drop of consistency into their progenitor's composition of mind! How we should like to hold the pure jewel of Christian consistency before their eyes, just to see how they would clasp their hands to their weak orbs to shut out the dazzling light! Such men have souls too narrow to see a world; their minds can comprehend nothing like a brotherhood founded upon principles which submerge religious prejudices, and which tend to bring together noble souls for a noble purpose, from all quarters, and from all parties and sects; but from their cooped-up conclaves they throw out their anathematical mudballs upon the walls of their advancing fellows."

"Most of our readers are probably aware of the circumstances attending the opening of the 'Adams House' a few weeks since, in our good city. We were not invited, consequently saw nothing, and have said nothing. Perhaps the proprietors knew we were a Rechabite, and that their table would not afford us an example of 'good cheer.' But be that as it may, we have heard of the proceedings, and know that this house is another powerful emissary in the ranks of Satan, and have felt all the pain and grief attendant upon the realization of increasing ruin.

"One of the owners of the Adams House was formerly a member of the Dorchester Washington Total Abstinence Society, and was a member of the committee who submitted to the world a most eloquent appeal to humanity in behalf of the Temperance cause, extracts from which we published last week. And now, William T. Adams, to you we have a few words to say. We feel towards you as

a brother, and would fain see you again in the path of duty. Listen!

"Friend Adams, we wish not to arraign you to the consideration of principles which you do not understand, or with which you have never held sympathy. No; we set you before *your own* AVOWED *convictions* of RIGHT, and ask you as a man to give heed.

"In your Appeal (we mean the 'Appeal' which bears to the world your own signature), after deploring the progress of intemperance, you say, 'But, worse than all, and most to be deplored, there are men who, with the light of the nineteenth century shining full upon them, sell for paltry pence that which they know is the destroyer of health and happiness.' My friend, do you remember when you sanctioned this sentiment? Do you remember the pure fountain of *principle* that flowed in your bosom when you so deplored the depravity of the man who could destroy health and happiness for paltry pence? And, sir, under 'the light of the nineteenth century,' amid the tears and groans of suffering humanity, the weeping and wailing of widowed mothers and destitute orphans, IS NOT THE NUMBER OF SUCH MEN ON THE INCREASE? Are there not men who can look on and see all this misery and degradation, who know its source, and who have the opportunity of reading such able appeals as the one referred to above, and yet, under a full sense of all this, deliberately step into the ranks of the 'DEMON'S CHOSEN SERVANTS'? DO YOU know of such a man?

"'These dens of iniquity are the abodes of nearly all the vice and crime that modern depravity has been able to devise. Here Cupidity and the Devil go hand in hand to the bar, and drink brandy. . . . Here avarice, drunk on the hard earnings of the day laborer, lays the scheme to rob the widow and the orphan. . . . The rumshop is a false beacon. It calls Luxury and Splendor to its aid, and

thus decoys the unwary into its wiles. Beneath the gilt and tinsel, its filth and rottenness are not seen. It draws from the wide field of usefulness and virtue many promising young men, and wrecks their fondest hopes on the shoals of despair. The young candidate for the honors of the world commences life with glowing prospects. . . . But vice soon sets its snare, and he falls into it. The demon's chosen servant, the rumseller, . . . holds the accursed cup to his lips. . . . The first cup is followed by the second, and habit lays its spell-binding hand upon him: he is a drunkard, lost to virtue, lost to all that is great, good, and holy.'

"Friend Adams, think of this. Is not this the truth? Is it not a subject that deserves attention? and will not the perusal of such sentiments on the part of the reader pay them for the room which we take for their second insertion? Do you know, my friend, who indorsed the above? who, under a solemn pledge for the right, placed before the world the true character of the rumseller? And, sir, do you know how many places there are in our city where our youth meet the 'accursed cup'? Look about you, and see the hundreds of holes, where crime and misery abound, and where the peace and happiness of our citizens are bartered away for 'paltry pence.' See also the vast multitude of the '*demon's chosen servants*,' that stalk abroad at noonday to do their foul work. Now, sir, we put the question to you, which a few years ago you put to your citizens: 'Who shall be answerable for these foul stains upon the morality of the community? Upon whom rests the guilt of sustaining these public pests?' Can you answer this question? Look back upon the time when you stood before the world, a pledged advocate for the right of humanity, and read your own answer: 'Not upon a few miserable drunkards alone. No, they are comparatively innocent. Perhaps for every tippling-house in our

country there are not a dozen drunkards. It is not they alone who support them: it is the moderate drinker, and the FASHIONABLE WINE-BIBBER, *who do most to sustain them.*' Do you know, my friend, any of the latter class of people who sustain 'these public pests'? Do you know whether our city is becoming more and more contaminated with the presence of houses suited to this last-mentioned species of 'society's foul depravity,' and houses devoted to spreading this soul-destroying principle?

"Look back upon the scenes which you depict in your 'Appeal,' where you point to the husband's foul death, the children's course in the same path of destruction, and the final end of the poor, broken-hearted wife and mother, and raise your eyes, too, to the end of the drunkard's career, as you have portrayed it, — *the scaffold.* In view of this, you once asked: 'Does the philanthropist ask what he shall do? Oh, here is a field in which he may labor. Those dens of iniquity — dram-shops — produce misery enough to keep half the world busy in the work of love.'

"Oh, sir, remember this answer! Remember how wide is the field, and how sweet the duty of doing this 'work of love.' Is it not a holy cause, — this work of redemption? In speaking of it you say, 'We ask to be judged by the merits of the cause, and not by the conduct of its advocates.' Are not these merits sufficient to protect it against the *treason* of its *very officers?* Just heavens! is it possible that there lives a man whose soul has been lighted by the bright principles which dictated the above-mentioned 'Appeal,' who will, '*with the light of the nineteenth century shining full upon him, sell for paltry pence that which he knows is the destroyer of health and happiness*'? . . .

"Friend Adams, we are now about to close this address to you; but before doing so, we would make an earnest appeal to your own sense of right, and your love of

humanity. You are now in the prime of life. Before you lies spread out a wide field in which to labor, — a field which contains the broad expanse of life, and which, in the present state of society, merges to two points, by separate paths. Look well before you proceed. Behold the wide track of degradation and ruin, see the way slippery with human blood, mingled with bitter tears of anguish wrung from the very hearts of widows and orphans. Hear the piteous cries of the poor deluded victim, now that it is too late to go back. . . . Gaze for a moment upon the 'bitter burning wrongs' which accrue to the innocent and virtuous, the true and faithful, the pure and noble minded, by the infernal traffic in intoxicating drinks.

"Now, WILLIAM T. ADAMS, *can* you — WILL you aid in such a work?

"The other path open in the field before you is equally clear and plain. You have trod its beautiful way, and have culled the sweet flowers, and drank of the pure stream; you have seen the effects of a firm adherence to duty, and have experienced the holy, happy results of such labors.

"Look forward, my friend, into the vista of future years, and behold the page whereon is to be inscribed the work you have done for your fellow-men, and under the deep sense of what you *know to be your* DUTY, decide the tale that time shall tell. In leaving this matter, we cannot do better than to close by quoting *your own* closing appeal to your citizens, in the document which bears your signature: —

"'Reflect well on the smile of an approving conscience that follows the one, and the barren heart that succeeds the other. The hopes of thousands rest on your decision. Choose which you will, but Humanity rejoices or sorrows at your choice.'

"There, my friend, we now leave this matter to your own sense of right, to your own sense of honor, and to your own sense of duty to society. When you shall read this earnest appeal to your own MANHOOD — to your love of HUMANITY, remember that you stand before your God as one having light, — as one who *knows* the path of duty. Then, let it not go unheeded, let not your fellow-citizens have cause to regret that you came amongst them. Show to them and to the world, that you are a MAN, that under '*the light of the nineteenth century*,' you cannot '*sell for paltry pence that which you know is the destroyer of health and happiness*.' Do this, and the warm smile of an approving conscience, the blessing of a just God, and the affection of all good men, shall be yours, now and forever. And when you shall have closed your career on earth, you will be able to look back upon the path you have trod, and instead of beholding it strewed with the tears of the wronged and down-trodden victims, the bitter curses of the duped and destroyed of the rum-traffic, sounding to heaven against you, — it will be all radiant with a halo of beauty, — the beauty of a '*duty truly done*.'"

Some three months later appeared the following editorial notice: —

THE ADAMS HOUSE.

It will be remembered by our readers that some time since we noticed the opening of the above establishment, and wrote a short address to our young friend WILLIAM T. ADAMS, who was then connected with the concern. But our heart was made glad by noticing in the *New England Washingtonian*, the announcement that he had left the place. Friend Adams has never been reconciled to a situation among wine and gin bottles, and we believe that a true love of principle dictated the step he has taken; for

in a pecuniary point the sacrifice was considerable. It was under circumstances of a peculiar character that he was at first connected with the "Adams House," and it has ever been his desire to leave it. May he be abundantly blessed in his endeavors for the right.

"Throughout the length and breadth of our land, we do not believe there can be found a man who, when in his sober senses, will not affirm that *Intemperance* is an evil; and the only question of issue seems to be, *What is intemperance?* To this we will answer — and we have the support of every *true* temperance man in the country — that any use of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, entails upon man that sin. This assertion requires no argument to sustain it, as it is a conceded point that moderate drinkers are but the blossoms of ripening drunkards, and that no man becomes a drunkard without passing through the primary stage. . . .

"Now, who exerts the greatest influence at the present day in keeping this deadly sin upon our nation? Who places the source of all this misery and crime, and the nation's disgrace, beyond the effective reach of justice? We almost feel ashamed to own the truth; but as we understand the matter, truth should be spoken at all times. Then we answer, — James K. Polk, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Winthrop, Lawrence, Marshall, Sprigg, Abbott, and a host of others, who at present stand at the head of the nation. Shall we keep silent on the characters of such men because they are *great?* No; for in the same ratio of greatness does the magnitude of sin increase. Suppose these men are placed in the circumstances of the journeyman mechanic, in what light would their present habits be regarded? How far would they differ from drunkards? Look at our own Daniel, for instance, when a poor drunken man can with truthfulness remark, '*I ain't half so drunk as old Dan was this afternoon!*'

"Who, among temperance men, does not despise the rumseller for the temptations he places in the path of our citizens? But look at *James K. Polk!* Look at the chief magistrate of this nation! Not a man or woman sits down with him to dine, but they have this tempter placed before them. See that reformed drunkard, LEWIS C. LEVIN, of Philadelphia, at the President's table. He had but just escaped from the clutches of the rumseller, and taken the stand of the free, when he was very politely requested to drink a tumbler of alcoholic poison by President Polk. Here was a man far more dangerous to the happiness of Mr. Levin than the rumseller could have been; one who stood ready to deal out the deadly poison without money and without price.

"All we can say of rumsellers, in a moral point of view, we can truthfully say of such men as these. They throw around the damning rum-traffic a protection from the arm of justice, and hold out to the rumseller a most weighty inducement to continue his soul-destroying business. . . .

"One of the principal aims of the great temperance movement is to show men that all the danger lies in the *first glass*, and that moderate drinking is as sinful and dangerous as drunkenness. But how shall the work of redemption go on when the PRESIDENT keeps a *free tippling-house?* when our senators and congressmen are habitual tipplers? and when the king of rumsellers in Boston can appeal to the patronage of the chief-justices and vice-president of our nation in vindication of the traffic? How shall we impress upon the minds of our youth, who have not received the benefit of experience, the danger of using intoxicating drinks? how shall we expect that they can at once see the deadly sin involved, when they have the example of our Webster, our Winthrop, our Abbott, and our Lawrence, constantly before them for

evil? . . . Readers, is not this a melancholy state of things? Is it not mortifying to reflect that, while we are engaged in one of the most noble enterprises of the age, the redemption of our race from the bitter curse of the rum-traffic — 'our first men' — men who have been placed at the head of our loved country, and who have pledged themselves to support and protect our interests, are engaged in urging on the curse?

"Let the just indignation of our press, and the righteous rebuke of a wronged people, go up against them."

THE RUMSELLER.

Great God of heaven! can this be truly man?
Can this be he whom thou didst wisely plan
Should bear thine image on the face of earth,
And drink the blessings of a Saviour's birth?
Or are there other powers besides thine own,
That fix in human hearts their Stygian throne?
Powers malevolent — confined for aye
Without the sphere of good? Or rather say,
Hath not black Satan let some spirits loose,
Who, caring not how virtue meets abuse,
Take to themselves "the human form divine,"
But have no souls to offer at thy shrine?

Did e'er the gallows, or the bloody rack,
Find torture for a being half so black
With moral filth and littleness of soul,
As he who pours from out the pois'ning bowl
A stream of death that fills the yawning graves,
And gives to sin his brother men as slaves?

Up from the gulf of deep and dark despair,
Where foul disease makes pestilent the air,
Drag back his work. The way is strewed with tears,
And cries of anguish grate upon the ears.
First, the poor widow comes with piercing cry,
With mad'ning frenzy flashing from her eye;

And in his ear she rings the frantic call
For her lost husband, whose sad, fatal fall
Was consummated in his fiendish den,
Where brutish sots are made from upright men.
Next the poor orphans hang upon his tread,
Stretch forth their bony hands and beg for bread.
Without a roof 'neath which to find retreat,
These trembling little ones, with tiring feet,
Walk past his door, and shudder as they go,
Lest he who killed the sire might kill them too;
They see his gathering gold and silver bright,
But know the while 'twas wrenched from their birthright.
The maniac too, with fettered feet and hands,
Before his face a fearful witness stands.
The poison-dealer sowed those maniac seeds,
The fruit's now grown to swell his hellish deeds.
Pour out before his door the felon gang
Upon whose limbs the prison-shackles clang,
And he shall see that nearly every soul
Sank to its sin beneath his rum's control.
'Twas he who dragged them from their man's estate;
'Twas he who cursed them with a pris'ner's fate.
See the dark gallows too, that rears its head,
Casting o'er all a deep and fearful dread;
Watch the condemned, led pinioned to his death;
Hear the deep groan that floats on his last breath.
At length the fatal cord is cut in twain,
His prayers and struggles are alike in vain;
The deed is done! he's met the murd'rer's doom,
And may his sins sink with him to the tomb!
But may *thy* sins, thou man of hardened heart,
Who sold the rum that did the murd'rer's part,
Hiss like mad serpents round thine aching head,
And drive sweet sleep forever from thy bed!

Now from the grave rend dark oblivion's veil,
And let the dead arise to tell their tale.
Here comes the suicide, — grim, ghastly sight! —
To tell of fortunes lost and hope's drear blight;
Of haunted mind, of curses on each breath,
Of ruin, and of self-inflicted death.

Next comes the bloody corse of murdered wife.
She tells of scenes that chill the tide of life;
Of scenes so fraught with horror deep and dire,
That listening ears seem scorched with living fire.
She tells how, step by step, her husband fell;
How sank that being she had loved so well.
Affection's cords were soon all snapped in twain,
And manhood's reason fled for aye his brain;
Cold, bitter nights, — no fuel and no bread,
No shelter offered by a welcome bed, —
Her children starving, freezing, crouching down
To fold themselves beneath her tattered gown.
All she could do, was utter forth a prayer,
And drop upon her babes a mother's tear.
At length (O God, forgive him for the deed!
The tale makes human hearts with anguish bleed),
That husband raised his hand; the blow he gave
That sent his wife to an untimely grave.
The seller's rum first stole away his brain,
Then stamped upon his brow the mark of Cain!
The lisping infant comes in course along,
To tell how innocence must suffer wrong;
How e'en the heart that knows no thought of guile,
Must blight and wither 'neath the seller's wile.

To all he'll vend his rum for "paltry pence,"
Nor cares how dread may be the consequence.
The aged man, whose brow tells fourscore years;
The man in prime, who's yet to have his fears;
The wayward youth who yields not to control;
The gleesome boy, just fresh from out his school;
The woman too, with fond and trusting heart,
Who thinks no harm thus to begin her part, —
Are all marked victims to his love of gain,
Who cares not for their griefs, their woes, nor pain;
Who cares not what betide them, good or ill,
So he puts gold within his yawning till.
Thousands on thousands, from the grave they start, —
All stamped with sin and shame and broken heart.
And this whole catalogue of woe untold
Comes fresh from thine insatiate love of gold,

Thou blight upon humanity, thou worse
Than Afric's plague, or Satan's direst curse!

May God have mercy on your blackened soul,
And o'er your breast the waves of conscience roll!
Which, surging on, by His own impulse given,
Shall wash you clean, and ope your heart to heaven.
So mote it be, — and to this end we'll pray,
That true Humanity shall hold the sway, —
That Love and Peace and Virtue, ever bright,
Shall usher in the day that knows no night.

His editorials often took the title of "A Sketch from my Scrap-Book," and gave in detail some incident of his travels. The following extracts are taken from the editorial of the last issue: —

"KIND READERS, THIS IS OUR LAST NUMBER. The above heading means what it says. It means that henceforth THE RECHABITE is to be no more. Do not be frightened, nor yet make up your minds upon this matter till you have finished this article. First understand our position, and then pass your judgment.

"Ever since we were able to follow any secular business, with the exception of three years passed at sea, we have been engaged in a newspaper establishment. We have had cognizance of nearly all the newspapers in this section of country, and of the principal ones throughout the United States. We have seen papers rise upon the hard labor and assiduous application of fellow typos, and we have traced them to their fall. We have seen the press of some noble-hearted man sending forth its weekly load of good and healthy mental food, and yet it must languish and die for want of support. And again, we have seen good papers travel on through the world of literature, with an efficient number of subscribers to support it well; and yet we have

seen that paper drop down at the roadside, and its publisher forced to abandon it.

"Now, while we have seen the results of individual enterprise in the newspaper department, we have not been unmindful of the various causes which have led to these results. And being thus acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the different facts that go to make up the sum of a newspaper support, we are enabled to take the course of action which shall ultimately prove the best for all concerned. We can look into futurity through that never-failing vista to human understanding, — the *experience of others.* Having made what exertions we have been able to make, and finding that our receipts do not meet our expenses, we deem it a duty to ourselves and our patrons, to embrace the opportunity while we may, to make such disposition of our paper as shall save all parties from loss. Accordingly, we have transferred our list to the proprietors of the *New England Washingtonian*, and our subscribers will hereafter be supplied with that paper in lieu of *The Rechabite.* . . .

"And more, as we have toiled hard for the good of the cause without remuneration, and have made such arrangements with the proprietors of the *Washingtonian* as to feel a deep interest in the continuance of our subscription-list to patronize that paper, we hope that our friends will be permanent paying subscribers to that valuable journal.

". . . And we will add here, that in disposing of our list, we recommend it as a valuable list of men and women responsible for the pay. We trust our friends will not subject us to the prosecution for obtaining a bargain *by false pretences.*

"Kind patrons, you will often hear from your old friend through the columns of the *Washingtonian.* God bless and prosper you!"

As will be seen from this closing editorial, he followed his paper to the office of the *Washingtonian*, where he remained, as its editor, until the death of William A. White. After this he joined the staff of the *Waverley Magazine*, and took full charge of the office and girls, and assisted Mr. Dow in the editorship. He continued writing for both these papers, but was desirous of devoting himself entirely to his pen and to the writing of fiction. The wick had been trimmed, the lamp was full and ready to shed its light more generally abroad. Such was the beginning of his literary career.

In August, 1874, he wrote: —

"I think it was in the autumn of 1848 (it may have been 1849) that the honor was thrust upon me of presiding at a large and important temperance meeting in old Faneuil Hall, and among the prominent speakers of the evening was the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher. I never saw him again after that in the flesh; but when I look inward, I can see him even now as I saw him then, — the man of steel, with leonine face and ponderous brow, o'ertopped by glittering waves of snow-white hair; and I can see the flash and the fire of those eyes when emotion had deeply stirred his soul."

After leaving the *Washingtonian*, he was never again so prominently connected with the temperance cause, but his sympathies with the work were unabated. He often lectured on the subject, and never refused to appear at temperance meetings and rallies, where he was a prominent and enthusiastic speaker. The follow-

ing extract from a newspaper report is cited as illustrative of his success as a temperance orator: —

"The reverend gentleman was followed by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., who in his whole-souled, energetic, and effective manner portrayed the evils which follow in the wake of the drunkard. It is impossible to give a correct idea of the effect of Mr. Cobb's remarks upon those present. No man possesses a better faculty of reaching the hearts of an audience than Mr. Cobb. He speaks from the depths of his soul; and what he says on the subject of temperance, as indeed upon any subject he selects, is always listened to with the most profound respect and interest. A few more such apostles of temperance as Mr. Cobb, and the fifty rumshops said to exist in Hyde Park would soon be driven from our midst."

In December, 1872, the following "Scrap" was written: —

SELF-IMPOSED TYRANTS.[1]

What lamentable slaves we are who have contracted bad habits, and yet how blindly we invite the tyrants, and how willingly we bow to the yoke! How many thousands are annually hurried to the grave by destroying masters, and how many thousand others are broken in health and spirit. I do not speak of that one habit which utterly demoralizes and debases, but of those other habits against which organized society does not war. Once, when young and strong, I was thrown into the society, in business relations, with an inveterate snuff-taker. He prepared his snuff himself, and it was of pleasant and tempting odor. From taking snuff from my friend's box I came to get a box of my own, which I kept in a desk at my office. One

[1] *New York Ledger*, February 22, 1873.

Sunday I sat down at home to read. I read a little while, and then became nervous and uneasy. I wanted my snuff! I tried my book again, but my thoughts would not follow the printed page. I had arisen for the purpose of going to the druggist's after a bit of fragrant "Maccaboy," when it flashed upon me what a tyrant I was inviting to rule over me — how senseless and how ridiculous! In a few short weeks, by thoughtless tampering, I had so far contracted the habit that my personal comfort was, in a measure, at its mercy. "No, you don't!" said I to myself; and from that hour I never took another pinch of snuff.

Would to heaven that I had, in those younger and healthier days, as firmly and successfully put my foot upon the tobacco habit in all its forms! It is a tyrant which curses, and curses only. To the slave I can only extend my sympathy; but to the blooming youth, just entering upon the cares and duties of life, I say: Avoid tobacco as you would avoid the plague. If you would retain your health and your vigor, keep entire control of your appetites and passions, and admit no tyrant habit of evil disposition to rule over you.

In 1869 he connected himself with the "Sons of Temperance," and, for several years, lectured considerably in Boston and vicinity. In his later years he believed a strict, stringent license law to be the best methed of enforcing temperance. He could never bring himself to vote for such a law, however, but always cast his No on the other side.

He cherished a warm admiration for the man who could stand firm in the face of temptation and say *No;* and he had reason to do so; but also, from the depths of his heart, he had reason to sympathize with the man

who could not always resist temptation. His own struggle extended from boyhood to his death. One enemy ever hovered near him, and was ever ready for the fray. At times the battle turned against him, and a cloud, black and ominous, enshrouded him; but he never failed to rise to the light. Defeat was but temporary, and served to strengthen rather than weaken him. The enemy *never* gained control of the true MAN; for, save those occasional defeats, his life was pure, sweet, and heroic; only those who were nearest to him knew how noble he was. What he once wrote of another, may truthfully be said of him: "One of the purest and best of men I ever knew."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PERIOD OF HIS ENGAGEMENT WITH MR. F. GLEASON.

EARLY in the summer of 1850 Mr. Cobb commenced to write for Mr. Gleason, then publishing the *Flag of our Union*. About this time he solicited a position on the staff of the *Olive Branch*, but unsuccessfully, for the editor intimated that no young writers were wanted. He was then advised to try Mr. Gleason. Mr. Gleason received the young author kindly, told him to write a continued story, and submit to him for perusal. The result was in the highest degree satisfactory. The story presented was: "THE PROPHET OF THE BOHMER WALD: *A Tale of the Time of Joseph II., Emperor of Germany.*" This was his first attempt at writing a continued story. It was accepted without hesitation or alteration, and Mr. Cobb was at once engaged as a regular contributor to the *Flag*. He soon received an offer of increased salary from the editor of the *Olive Branch*, but the "young" author could not forget, nor could the larger salary wipe out, the snub received a short time before. About a year later Mr. Gleason began publishing the *Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*, and Mr. Cobb's name held a prominent place among the

contributors to this paper as well as to the *Flag of our Union.*

Wednesday, December 29, 1852, he wrote in his diary: —

"Received a letter from Gleason accepting my new novelette '*The Knight of Leon.*' He expressed a great like for my tales, and wishes me to write under two names, so that he can use more of my writings."

A month later is the following entry: —

"See by the *Flag* that Gleason is publishing some of my matter under the name of '*Austin C. Burdick.*' The *nom de plume* suits me much better than the one I had chosen."

The *nom de plume* soon became as popular as his own name, and he easily furnished matter enough for both. The editorial page of the *Pictorial* frequently contained notices like the following: —

"'The Storm Children: *or, The Light-Keeper of the Channel.*' We commence in this week's number of the *Flag of our Union,* a very admirable original novelette, thus entitled, by that talented writer, Austin C. Burdick. This is one of the most interesting stories we have published, and one and all cannot fail to read it with absorbing interest."

The next item reads thus: —

"'Fernando: *or, The Moor of Castile; a Romance of Old Spain.*' The novelette thus entitled, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and which has just been completed in the *Flag of our Union,* is now published in book form, and is for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country."

The same week the *Pictorial* would contain contributions by both (?) authors. Such was not an occasional event, but one which happened frequently, and yet his pen never failed to answer all demands made upon it. His custom was to keep contributions written up in advance. Often his diary would record: —

"Received a letter from Mr. Gleason with a picture for a new novelette." Or: "Received a letter from Mr. Gleason with several pictures from which to write a sea story." And again: "Received a picture from Gleason for a Revolutionary story."

It has recently been ascertained from Mr. Gleason himself that he was in the habit of sending Mr. Cobb pictures which were to be introduced into stories which he was writing. A true friendship sprung up between the two men, and the author ever afterwards held this term of service in pleasant remembrance.

During his six years' engagement with Mr. Gleason he contributed over two hundred short stories to his papers, and thirty-six novelettes, and still found time to furnish considerable material to other publications.

He was continually writing letters to the *Flag* and the *Freeman*, principally upon subjects connected with agriculture.

October 14, 1852, his diary says: "Wrote a letter for the *Flag* this evening on bees."

The next day's entry records: "Wrote a letter for the *Freeman* on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and also a communication for the *Carpet Bag*." He was a regular contributor to the *Carpet Bag*, edited by Benjamin P.

Shillaber, under the *nom de plume* of Enoch Fitzwhistler, C.C.B.

January 30, 1853, his journal records: —

"In the evening wrote a short sketch for the *Northern Light*, 'A Race for Life.'"

About a month later, early in March, he wrote in his diary: —

"Mr. May wants me to move to Hallowell, and edit the *Northern Light*."

This offer was immediately declined. In his diary he said: —

"I could not accept Mr. May's proposition to take the editorial charge of the *Northern Light*."

In August, 1854, he commenced writing for the *Know Nothing*, published by Ed. W. Hincks & Co. August 7 he wrote in his diary thus: —

"Commenced a novelette for the publisher of the *Know Nothing*, entitled 'The Butcher of Notre Dame: or, The Jesuit Fiend of St. Bartholomew,' under the *nom de plume* of Symus the Pilgrim."

He continued to write for this paper until March of the following year. The contributions included four novelettes and eighteen sketches, all upon the subject of Romanism.

October 25, of the same year, more work came to his hand, of which he thus speaks in his journal: —

"Received a letter from father, asking me to write his Biography, to be published in the *National Picture Gallery*,

and he has sent me copious data to work from. I shall do it, of course. Wrote thirty pages ! and wrote back answer to father."

"*November* 1. — Sent off the manuscript of the Biography to father."

And two weeks later : —

"Received letter from father — likes Biography much."

October 27, 1854, he was engaged to furnish six short stories to Maturin M. Ballou, editor for Mr. Gleason, "to be used for his own use." November 8 his journal records : —

"Received letter from M. M. Ballou, and he informs me that he has taken Mr. Gleason's business ; so the stories I have written will go into the old concern, after all. He wants me to keep on as usual."

Mr. Cobb continued to write for Mr. Ballou under the same arrangements that had governed his engagement with Mr. Gleason. Soon after this change, additional work was put upon him, which he cheerfully assumed, and of which he wrote in his journal thus : —

"*Wednesday, December* 20. — See by the *Flag* that Ballou has given me two new *noms de plume*, 'Amos Winslow, Jr.,' and 'Charles Castleton,' so that I now appear under four different names in his paper."

At this time Mr. Cobb was still writing for the *Know Nothing*, under the *nom de plume* of "Symus the Pilgrim," and possibly for the *Carpet Bag*, as "Enoch Fitzwhistler, C.C.B." He often said that once for a short time he was writing under six different names.

To this remarkable record should be added a constant call from all parts of the country for declamations, speeches, etc. He seldom refused to comply with such requests when they were presented in proper form; but there was a limit to his willingness to accommodate, as the following extract from his journal will show: —

"*May* 14 (1853). — Received a letter from H—— Van G——, of Lexington, Ky., wishing me to write a story for him to publish *under his own name!* SHA'N'T DO IT."

This miscellaneous work continued through his whole life, but in the later years it was confined almost exclusively to the accommodation of friends.

After such an array of facts and personal record, any further attempt to illustrate the amount of work done during this period seems uncalled for. Even thus early in his career he had won the appellation of "the most voluminous writer of his age."

At the same time he was carrying on an extensive farm, and occasionally doing some of the work himself. Longing to get away from the rush and turmoil of the city, his thoughts naturally turned to Norway, Me., the home of his fathers. His uncle Samuel, his father's youngest brother, was living in the district of "Yagger," and here, in the summer of 1852, he purchased farmland and established his home. It was here, September 1, that he began to keep a daily journal. This was continued, with but one omission, during the rest of his life. The entries were made the last thing at night. They were terse and brief, but everything of interest

was recorded. They always commenced with a record of the state of the weather for that day. These weather reports were often original and characteristic, to which statement the following examples bear testimony: —

"*January* 17, 1855. — *Jerusalem!* An Earthquake! Last night, about nine o'clock or thereabouts, had a *rale eirthquake!* Not much to brag of — shook the house a little, rumbled, and then off."

"*December* 15, 1867. — Cold and stormy still. Once to-day there was a sign which gave token that in some far-off region of space there was a sun; but the clouds and the storm of snow came on again, and to-night it is as blustering as ever."

"*April* 7, 1868. Ye gods of the upper air! Where in the world of weather did you find this storm? Commenced at six o'clock this morning a storm of snow and wind, and kept it up all day long with a vengeance! More like mid-winter than like the middle of spring."

"*January* 24, 1882. O ye big fishes! and small gods! Thermometer the lowest this morning I have ever seen it here, — 15° below zero! — and only three above all day. Now, at eleven P.M., it is at 7° below!! but the wind has gone down, and it is calm."

"*May* 13, 1882. — Bah! I write this in red ink because the sun came out for just five minutes at tea-time this evening. Since last Thursday morning, or Wednesday night, we have had a cold north-east rain and wind storm, with gales on the coast."

For a year, while his own house was being built, he boarded with his uncle near by. In September, 1853,

his house was finished, and on the 21st his diary has the following entry: —

"Moved most all of our things into my house, and put up the beds; now I am once more at home in my own house."

"*September* 22. — Felt like *myself* again upon taking breakfast at my own board."

October 19 his journal has the following entry: —

"This morning we were awakened at two o'clock by the sound of music. Got up and dressed, and found that the Norway Brass Band had come to serenade me. They came in (some fifteen of them), and stopped a few minutes. Enjoyed their music much. Not feeling in the mood for sleep, I sat down to my desk after they had gone, and wrote seven pages before daylight."

Mr. Cobb at this time retained the robust health of his boyhood. Weighing two hundred and eight pounds, he could go into the hayfield and swing the scythe with ease, and return to his desk with a hand steady for writing.

Journal: "*Monday, July* 11, 1853. — Very warm and pleasant. Commenced cutting hay on my fourteen-acre field, and did a good day's work."

"*Tuesday, July* 12. — Most of the day overcast. Cutting hay in my field, and hauled in two good loads."

"*Wednesday, July* 13. — First-rate hay-day. Got in two good loads of hay from my field."

"*Thursday, July* 14. — Good hay-day. Cutting hay in my field. Hauled in one good load."

"*Friday, July* 22. — Very warm and pleasant. Finished mowing in my field, and got in a load that I mowed yesterday."

However much of pleasure and recreation this farming project may have given him, it did not prove a financial success; and on the last day of October, 1855, he sold out and moved down to the village of Norway. After recording in his journal the particulars of the sale, he wrote: —

"Thus, I get $1,250 for what cost me $3,000!!! I have paid dear for farming experience."

In December, 1877, he wrote the following sketch, which graphically describes this passage of his life: —

MY FARMING ENTERPRISE.[1]

(*A Scrap from my Diary and Journal.*)

"Oh! a farmer's life is the life for me!" I cried, as, wearied and heartsick, I turned away from the great Babel, and made my way into the country, where I had been offered my choice among several very good farms. The fact was, I had been shut up in the city long enough, and as I looked forward to the country, I saw it through the mediumistic glasses I had worn when a boy, or during pleasant summer visits to the New Hampshire mountains, and the grand lakes and forests of Maine. There was poetry in it, I knew, but I felt sure there was also a substratum of practical and economic common-sense.

Enough to say that I sold my house in the city, and posted off with my little family for the country, with bright visions of the restful, grateful life before me. Of course, a farm must needs be taken care of and worked,

[1] *New York Ledger*, May 24, 1879.

and, as in other industrial departments, there are chances to be taken in advance, which may turn out either fortunate or unfortunate. But the grand central thought — the thought swaying and giving direction to all other thoughts — was, that the farm would perform a vast amount of its own labor; that, in owning a farm, I was bending Nature to my free service. I must prepare the soil and plant the seed, and then, whether I waked or slept, Nature would work for me — work on, on, on, never ceasing, until she had brought forth the blade, and the ear, and then the full corn in the ear.

Ay, — and then the jubilant sport of recreation which would come in very often: the pickerel and perch of the ponds, the trout of the swift-running brooks; the pigeons, the partridges, and the rabbits of the limitless circumjacent forests. Not only sport of the most exhilarating kind would it be, but every fish drawn forth to my basket, and every item of game to my pouch, would be a gain to my larder. — an addition to the store and stock of necessary provisions.

My Uncle Sam was on the ground, — he owned a large farm in the neighborhood where I had proposed to settle. In fact, his presence there had solely decided the matter of location. Dear, good old man! He has gone over the shadowy border now, but his pictured face hangs near me as I write, and the genial, kindly features, almost speaking as in life, smile down upon me as in the other times. He was a good man, and if he had his faults they were on the side of humanity, and came from a heart rather too full than a heart contracted. He was anxious that I should become his neighbor; and while I was seeing my house go up on the land I had bought, he gave me a home beneath his own roof.

One evening Uncle Sam and I sat down with paper and pencils, — paper unspotted and pencils sharp, — and,

under his lead, we *did a year's farming on paper.* We ploughed, and harrowed, and spread manure, and planted; and we cut and got in hay, and cared for the stock, and garnered the harvest, and fattened the hogs and mutton and the beef; and then we got up the winter's wood, and enjoyed the long and grateful rest. I remember particularly how we figured out the result of the corn crop. The value of the rich dressing was not to be counted in, because that had come from hay eaten upon the place, and worked into growth of cattle, horses, and sheep; and, moreover, it was to make the soil productive of more hay in the succeeding years. The labor of ploughing, and planting, and hoeing, and harvesting, we estimated, and the value of the fodder from the stocks would cover a great part of that. At all events, when we had filled up the paper with memoranda and figures, we had, from an acre and a half of land, two hundred bushels of ears of sound corn, equal to one hundred bushels of shelled corn. The result was grand! Why, my farm was to return me a support for myself and family, and I could hire the rough labor all done at that! Butter, cheese, eggs, milk, corn, flour, flesh, fish, and fowl, and pork — all, all the return of my good farm. The first cost of land and buildings and stock had been all paid.

Ah, a farmer's life is the life for me! And I went into it. I was a gentleman farmer. I found time away from my desk, with my Uncle Sam's assistance, to give direction to my workmen; and be sure I found plenty of skilled farm labor in return for money.

I can tell the result in a very few words. On our paper we had not put down the persistent crows that were to peck up the newly planted kernels of corn; nor had we taken into the account an early nipping frost that was to come while the corn was tender in the milk, utterly ruining a third of it, and leaving it fit only to be fed out to the hogs. And then a thousand and one other things that came in

fact, had not been thought of upon the preliminary paper. By and by I looked around, and what did I see? I will tell you: —

I saw large, good farms which had been taken up and started by stalwart, healthy, frugal, hard-working man and wife in the morning of their lives — farms on which they had labored without ceasing, early and late — where their children had been born and nurtured, and on which they had been reared to labor and toil — farms on which the founders had grown old and decrepit; and, in a majority of cases, stern necessity had put a mortgage on the farm, the interest upon which was as a canker, sore and thankless. And in the end a younger son takes the farm, with the mortgage upon it, and gives a bond for the support of his aged parents while they live.

That was the picture — the stern fact — as I saw it on every hand. Then how could I wonder at the result of my own venture?

By and by, at the end of two or three years, I took another piece of virgin paper, with sharpened pencil, and sat down to another computation. That other computation wherein my Uncle Sam took the lead had been upon the possibilities (*probabilities*, my uncle had called them) of the time to come; this present was from the stern, unadulterated facts, as they stared me in the face from the pages of my faithfully kept journal, wherein I had made an entry of every penny expended, outside and in — on the farm and off — and of every penny of income, giving to the proceeds of the farm their market value, and keeping a strict minute of every item bartered or sold.

Well — I remember very well the first item which I showed to my wife. She had been the butter-maker, and be sure our butter had been good — *what there was of it;* but when I remembered that we had used pure rich cream — all of us — for sauce and for gravy — using it as freely

as we did the milk itself, it was apparent why we had been obliged to buy most of our butter. The butter bought, generally by the tub, of our best dairy-keeping neighbors, has cost me from seventeen to twenty-five cents per pound. Every pound which had been made in our own churn, making every allowance for a fair value to us of the cream otherwise used, had cost, as near as I could reckon, two dollars and thirty-seven cents per pound!

And I can only say that everything else cost very nearly at the same proportion. I did not eat a potato from my bin of hundreds of bushels that had not cost me almost at the rate of imported fruit! My wife and I sat down and went over the reckoning, and then adjourned to the pantry, and brought forth a brimming mug of new cider, and a pan of doughnuts, and a new, rich cheese, from our own milk-tub and press. It was a feast, not so sumptuous as some grand monarchs have set before their guest, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that it was costly — very much like the feast of Cleopatra, when she drank a dissolved pearl of great price to the health of Antony. And over that feast in our pantry, lord and lady of the manor, we resolved to relinquish the sceptre — to sell out.

And even here — to the very end — the shadow of inexorable fact settled down upon us. When I came to sell, I found a farm to be simply and nothing more nor less than a farm. If the land was properly cleared and fenced, with a comfortable dwelling and barn and sheds, that was a farm, and the grade of price would vary according as the farm was large or small, rich of soil or poor, or as it might be furnished with valuable fruit-bearing trees. The chief value to me — or, at any rate, the chief cost — had been my buildings. I had laid out more money upon the cellar under my barn, with its walls of cleanly-split granite, some of the stones of which were twenty feet long, and as straight and true as a stick of hewn timber, — I had

put more money into that cellar and its furnishing than would have built every stick and joint and space of every building on a farm close by that sold, a year later, for one-third more than mine did! I found that the professional, or "gentleman," farmers were not looking that way for farms. If I sold at all, I must sell to a man who was going to dig his subsistence from the soil — every grain and every penny of it. He did not want a fine house; he knew nothing about the value of such a barn cellar. All he wanted was room enough under cover, properly secured against the cold and the rain.

I sold my farm; I came out from the grand experiment; and, if I may venture to tell a bit of a story "out of school," you can judge *how* I came out when I tell you that at the very last, as I was preparing to depart from that section of country for a new home, the tail of the agricultural "elephant" which I had not yet been able to lift from my weary shoulders, was kindly and with a genial bit of pleasantry swept out of the way by the publisher of the *New York Ledger*.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS WORK FOR THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

EARLY in 1856 Mr. Cobb accepted a flattering offer from Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*. February 22 his diary notices the receipt of Mr. Bonner's letter thus: —

"Received a copy of the *New York Ledger* accompanied by a letter from the publisher — Robert Bonner. He wants me to write for him, and offers to pay me my own price. I shall write him."

In this first letter, dated February 19, Mr. Bonner said: —

"My object in addressing you is to inquire if you are open to an offer for a story. If so, I would cheerfully pay your own price, even if it were twice as much as you now receive. In case, however, you have an exclusive arrangement with another concern, I do not wish to interfere; but if you are free from all obligations, I think I could make it decidedly for your advantage, as well as for my own, to make an arrangement, either permanent or temporary, as you might feel inclined, with the *Ledger*."

Mr. Cobb answered this letter February 24, when his diary has this entry: —

"This evening, wrote a letter to Mr. Bonner of the *New York Ledger*, informing him that he might make me an offer for such contributions as he wanted."

The preliminary correspondence was brief and decisive, and a satisfactory agreement was soon reached. In a subsequent letter Mr. Bonner wrote that a friend had asked him why he did not try to engage Austin C. Burdick, saying that his wife thought Burdick's stories even better than Cobb's. In his reply Mr. Cobb said that he had always felt that Mr. Gleason's editor published his best stories under the *nom de plume*, but that Burdick and Cobb were one and the same. The New York editor thought it enough if a man could make his own name famous without attempting to immortalize five or six fictitious ones, and at first Mr. Cobb's contributions to the *Ledger* appeared always under his own name; but later he gained considerable notoriety for Col. Walter B. Dunlap, as will be shown farther on.

Thursday, March 6, 1856, Mr. Cobb commenced work for the *New York Ledger*, little thinking that he was entering on a work which should terminate only with his life. The first contribution was his famous story 'The Gun-Maker of Moscow." On this memorable day his diary has the following entry: —

"Spent the day in arranging plot for novelette for the *New York Ledger*, entitled 'The Gun-Maker of Moscow; or Valdimir the Monk.'"

This story was widely advertised, received marked favor, and the success of both publisher and author was

established. The circulation of the *Ledger* was rapidly increased, and, like Lord Byron, Mr. Cobb awoke one morning to realize that his pen had made him famous. In 1859 'The Gun-Maker' was republished with the following introduction: —

"About three years ago we published the first original story written by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., for the *Ledger*, entitled 'The Gun-Maker of Moscow.' At that time we had only about eighty or ninety thousand circulation, and the paper was not electrotyped. The demand for back numbers of that date, we are consequently unable to supply, while we have those containing his other stories. This demand, as all the newsdealers are aware, has at length become so large as to be really annoying, inasmuch as to all the seekers we are compelled to yield the same disagreeable 'No' for an answer. The sea hath bounds, but it seems as if the popularity of this story has none. We have therefore concluded to republish it. But a small portion of our present readers have ever seen it, and most of them want to peruse it again."

In 1880 the story was published for a third time, commenced January 10, noticed as follows: —

"'The Gun-Maker of Moscow' is one of the most popular stories ever printed, and the requests, by our readers, for its republication in the *Ledger* have been so urgent and persistent that we have concluded to print it again. It was first published in the *Ledger*, twenty-four years ago. Persons who read it then want their children to read it now."

Mr. Cobb himself often said that he had written many stories which he considered better than this; but never one that gave him more popularity or his readers

more pleasure. The story was dramatized by John Brougham, and during the season of its popularity was accorded a most flattering success. Monday, October 27, 1856, Mr. Cobb wrote in his journal: —

"In the evening went over to New York to the Chambers-street Theatre, where I saw '*The Gun-Maker of Moscow*' performed. Mr. Eddy played 'Ruric Nevel;' R. Johnston played 'Valdimir,' etc. It was done well. My own dialogue has been preserved throughout. Had a private box with Mr. Bonner and his wife. The house was literally packed to overflowing."

Early in April, 1856, he received a letter from Mr. Williams of the *Uncle Sam*, asking him to write a novelette for that paper. This offer he was obliged to decline, but he continued to write for both Mr. Ballou and the *Ledger* until the 24th of April, 1856, when he signed a contract giving his exclusive services to Mr. Bonner. He had gone to New York for the purpose of meeting his publisher, and to make arrangements for taking up his residence there. On the morning of his arrival he went immediately to the *Ledger* office and met Mr. Bonner for the first time. His diary records: "Like him much." The following day, April 25, the contract was made as follows: —

"Went down to the *Ledger* office. Mr. Bonner and self went out and got some dinner, and then back and drew up our *article of agreement* for our business relations. I promise to write exclusively for Bonner; and to write to the amount of one novelette once in eight weeks and two short sketches per week, and more if at any time he

may need. In return he is to pay me fifty dollars per week, payable weekly. This agreement to continue for five years."

This original contract was several times renewed and altered, but virtually remained unbroken until the day of Mr. Cobb's decease, a period of thirty-one years. During this long term of exclusive service the most friendly and happy relations existed between publisher and author. They were perfectly harmonious, and never did a word of fault-finding or dissatisfaction pass from one to the other. The engagement was mutually advantageous and profitable. The subjoined extracts from Mr. Bonner's letters serve to show upon what a friendly basis their business was transacted.

1858.

The two years that we have been together (I know so far as I am concerned, and I believe so far as you are concerned) have certainly been mutually advantageous, and in the highest sense satisfactory. I think there are but few authors and publishers who harmonize so well as we have done. May it ever be so.

November 24, 1860.

Brother Cobb, — I got your note, with the agreement yesterday (Friday), just as I was reading the proofs and giving the finishing touches to everything preparatory to sending the forms to the electrotype foundry, or I would have answered it then.

I now enclose the check, and also the agreement. All I can say about the agreement is this: There is no man but Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., with whom I could so cheerfully sign such a document. I know I have his confidence, and I also know he has mine; and I know further, we both mean to do what is right, which is the most desirable of all.

JANUARY 9, 1866.

I have not taken the trouble to hunt up the copy of our agreement. Your word is enough. I have never yet taken the trouble, when you wrote to me for a draft, to figure up and see if the amount you wrote for was correct; but always sent it on your statement; and I am not going to begin to question your word at this late day.

JANUARY 23, 1874.

BROTHER COBB, — Well, time *does* fly. I was not aware that our contract had expired until I received your note.

What shall we do? *Renew it*, just as it is, I say. Make two copies of it as you have done heretofore, — send them to me with your signature, and I'll sign them, and return one to you, if my proposition is satisfactory to you.

Time does indeed fly! I am now in my fiftieth year, and you too are hastening on. Well, let us do our duty — aim always to do right — and abide the result.

Should I continue to publish the *Ledger* for twenty years longer, I hope that S. C., Jr., will live to "write for it," as long as I publish it.

MARCH 9, 1876.

BROTHER COBB, — Twenty years! That is a long time; but here's hoping that we both may live another twenty years, and have everything pass as amicably between us as during the past twenty!

MARCH 9, 1881.

BROTHER COBB, — Twenty-five years is a long time to look ahead; but oh, how short it appears to look back! And yet it seems almost like a dream when I think of the time when I wrote to you asking if you were exclusively engaged on any one paper, and you wrote back that you were not; and then I wrote offering you two hundred dollars for a story of the same length of those you were writing for Ballou. It is a great satisfaction to know that for so long a period our business relations have been so

satisfactory; and the secret of that is, that we have lived up to our agreements and aimed to do right.

March 11, 1886.

Brother Cobb, — Thirty years is a long time. When we made our first contract, had we looked ahead thirty years it would have appeared a fearful way in the distance!

But it has come and gone, and we too shall soon go. I also am beginning to feel old. But there is no use in our grumbling over the inevitable, and I don't think that either of us ever will grumble. That is not our nature.

As you say, "evenings are sometimes bright." *Let us do our best to make ours so.*

Ever yours,

Robert Bonner.

November 26, 1856, Mr. Cobb commenced to write under the only *nom de plume* he ever assumed for his work on the *Ledger*. On the evening of that day he wrote in his journal: —

"Finished '*A Startling Adventure*,' the first of a series of 'Forest Sketches' I have commenced under the *nom de plume* of Col. Walter B. Dunlap, and commenced another."

These "Sketches" numbered thirty. They were followed in 1862 by "Forest Adventures," numbering seventy-two. These were noticed in the *Ledger* as follows: —

"In the next number of the *Ledger*, we shall commence a series of 'Forest Adventures' by our popular contributor, Col. Walter B. Dunlap, who, our readers will remember, wrote the popular 'Forest Sketches,' which we published in the *Ledger* a few years since. Colonel Dunlap

has travelled through Asia and Africa, and has had considerable experience in fighting elephants, lions, tigers, boa constrictors, cannibals, and other tough customers. He will furnish us with one of his adventures for each number of the *Ledger* during the new volume."

Both these series of sketches became very popular throughout the country; so much so that they were republished many years later. To most of the characters Mr. Cobb gave the names of friends, which he slightly changed or twisted. This created much interest and amusement in the little town of Norway, Me., where all the gentlemen resided. The following extract is copied from his diary for Thursday, April 9, 1857: —

"Also got a letter from Wm. W. V——, of Norway, the first I have had from him since I left there. He writes me that my 'Forest Sketches' create great excitement. The one about Ap Young Rudolf fairly split them."

July 8, 1863. he wrote in his diary thus: —

"Received letter from Mr. Bonner. He sent me a line from Edward Everett in which the old fellow wishes to know if my 'Forest Adventures' are *real or fictitious*."

February, 1884, he received a letter from Mr. Bonner in which he said: —

"I have received a number of letters like the enclosed, and I think it would be a good idea for you to write a lot more Forest Sketches or Adventures. What say you?"

The enclosed letter read as follows: —

CRESTLINE, OHIO, February 21, '84.

MR. EDITOR, — I am a boy fourteen years old. I have been reading Forest Sketches and was very much interested in them. Now, what I wish to know is whether they are ended, or if you will continue them soon.

F. S.

In answer to this desire of the public the third series was written, which he called "Sketches of Adventure."

Diary, April 9. — "Letter from Mr. Bonner says: — 'Your idea of the Sketches of Adventure strikes me as good. Go on in your own way.' So I went on and laid out the work. I call them

SKETCHES OF ADVENTURE, — No. 1.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP, —

the old *nom de plume* of two other series, written more than twenty years ago — before the war."

These he carried on to the number of one hundred and two. His account-book truly says, where the closing sketch of the series is recorded, —

"'The Cannibal's Necropolis! Home again.' *Last of Sketches of Adventure by Col. W. B. D.*"

Two of Mr. Cobb's long stories were published under "the Colonel's" name. The first, entitled "*The Hunted Life*," was written in 1861, and can best be reviewed from Mr. Bonner's letters relating to the matter.

DECEMBER 20, 1860.

In the prospectus of the *Ledger*, for the new year, you will see that I have stated that I am going to publish a story early in the year from the pen of Col. Walter B. Dunlap, the popular author of the 'Forest Sketches.' I

thought that this would make something new and attractive; and that your next story or the one after I would publish under your old *nom de plume.* Don't you think it is a good idea, inasmuch as the Colonel and his sketches were very popular, and we have never had anything from him since?

JUNE 19, 1861.

In regard to the "Colonel" I would say that the reason why I suggested it still holds good; besides, I think, on taking a different view of the matter you will see that I am right. It is my interest (and you know that such are my feelings toward you) to make your name as prominent as I possibly can without damaging it by 'running it into the ground.' I have heard from many of our subscribers the remark that there is a sameness in all of Cobb's stories, and I want to see if they can possibly detect any sameness in Cobb and the Colonel. I don't believe they can, and I think that while the stories have the same element of power which a certain degree of sameness gives them, they will not be likely to see it (the sameness) under a *nom de plume;* and then again, when Cobb comes out under his own name, he will be comparatively fresh. I want you to understand that I do not object to the sameness referred to, because every writer has a certain degree of sameness in all of his stories, — but I want to throw the readers off the track. Am I not right? I believe it is best for both of us to *use* the 'Colonel' once in a while."

1861.

One good thing has just occurred in the office. T—— M—— (you probably remember him), — an old Sunday-newspaper writer, called upon me. Before going out he asked me, 'Who wrote that 'Hunted Life'? Is Colonel Dunlap a *nom de plume?*' — 'Why do you ask?' I inquired. 'Because,' said he, 'I am reading it; it is a d—lish good thing; and I am just as anxious to finish it as any boy.'

I laughed at him; told him he was caught again; that Cobb was the author of it.

He is one of the men who talked about Cobb's sameness, etc., etc. This shows, I think, that when these people read one of your stories to which your name is not attached, they can't see the sameness, and that they read the story on its merits. This was one of the reasons that induced me to suggest to you to have the Colonel write a story occasionally. I am now fully satisfied that I was right. What do you think?"

In a letter dated November 19, 1884, Mr. Bonner wrote: —

"I have concluded to try the experiment, as you will see by the enclosed notice, of letting Col. Walter B. Dunlap appear as a novelist. One of your stories will appear over your own signature at the same time."

The notice alluded to was printed in the *Ledger* to herald the coming story, and read as follows: —

"In the next number of the *Ledger* we shall begin the publication of a strikingly original story by Col. Walter B. Dunlap, whose 'Sketches of Adventure' are so popular. It is entitled: 'Lorinda, The Princess; or, The Sultana's Diadem.' This is a new story of Eastern life, with which Colonel Dunlap is so familiar. He has travelled a great deal, and, judging from his thrilling sketches in the *Ledger*, he has had more adventures than almost any other living man. His story is full of stirring incidents."

Thus it will be seen that Colonel Dunlap had gained a reputation of his own, and a position of some prominence, long before the name was generally known to be a fictitious one. Many letters of inquiry were received

at the *Ledger* office, and one man existed who even claimed to have met "the Colonel" in his travels through the West. In the issue of the *Ledger* for February 4, 1865, Dr. Cobb's *Commentary of the New Testament* received a notice from which is quoted the subjoined extract: —

"We publish the foregoing extracts, not so much for the sake of noticing this work (for we do not agree with Rev. Dr. Cobb in his interpretation of many vital parts of Scripture) as for the purpose of calling attention to the striking similarity that exists in the mental organization of the father and the son. — Rev. Dr. Cobb, and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The *Boston Traveller* says of the father, 'As a compact writer he has few equals; he never sacrifices sense to sound; yet his style is easy and flowing.' Who that has read the stories by the son that have been published in the *Ledger* will not agree with us that he (the son) 'never sacrifices sense to sound' — that 'his style is easy and flowing,' and that, 'as a [story] writer he has few equals'? The *Transcript* says of the father, 'He is a keen observer, a vigorous thinker, a pains-taking, devout student.' We have published on the eighth page of the *Ledger*, during the past year or two, a series of sketches entitled 'Forest Adventures,' by Colonel Dunlap, which have been very popular and attracted a great deal of attention. 'Colonel Dunlap' was a mere *nom de plume*. The sketches in question were written by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. No one can read them without being convinced that he (like his father) is 'a keen observer, a vigorous thinker, and a writer of more than ordinary point and clearness.' Several literary men (who did not know at the time that they were written by Mr. Cobb) have remarked to us that they considered the 'Forest Adventures' the best sketches of the kind that have ever been published."

Quite frequently Mr. Bonner would offer suggestions with regard to the style and location of the plot for a novelette. Such suggestions always received immediate attention, and again his letters furnish the best medium by which to illustrate these relations.

MAY 27, 1859.

"BROTHER COBB, — Can you keep up the interest of the 'Queen's Plot,' and continue it for four or five weeks more? Mrs. Southworth's story is nearly finished, and I don't want the two to end about the same time. I would like you to make it forty-five or forty-six chapters, if you can do so and at the same time keep up the interest. At any rate, make it over forty. Can't you introduce some new matter in order to prolong it? You know what I want."

A month later he wrote thus: —

"Try and make the next long story as exciting as possible. The interest in the 'Queen's Plot' has fallen off considerably, and I am sorry that I asked you to make it longer at the time I did. This is the only time, with the exception of when we published the 'Mystic Bride,' that the circulation ever run down to any extent with one of your stories in the paper. I don't care what the carpers and critics (?) may say, I believe in the good old thrilling stories, with one of your inimitable heroes — a Ruric. They take, and no mistake. All that I want to say to you is to write a story this time which you yourself think will take. That's all."

1860.

BROTHER COBB, — I enclose a note from a person who wants to give me some gypsy sketches for the *Ledger*, which, of course, I won't take. The reason, however, why I enclose this note is, that it suggested the idea of a gypsy story; and as we have never had any story in the *Ledger*

in which there was any allusion to the gypsies worth speaking about, I thought that it might, perhaps, be a new field, and a good one. Still, I do not want you to write such a story unless you feel like it, and your own judgment fully coincides with mine. I merely make the suggestion, depending upon your own judgment. Don't touch it, unless you are pleased with the suggestion.

"The Gypsy Daughter" followed this proposal.

APRIL 18, 1861.

BROTHER COBB, — It occurred to me that now is a good time for a grand, exciting Revolutionary story. New Jersey is a good place to locate it. Washington ought to be introduced in crossing the Delaware, or some other exciting place. How does it strike you? If favorably, go at it at once.

This suggestion was carried out in the story "Maggie Burns." While Mr. Cobb was at work on this story, his diary has the following entry: —

"Have written some. Got Washington and his army across the Delaware, and fought the battle of Trenton, — rather slow writing."

FEBRUARY 13, 1862.

After you send me a few short stories, how would it "take" to have a long story of war in the times of Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, or of some others of those old covies? Think of it.

JANUARY 12, 1872.

BROTHER COBB, — In reply to your question whether I have anything to suggest in regard to a new story, it has occurred to me that the same characteristics which made the "Gun-Maker" successful might be introduced in a new story, with the scenes laid in a different country. But, suit yourself.

JANUARY 13, 1876.

I enclose a note, which I think has a good suggestion.

The suggestion referred to was as follows: —

Won't you give the readers of your paper an old-fashioned Revolutionary story (Centennial) by Cobb, some time between this and the 4th of July?

Yours,

AN OLD READER.

The request was immediately granted, and "The Patriot's Talisman" written. At this time Mr. Cobb wrote in his diary: —

"Enclosed came a letter to Mr. Bonner from 'an old reader,' asking that 'Cobb' write one of his Revolutionary stories for the Centennial. So I lay aside my proposed plot, and will go at the Revolution."

Several days later he wrote: —

"Working up my plot for Revolutionary story. It is critical work, for I must book up on every point."

This arranging and laying out of the plots was the most laborious part of his work, particularly when the story was based upon historical facts. It was by far less troublesome for him to draw entirely from his imagination than to be restricted to the events of history. When studying on the plot for a historical novelette, he was particular to make himself familiar with the minutest details, and would often spend weeks in reading and studying for its arrangement and construction. A few extracts from his journal will help exemplify this part of his work.

"This afternoon and evening laid the plot for a new long story, the idea of which I slipped up-stairs and jotted down after I was all ready for bed last night. Am almost ready to write."

"Have spent the day in studying on plot for a long story, and have hit a train of thought which I think will answer."

"Spent the day in useless plotting for long story, but think a good one is coming."

"Commenced a Scrap, and, having got half through it, concluded the incident would afford a capital base for a long story, so pulled up, and went to work studying to that end."

"I spent the day in puttering over plot for a new long story."

"Have spent the day in plotting on new long story. It is of Scotland, and historical, and takes time to look up, and book up, and pick up all the odds and ends so as to be sure."

"Have spent the day in plotting for a new long story. I have worked hard on the plot. Spent four mortal hours in pulling at my brain for a title, and hit it finally as follows: 'The Privateersman's Prize; or, The Secret of the Silver Casket.'"

In this connection it will be interesting to review the work of his popular story, "Orion the Gold-Beater." August 6, 1856, he wrote in his journal: —

"Mr. Bonner called. He wants me to go at work studying for the long story of New York."

The following day he actually began his work in the manner thus graphically described in his journal: —

"*Thursday, August* 7. — Warm and pleasant. This morning started on a foot excursion through some of the lowest localities of the city. Walked down Twenty-ninth Street to Second Avenue, along to Eleventh Street, then to Avenue C; thence to Third Street, thence through Sheriff Street, thence through East Broadway, Chatham, to the Park. Saw some terrible scenes of poverty and suffering."

"*Friday, August* 8. — A day long to be remembered. This forenoon some heavy thunder-showers. This afternoon went 'down town,' and O—— D—— went with me to the 'Five Points.' We called on Mr. Van Meter, the missionary of the 'Five Points Mission,' who showed us around. I had seen wretchedness, and poverty, and vice, but never before had I dreamed of such things as I this day saw. I saw human beings in holes where no farmer would keep his pig; and I saw little children sunken in vice and crime. It was dreadful beyond all description. Mr. Van Meter (Rev. W. C.) is a noble man, and well fitted for the place he occupies. I left the place sick and faint. We visited some dozen dens of wretchedness, and would have seen more if I could have borne it, but I was too heart-sick."

"*Saturday, August* 9. — Pleasant. Went down town again to-day, and at two o'clock P.M. D—— and self went down to the Five Points again, and called on Brother W. C. Van Meter. We went up and visited the 'Tombs' (the city prison), and then went back to the mission-house and heard some facts from Van M. Saw some cellars where human beings live, that were flooded with rank and reeking putrescence. We had received the promise of the company of Dr. Bishop, who has charge of the sick people of that neighborhood, but he was called away on a professional visit, and we concluded to wait until some other time. And I was glad, for I had not the heart-feeling for seeing

any more misery to-day. Saw a fight between two old men, etc., etc., etc. Have promised to take a night stroll through there some time. Few, very few, of the people of New York know anything of the low life of their native city."

"*Monday, August* 11. — After dinner went down to the Five Points Mission, and made a short speech to the children. Looked around a little. Called on the dying Italian, and found him very low."

"*Wednesday, August* 13. — Spent the day in plotting for new story."

"*Thursday, August* 14. — Finished the plot, and commenced a novel entitled 'Orion the Gold-Beater.' Wrote twenty-three pages."

Before he began to write on a story, most of its construction, incidents, and the conclusion were clear in his own mind; but after he began to write he often changed events and happenings, and run into channels of which he had no previous conception. He lived with his characters, and became deeply interested in their final disposal. Often he would remark, "I have got to kill off one of my characters. I dislike to, for I have grown to like him, though he is a villain;" or, "I have my hero in a tight place, but hope to get him clear before I go to bed;" or, "I have brought my hero and heroine together, and they have learned to love each other of course; how could they help it? But, they have got a good deal to go through, poor things!"

Mr. Cobb was a keen observer of human nature, well versed in physiognomy, and never failed to have the face and disposition of his characters correspond.

Anthony B. Crockett, who for many years was a photographer at Norway, was one of his intimate friends; and he whiled away many leisure hours in the workshop of the little saloon, where he was free to take from the accumulation of imperfect photographs and tintypes such ones as would be useful to him for the study and description of his characters.

His written plan was usually in few and simple words, — a mere outline of succession of thought, and of his characters. The appended drafts are sufficient to illustrate the simple method which he adopted for arranging the groundwork of his novelettes. Almost invariably the name of a character would be followed by the name, in parenthesis, of some person well known to the author. From this model would be drawn a single characteristic perhaps, often the entire disposition and temperament. This interesting feature of his plotting must be omitted here, as many of his "villains" still live.

THE GUN-MAKER OF MOSCOW; OR, VALDIMIR THE MONK.

Valdimir — (?); the monk; black robe, dark, bright eye, prominent features.

Olga — 45; Duke of Tula; tall, stout, sandy hair, blue eye.

Ruric Nevel — 23; medium size, handsome, light brown hair, light gray eye.

Paul Peepoff (Ruric's boy) — 15; small, dark brown hair, and dark gray eye, keen.

Alaric Orsa — 25; tall, well built, a lieutenant; Ruric's friend.

Rosalind Valdai — 19; fair size, golden hair, blue eye, dimples.

Zenobie — 16; a Moslem, her maid; black hair and eye, small and handsome. Rosalind's father picked her up in bath, etc.

Claudia — 50; Ruric's mother; still good-looking and generous, well educated.

Conrad Damonoff — 25; a count; loves Rosalind; bad.

Stephen Urzen — 30; his friend and second; both tall and well built.

Kopani — 40; surgeon.

Demetrius — 40; master-at-arms.

Savotano — 50; small and bent; priest; Olga's tool.

Lesko Totma — 40; Savotano's tool; took Ruric.

Frederic Viska — 35; Savotano's tool; took Ruric.

No. 1, Orel; } tried to kill Ruric with clubs in old
No. 2, Michael; } bath.

Divisions of City; two miles circumference.

1. Kremlin.
2. Khitagorod.
3. Bielgorod; or White Town.
4. Semlaingorod.
5. Sloboda; or suburbs.

The Moskwa winds through the city.

Ruric was in duke's old bathing-house. The conduit was ruined.

Chapters.

1. The Gunmaker and the Monk.
2. A Strange Proceeding.
3. Love.
4. The Challenge.
5. The Duel.
6. Before the Emperor.
7. A Startling Trial.

8. The Mask falls from a Villain's Face.
9. The Mask falls lower down and reveals the Heart.
10. A Strange Discovery.
11. An Astounding Affair.
12. A Conference, and how it was Interrupted.
13. The Plotter is at Work.
14. The Mystic Tribunal.
15. What happened at the Duke's Baths.
16. Thwarted, but not Subdued.
17. Transactions of a Night.
18. Strange and Complicated.
19. Conclusion.

ORION THE GOLD-BEATER.

Orion Lindell — 22 on 14th of March; hero; son of Catharine.

Catharine Lindell — 40; really first wife of Paul.

Paul Tiverton — 45; $800,000; merchant, office in Murray Street; father of Orion.

Julia Tiverton — 46; his wife, and mother of Constance; was worth $50,000.

Rhoda Church — 78; aunt; sister of Julia's father.

Constance Milmer — 27; daughter of Julia, and mother of Lizzie.

James Milmer — 30; dies soon.

Lizzie Milmer — 8; their child.

Sarah Johnson — 19; Julia's maid, and sister of woman in Third Street.

Duffy Glicker — 35; villain, gambler, etc.

Daro Kid, Frank Bertram — 50; father of Constance, and husband of Julia.

Santa Smuggins — hag; robbed Constance.

Biddy Mugget — in Third Street.

Helen Durand — 19; orphan; $200,000; ward of Paul.

Isabella Tiverton — 18; daughter of Paul and Julia.

Conrad Tiverton — 14; their son.

Jasper Thornton, M.D. — 25; lost over $100,000; gambler, etc.

John Garvey — 50; gold-beater; Orion's master.

Charles Adams — 25; a clerk over Orion's place; stout and good.

Bill Slumpkey — 40; big, burly; Duffy Glicker's companion.

Dr. Walter Stanley — 40; attended Ellen.

Fred Willet — 30; one of Orion's workmen.

Henry Tweed — 26; one of Orion's workmen; was cheated by Jasper.

Count Adolphus Gerald Charlemagne Gusterhausen — 35.

Prince Bernardo de Savora — 40; small, black hair, etc.

Thomas Hartley — 25; Tiverton's coachman.

Mat. Mayburn.

Barnes — drover.

Willowdale, where Constance belonged.

Snowville, where Catharine belonged.

"Mice and Moonshine."

Chapters.

1. Orion. — A Curious Adventure.
2. A Catastrophe.
3. The Home of the Dying.
4. The Conflict. — Story of a Life.
5. Jasper Thornton. — A Suspicion.
6. A Mystery.
7. Daro Kid. — The Merchant at Home.
8. A Startling Scene.
9. Shadows.
10. Ruin. — A Thrilling Episode.
11. Restitution.
12. Passing Away.
13. Convalescence. — A Pleasing Interview.

14. An Accommodating Robber.
15. The Abduction.
16. A Live Count, and an Unwelcome Visitor.
17. Counterplot.
18. Disappointment. — The Dawn of Love.
19. The Prisoners.
20. A Bitter Disappointment.
21. In Search of a Secret.
22. The Conference. — An Unexpected Adventure.
23. The Prince. Lost! Lost!
24. The Wolf in the Worn One's Retreat.
25. The Vision. — Passing Away.
26. A New Phase of the Mystery.
27. The Last Mission.
28. The Plotters for Evil.
29. The Plot is Consummated.
30. Love's Battle.
31. More Plotting. — Bartered Souls.
32. Glicker Plays a Trump, and shows His Hand, but is Slightly Astonished upon Beholding the Hand of His Adversary.
33. How Thornton's Plot Worked.
34. Astounding Developments.
35. The Last Blow is Stricken.
36. Reunion. — The Stricken.
37. A Record.
38. A Story of the Past.
39. Conclusion.

THE PAINTER OF PARMA; OR, THE MAGIC OF A MASTERPIECE.

(Dead) Alonzo Farnese — Duke; father of
(Dead) Giovanni Farnese — Duke; father of Antonio and Juan.

(Dead) Beatrice of Modena — Giovanni's wife; mother of Antonio and Juan.

Antonio Farnese — 38; Duke of Parma.

Marquis Steffano Farnese — real son of Rinaldo Bojario.

Ludovico Bojario — supposed brother of duke.

Juan Zanoni — 29; painter of Parma; almost black curling hair, and earnest dark brown eyes.

Count Giuseppe Denaro — 25; black hair and eyes; rich, and to marry with Isabel.

Isabel di Varona — daughter of duke's cousin; curling brown hair, and brown eyes.

Madelon Sandoz — 60; stout; Isabel's duenna.

Henri Vavallia — 22; son of count; with count and marquis one of four.

John Vavallia — 48; his father.

Paulo Alavado — 21; Henri's chum; his father a baron.

Father Paul — 60; priest, went with Beatrice to Spain.

Corriglia — Spanish courier.

Filippo — 14; duke's page.

Rafael Batista — 50; sergeant of guard.

Giacomo Batista — 40; his brother.

Luigi Maraccini — 50; keeper of prison.

Cola Pandolfo — 40; keeper's assistant.

Señor Philip Galejo — colonel of mounted police.

Juan born May 5.

He has been in Parma five years, three months.

Ludovico has been in Parma ten years. He arrived in early April, ten years ago.

The River Parma through city — S. to N.

Rubelli's grand *café*.

Marquis of Camprano, and San Steffano at foot of Apennines.

Duke's son — Prince of Piacenza.

Baron Matteo Rizzi — enemy of Giovanni; saw Father Paul in Carthagena, and told him Giovanni was dead.

"Correggio Club."

Philip Giulette — superintendent of club.

Juan had been in club one and a half years.

Last of Juan's study in Spain had been — ah! put it all in Madrid; then three years in Rome, one in Vienna, one in Milan, and the rest — five to now — in Parma.

Pedro Pedrosa — a Matador bravo, promised Steffano to kill Juan.

Guardsman — Philip Salvio; Steffano killed.

Baron Alonzo Dodero — 60; chief justice Council of Twenty.

Duke was married two years before he ascended the throne, and his wife died one year later.

Alonzo Farnese was Duke of Parma. His son *Giovanni* at the age of thirty-five had a wife, *Beatrice*, and two sons, *Antonio*, twelve, and *Juan Steffano*, three. Deadly enemies raised a plot against him, accused both him and his wife of treason, and so worked upon the aged duke as to get him and his family condemned. Friends warned him. His eldest son, *Antonio*, was at Rome at school; but he caused his wife to flee with *Juan;* and she went to Spain, where she was made to believe that her husband had been executed. She had found refuge with a dear friend of her youth, who had married with Duke of Talavera. When *Juan* was fifteen, his mother died, and the duke had died before, and the duchess too. Then *Juan*, who had already become passionately fond of painting, went to Rome and Milan and Florence to study. He remained in Madrid, studying with Maurice Velasquez till he was in his nineteenth year. Meantime, *Giovanni*, after lying in prison some time, proved his entire innocence, and was dearly beloved; but the shock had killed him, and he lived only a few weeks, a week. Then old *Alonzo* sent for his grandson, and had his education finished under his own eye; and when *Antonio* was twenty-four, Grandpa Alonzo died,

and Antonio became Duke of Parma. (Did Giovanni believe the vessel in which his wife had sailed from Genoa, had been lost?)

Ludovico Bojario (nearly same age of *Juan Steffano*), son of a mountain robber, who robbed a banker Jew, and fled to Spain (Rinaldo Bojario), happens to know about Giovanni's story — Rinaldo does; and tells his son, and they see Beatrice, and Rinaldo knows her, and so the son Ludovico learns it all. His father dies, leaving him poor, and he resolves to go to Parma, and pass himself off for *Juan Steffano Farnese.* That was when they were eighteen — ten years ago. He hires a bravo to kill Juan, and bravo tells him he has done it; but, in truth, Juan had, though severely wounded, beaten bravo off. Then, taking name of *Steffano Farnese,* at age of eighteen, he comes to Parma, and makes Antonio believe he is really his long-lost brother. It was all in *Madrid.*

Chapters.

1. The Painter and His Model.
2. A Mad Marquis.
3. The Beginning of Mischief.
4. The Mischief-Maker shows his Hand.
5. The Lovers — A Thrilling Story.
6. Conclusion of Isabel's Story — Trouble Ahead.
7. Plotting.
8. Fixing a Trap.
9. A Terrible Ordeal.
10. More Plotting.
11. The Plot thickens.
12. The Duke's Plea.
13. At Bay — The Fatal Stroke.
14. The Fiat of the Council!
15. The Duke's Prison Interview.
16. Condemned — a Strange Request.

17. What Came in the Monk's Robe!
18. The Magic of the Masterpiece. Conclusion.

The following minutes are taken from the first rough draught, just as his thoughts were jotted down whenever and wherever they came to him. These have been carelessly selected from a large number which had been laid away for future use.

"Good!!"

Plot for Long Story.

Characters — brother and sister; boy; and another boy. The sister is widow of an earl. Her husband died when her child (first and only one) was a few days old. The child (boy) died a few days later, and that would throw the whole entailed estate into the hands of a distant boy very nearly of the same age with her own. This she cannot allow, so she gets a woman — perhaps wet-nurse — to let her have her boy, to exchange her (nurse's) live boy for countess's dead boy — it is done. And thus the son of nurse is young earl, and true earl is a poor boy on the estate; but a grand one, of course. Nurse still lives.

For Plot.

Either lady and maid, or gent and valet, are riding together (perhaps in hunting-field), and dressed very nearly alike. Perhaps they have stopped somewhere alone, for lunch, and on remounting have exchanged hats and mantles, etc. Later, an accident. The groom (valet) or maid is killed — horse falls and crushes her face out of all shape, etc. Ah! opportunity for the real simon-pure to get off for a time; and, in end, Grand *Dénoûment!*

Long Story Plot.

A nobleman is convicted of high treason; he is proscribed, and his family degraded. He dies in prison while waiting death on the gibbet. His wife dies later, and his only child, a daughter, is given in charge to a poor man and wife, with all her father's papers. The estate and the title are given to a favorite of the king, who dies, leaving a son; and king dies about the same time. Under the new king, a dying confession removes the stain from the noble convicted of treason; and the proscription is removed, and his heirs are looked for; the title and estate being restored to the family. Now, the son of the man to whom the estate was given, has fallen in love with heroine (daughter of proscribed, supposed dead). Also a scandalous nephew of the proscribed has fallen in love — and he thinks he is to have estate and title; but, lo and behold! just in nick of time heroine proves herself heiress, and gives her hand and the whole thing to her true lover, — the present holder. Must make monarch autocratic. He explains to present holder why he must give up, etc.

For Plot.

A man or woman (villain or good), for the purpose of carrying out a plot against others, is thrown from a horse in forest; is found, and carried home to castle. Doctor sent for — finds spine dislocated, and whole body below a certain vertebra utterly paralyzed — powerless. But, in fact, there is no harm at all. The doctor is in her confidence, and they two keep the secret, while paralytic performs wonders. People are amazed, lost in wonder. It completely knocks 'em!

Plot.

A boy — heir of an earldom, or a title of some sort — when ten years old (perhaps younger), has a sunstroke,

and loses his reason. Villain uncle or cousin gets him in a private madhouse. There he becomes attached to a man who is mildly mad, and who is also kept there by his treacherous relatives. At length the man escapes, and carries with him the boy, and makes his way to India or America. Somehow they become separated, and in time both come to reason. The boy has, perhaps, got back home, or near it, or falls in with somebody who recognizes him by a peculiar mark — perhaps his foster-father, — husband or son of the woman who nursed him, — keeps his secret. Finally a severe brain fever *brings hero to his reason!* Then he can remember. Oh! at length he is able to prove all. The man who carried him off, or those to whom the maniac gave him, is found, also restored. The keeper of the madhouse, or some of his help, confesses!

Can I open this by having the boy crazy — lightly, come to an old sailor's or fisherman's cot by the seaside, and is there taken in, within a short distance of his big house. Ah! Fisherman and his wife *do* recognize him, and hide him; and at length, by searching, find out where he had come from. The wicked relative had given out that he was dead and buried. The fisherman keeps him until he comes to reason by a severe brain fever, and then boy remembers all up to his twelfth year.

David R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) once said that he considered Mr. Cobb at the head of the novelists of his day, and dubbed him the Walter Scott of America. In the simplicity and meagreness of the pre-arrangement of their plots, others have discovered a likeness.

Mr. Cobb was a rapid and prolific writer. He had his manuscript paper cut and ruled expressly for his use, eleven inches by eight and a half, and would fre-

quently turn off over fifty pages a day, Again extracts from his diary may be used to illustrate this feature of his work: —

"*Saturday, March* 17, 1877. — Wrote a chapter, and that makes the nine full chapters this week!"

"*Monday, December* 2, 1878. — The *Ledger* of this week made up pretty heavily from my brain — long story, short story, long sketch, humorous scrap, and two short ones."

"*February* 12, 1879. — Finished Revolutionary story — 'The Traitor in the Household, or The Queen of the Privateer,' pages five hundred and thirteen, this afternoon. Have been just exactly two weeks writing it!"

"*Saturday, March* 29. — Wrote a few scraps, making the biggest week's work at short stuff I ever did — thirty-seven scraps, and two short stories!"

"*Friday, April* 11. — Wrote fifty-eight pages, and finished 'Guy Kendrick, or The Fortunes of a Fugitive,' pages four hundred and eighty-six. It was commenced entirely on Tuesday before last, — April 1 — ten working days, almost an average of fifty pages a day!"

"*April* 20, 1880. — It does not seem possible — but it is so — have written seventy pages to-day!!"

"*Tuesday, December* 14. — Have written since a week ago yesterday fifty-eight Scraps — some of them long and some short — of just the right assortment."

"*January* 22, 1881. — Wrote a few Scraps, — making twenty-six Scraps, averaging four pages each, and three short stories for the week."

"*Tuesday, April* 12. — Wrote sixteen pages and finished the long story 'Wenlock of Wenlock,' etc. Pages four

hundred eighty, commenced Saturday evening, April 2, and written in nine and a half days! The quickest work I ever did."

"*Friday, February* 12, 1886. — Wrote forty-four pages, and almost closed my story — have only the odds and ends to pick up, and dispose of the two villains."

"*Tuesday April* 5, 1887. — Made commencement of new long story 'The Painter of Parma; or, *The Magic of the Masterpiece.*'"

"*Tuesday, April* 19. — Wrote ten pages, and finished long story, 'The Painter of Parma,' etc., pages four-hundred eighty-five!"

Though writing so rapidly his manuscripts, were remarkable for their neatness and legibility. There was never a blot, and seldom an erasure. His work was carefully revised, correctly punctuated and underlined, and the type-setter into whose hands it fell was considered fortunate. In the printing-office, it was universally acknowledged that "Cobb's" manuscript was a model of excellence.

As has been shown, his contributions to the *Ledger* were numerous and varied, and his private account book, in which, after he commenced writing for Mr. Bonner, a strict record of his work was kept, shows the following remarkable score: —

One hundred and thirty long stories — novelettes — ranging from four hundred and fifty to over one thousand pages.

Thirty "Forest Sketches," seventy-two "Forest Adventures," one hundred and two "Sketches of Adven-

ture," all written under the *nom de plume* of Col. Walter B. Dunlap.

Fifty-seven "Scraps of Adventure from an Old Sailor's Log-Book."

Five hundred and seventy-three other short stories, embracing life and heart sketches, and love stories.

Also, two thousand three hundred and five "Scraps." These he commenced writing in 1869 at the suggestion of Mr. Bonner.

After a service of thirty years he wrote in his journal: —

"This afternoon wrote to Mr. Bonner. I had written for him *thirty years*, on Saturday last — the 6th. I began March 6th, '56. I have written one hundred and twenty-two long stories; eight hundred and sixty-two short stories; and two thousand one hundred and forty-three Scraps, of two to six pages each — in all it made eighty-nine thousand five hundred and forty-four large (extra large) pages — half of them foolscap! A good record."

His pen travelled rapidly over the pages, the thoughts crowding and rushing through his busy brain. His imagination was inexhaustible, quick, and keen. Speaking of his work, and of his powers of imagination, he once said: "Give me the least bit of fact, and it is like tying my leg to a bedpost." To a certain degree this was undoubtedly true. The mind capable of conceiving and arranging such a variety of imaginary incidents could hardly fail to feel hampered when biassed by facts. Nevertheless, his Scraps — most of which were made up from actual happenings — were interesting,

and extensively copied; and "facts" were often worked into both his short and long stories.

Thursday evening, May 19, 1887, seated in his pleasant study, at the desk which, for more than twenty years, had witnessed the thoughts and impressions of his busy brain, Mr. Cobb wrote in his diary thus: —

"Wrote a sketch, sea-side, 'JACK'S ROMANCE,' pages twenty-one and three-fourths, and will now pull up for a while."

"JACK'S ROMANCE" was his last story. The pen which for more than forty years had furnished pleasant entertainment and healthful reading for thousands of firesides, was laid aside for all time. The "pull up" was for the last sweet rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

PATRIOTIC WORK.

From early manhood Mr. Cobb manifested a deep interest in all political issues of the times, and was an earnest, disinterested worker for what he believed to be the right. He sought not for office or advancement, but simply the success of the cause with which he was allied.

In the anti-slavery movement he was active from the beginning. His first address before an anti-slavery meeting was made in September, 1852. That same month he wrote in his journal: —

"Received from Hon. Charles Sumner a copy of his speech on his own motion for a repeal of the infamous 'Fugitive Slave Law.'"

November 1 of the same year he made a speech at a Free Soil meeting in Norway village, of which he wrote thus: —

"Had an appointment for this evening to speak at a Free Soil meeting appointed on purpose for me. Spoke over an hour in the Academy Hall, and made quite a sensation among some of the Whigs who had thought to argue me down. I took good care to tie them up in their own

net, and none of them had a word to say, though an invitation was extended to them."

The next day he made the following entry in his diary: —

"This is the day for Presidential election. Went out to the town-house and deposited my vote for *Hale and Julian.* It was a vote for *Liberty!* God grant that it may do good, for I vote with an honest heart, and I leave this record for my children, that they may see that my *religion* and my politics cannot be sundered."

In 1856, while living in New York, he addressed an anti-slavery meeting held in Military Hall on the Bowery.

For January 4, 1856, the following entry is found in his diary: —

"Have read the annual message of Franklin Pierce, President of the United States. It is a shameful document, and though fit for the *man,* yet unworthy of the *place* he occupies. The last part of it is but a base apology not only for domestic slavery, but also for its spread into new territory. It is a low, mean, vulgar affair, and only fit for some rotten caucus of Union-saving slaveholders, and slavery propagandists. That message, coming as it does from the chief executive of our nation, is a stain upon us."

In 1854 he became interested in the Know-Nothing movement, and was zealous in its behalf. In February, 1855, he was elected president of the club at Norway, but under the date of March 5 his diary has the following record: —

"This has been our day for town election, and I have made a strange move. I am a 'BOLTER.' I have bolted the nomination of my party. I have been a (so-called) '*Know-Nothing*,' but the time has come when I despise the movements of the party, and wish no longer to be identified with it. So I have for some time made up my mind to leave it. When I reached the town-house I found that the other party — the Liberal or Democratic party — had nominated a set of men for office whom I liked much better than those presented by my own party. Now, should I be tied by a party which I had come to despise, and vote for men who were not my choice, or should I act as every free man has the right to do, and vote for men I thought most qualified to do the town business? I decided to do the latter."

In 1856 he could not cast his vote for President, having been a resident of Newark only a few weeks; but that he felt a keen interest in the exciting events of the time, the following extracts from his diary bear testimony: —

"*Tuesday, November* 4. — This is election day, and, as I write, the nation has decided the Presidential question, though I have heard nothing from the result yet, not having been out. Once more — God help the Right!"

"*Wednesday, November* 5. — This morning went down town, and came home with the assurance that James Buchanan will be our next President of these United States. 'Tis too bad — too bad! but too late to help it now. The Fillmore men — most of the leaders — have been playing a mean and wicked game. With the professions of love for freedom on their lips, they have been selling their land to slavery — giving all their influence to the pro-slavery party! Well, let them go. I don't envy them,

though I am sorry their consciences are of such a nature that no suffering can reach them from that source."

He returned to Norway in 1857, and, during the excitement which preceded the war, he was frequently called upon to speak on "the political issues of the day." As the agitation became stronger, the calls became more frequent, and often, against his own desires, he left his quiet study for the excitement of such meetings. After war had been declared, these demands upon his time became of almost daily occurrence. He never failed to answer such applications, but cheerfully assumed the extra work, — work that was to assist in gaining the freedom of his country. When a company was formed at Norway, in answer to President Lincoln's first call for troops, he was the one to give the parting address to start them on their way with words of help and cheer; and, at the end of three months, his was the voice to welcome them home. For this time his journal furnishes the following records: —

"*Thursday, April* 25. — This day has been a stirring one. This forenoon attended lodge meeting, and conferred the first and second degrees of Masonry upon C—— M. F——, who is off with our company. This afternoon had a good mass meeting at our church, with reference to the present crisis. I made a good speech, as people said. The company is full of good men. The women are at work making things for the soldiers."

"*Friday, April* 26. — The Norway Light Infantry, with full ranks, and eighty guns, is drilling. This afternoon I went down with the women to Horne's tannery, and pre-

sented to the soldiers the things they had prepared, — towels, soap, needles, thread, buttons, etc. Captain Beal responded."

"*Saturday, April* 27. — This forenoon our military Company M, left us for Portland. The people — men and women — formed in procession and escorted them over to the depot, and the farewell scene was the most affecting I ever witnessed. There were full hearts and weeping eyes."

July 10, 1863, Mr. Cobb was unanimously elected captain of the Norway Light Infantry. September 1 he wrote in his journal: —

"Beautiful! This morning turned out my company, the Norway Light Infantry, for parade, to attend the great mass meeting at Union Grove. The company behaved well, and I got along first-rate. Had a grand meeting. A Mr. Turner of Texas spoke; then Vice-President Hamlin; then Senator Clark of New Hampshire, then myself. As many as three thousand people were present. In the evening fired a salute of twenty guns."

It was at about this time that he entered upon a regular tour of campaign speaking. Of this expedition a friend relates the following anecdote: "Mr. Cobb was an excellent stump speaker. Henry Wilson, afterward Vice-President of the United States, was once on the stump with him. Wilson's speech was all arranged beforehand, as is customary with political speakers of note. Cobb spoke extemporaneously and last, and was always listened to with interest. At the first meeting of the campaign, in the western part of the State, Cobb spoke first, and repeated, almost word

for word, Wilson's speech. The future vice-president was much surprised, and made rather a poor showing when his turn came."

Monday, April 25, his diary received the following: —

"This evening received telegram from adjutant-general to call out my company of light infantry, armed and equipped, and proceed forthwith to Fort McClary, Kittery, there to relieve United States troops stationed at that post, and to be mustered into the service for sixty days. Issued an order to my clerk to warn the members to appear to-morrow at two o'clock P.M."

On the twenty-eighth of April he left Norway with his company, and here occurs the only real break in his diary. During the service at Kittery he kept no regular record of events, but upon his return home the following record was made: —

"Through the stupidity of the adjutant-general in failing to inform me that I could not be mustered into the United States service with less than eighty men, my company did not receive their muster until several days had elapsed, though it dated from April 27. I went to Augusta and saw the governor, and after a deal of trouble I got the order for consolidating my company with the company from Lewiston, which had also been ordered to Fort McClary. I was mustered in as captain, muster to date from May 5. Then I returned to Fort McClary and took command, and that command I held until July 8, when my company was relieved by a company from Bangor, of which Vice-President Hamlin was a private. But as none of the latter officers had been mustered in, I had to remain and hold on to the property, which I did until Friday, July

15, when I turned over all my camp and garrison equipage and ordnance stores to the first lieutenant, the captain being sick upon his back. Left Fort McClary in the forenoon of July 16, and reached my home at half-past four P.M., — the first time I had seen it since I had been away. Have been making up returns and fixing accounts, but am not yet clear of the campaign — it has a tail — my accounts have not been audited yet. And so I have been in the United States service as captain commanding a garrison. To use a military expression now much in vogue — '*Bully for me!*'"

His company was mustered in as Company H, Light Infantry, Maine Volunteer Militia.

The tail to the campaign, of which he wrote, proved to be an extremely long one, for it was not until March 1, 1865, that he received his audited papers. Then he wrote in his diary : —

"Received through the hands of Hannibal Hamlin my certificate of non-indebtedness, from the Second Auditor."

The following is the Vice-President's characteristic letter : —

VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER, WASHINGTON,
February 27, 1865.

DEAR CAPTAIN, — When you receive this note give three cheers at least ! ! ! If you have your hat on, please take it off and swing it; if not, swing your arms !

I enclose you your certificate, on which you can get your pay.

I also enclose your duplicate return. The other papers sent, they retained to go on file.

Yours truly,

H. HAMLIN.

CAPT. S. COBB, JR.,
Norway, Me.

Mr. Cobb once wrote of Vice-President Hamlin: "You who have ever had the good fortune of meeting Hannibal Hamlin under his own vine and fig-tree, do not need to be told how utterly unused he is to all outward forms and ceremonies of conventionality." He enjoyed telling the following anecdote relative to Mr. Hamlin's being a private in the company which relieved his command at Fort McClary: —

Of course the company from Bangor was received in due and prescribed form, and the salute of honor to the Vice-President was fired, though there he was only a private in the ranks of a volunteer company of State militia. In order to give the Vice-President as much of the new duty as possible, he was one of the first detailed for guard-duty, and was on guard where Captain Cobb was accustomed to pass to and from his meals. As the captain came by on the morning of his departure, the guard set his gun down for a friendly chat, instead of giving the salute which was expected from a soldier to his superior officer. This was too good a chance for Captain Cobb to let pass. With the seeming sternness of a strict disciplinarian, he gave Private Hamlin a severe reprimand, which would make the "boys" remember that even though by the removal of but one man he would be commander-in-chief of all the soldiers of the country, as he stood there he was simply a private, and outranked by many of them. The "boys" enjoyed it fully, and as the captain and the guard had been acquainted for so long a time, no doubt they, too, relished the little fun.

Mr. Cobb called the men of his company his "boys," and as such he treated them so far as was consistent with his position. During their sixty days' service he doctored many of them through a severe epidemic of the measles. They had begged that he would care for them rather than call the physician from Fort Constitution.

June 19, 1884, he wrote in his diary: —

"Met Brother Chas. P——, my 'boy' of the Norway company, whom I first doctored for measles at Kittery, just twenty years ago."

At one time he made a speech to his men, in which he said: "Boys, in times like these one should never consult his own interests. I have a story partly in the compositor's hands, partly in manuscript, and a part of it is yet unwritten."

The story to which he referred was "The Smuggler of St. Jean." At that time he sent his long stories off by instalments. When he received his telegram from the adjutant-general, the first instalment of "The Smuggler of St. Jean" was, as he said, in the compositor's hands. He telegraphed Mr. Bonner, "Hold up on my novel." He resumed the unfinished work September 12, and wrote: —

"This afternoon read over what I wrote in April last of 'The Smuggler of St. Jean,' and this evening wrote a few pages, finishing Chapter VIII."

The publication of the story was commenced November 26.

Early in 1864 Mr. Cobb became interested, with others, in starting a Union League, of which association he was elected president. He remained active in patriotic work until the war was over and the need past. For that eventful time his journal has the following entries: —

"*Norway, Tuesday, April* 4. — Great times! Got out my big gun this afternoon and fired sixteen rounds in our lane. This evening took it up on Pike's Hill and fired twenty-seven rounds. Bells ringing and tar-barrels burning — all for the glorious news from Grant — the taking of Petersburg and Richmond. Of course I have written none."

"*Monday, April* 10. — Lowery with some rain. But Oh! What Glorious News! General R. E. Lee, with his whole army, surrendered to General Grant yesterday afternoon — a hundred thousand men in all! This noon fired a salute with my big gun; and this evening nearly all the houses on our main street are brilliantly illuminated — every candle in town in requisition. A general rejoicing, in which all classes participate."

"*Saturday, April* 15. — Oh, Heaven help us! A victorious nation is in mourning!"

February 22, 1868, he wrote in his diary thus: —

"Washington's birthday, and oh, my God! what a sad drama is being enacted at the national capital which bears his name! Our accidental President, Andrew Johnson, has his fiendish hand upon the nation's throat, and would strangle it if he could. He is trying, by all in his power, to remove our loyal Secretary of War, E. M. Stanton, from office, and to put a tool of his own in that place! God grant that our representatives in Congress may stand firm!"

A friend and citizen of Norway once wrote of him: "Captain Cobb had soldierly qualities of a high order, and had he gone into active service in the war, he must have won high position."

When he became a resident of Hyde Park, he manifested the same interest in political and town affairs. He was often chosen moderator of town meetings, and filled that position at the memorable meeting of March 7, 1870, when the women were allowed to cast their vote. For this date his diary contains the following entry: —

"Our annual town meeting. I was elected moderator, and had a hard time of it. Late in the afternoon our female friends, who had gathered at the Everett House for the purpose of voting, came over in a body, and deposited their votes in a box prepared for them, — forty-seven in all. There was much excitement in the hall, which was packed, and I had great difficulty in maintaining order, — but I did it. The event has created universal interest and comment — the first of the kind in the country. I have taken my stand for woman's suffrage, and am proud of it."

The affair received wide-spread newspaper comment, and the *New York Herald* reported it as follows: —

"The women succeeded in voting in Hyde Park, Mass., yesterday at the town election. They put a separate ticket in the field, and about sixty of them voted for it. They came in a body to the polling-place with bouquets and cotton umbrellas in their hands, and a modest determination in their countenances; some of them old and gray-headed, and many of them young and pretty. Their presence, which should have cast a benign influence over the unhallowed precincts which heretofore had been acces-

sible to men and the vile odors of rum and tobacco, was the occasion of hisses on the part of some of the disorderly men in the crowd. But the women had a stanch defender in Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., who stood up for them with the gallantry and daring of the old Spanish knights or Muscovian gun-makers that he writes about in the *Ledger*. He cast upon the disturbers one look of his eagle eye. 'Base ruffians!' he cried in thunder tones, 'think ye to bar the way of these fair dames to yonder ballot-box? By my halidom, these women shall vote, or perish in the attempt!' These brave words had their effect, and the gallant women voted; and, more than that, although their votes were counted out, their ticket was elected."

The following extracts, copied from a local paper, are no doubt more authentic than the above.

"The delay of the women in making their appearance led to the rumor that their courage had failed them, and the anti-female-suffrage masculines were in high glee. Their joy, however, soon turned to sorrow, for in a few moments Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. received a delicately written note, and proclaimed its contents in a loud and eloquent tone. . . . Mr. Cobb said that he did not wish to interfere with the business of the meeting, or to interrupt the gentlemen who were voting, but he would suggest that if there were any friends of universal suffrage in the hall, it would be gallant for them to go over to the Everett House and escort the ladies hither. Some of the gentlemen present, Mr. Cobb said, might have wives, daughters, or mothers among the number, and he hoped that for this reason, if for no other, the ladies would be treated decorously. They only asked the favor of coming over, perhaps more than anything else for the purpose of drilling themselves in the form of casting the ballot, and thus preparing for the great

duty and obligation which would, with the help of God, at no very distant day be conferred upon them. Their votes, he said, of course would not be counted, and would have no influence for or against the election. He then again expressed the hope that the ladies would be treated with civility and respect, at which there were affirmative responses and cheers, mingled with a few hisses. When Mr. Cobb had finished his few remarks, the eyes of all were turned towards the door to witness the grand *entrée* of the 'coming women.' The suspense was only momentary, for there soon appeared a couple of elderly dames, whose frosty locks had seen seventy or eighty summers and as many winters. . . . The crowd, meanwhile, became noisy and demonstrative in the extreme. Some cheered, some groaned, some hissed, and all united in making as much noise and confusion as possible. . . . Just as the confusion seemed bordering on a riot, and as the strong-minded women were becoming timid, Mr. Cobb, with determination in his countenance, declared in a loud stentorian tone that unless order were maintained he would have certain men arrested. Then, looking in the direction from whence the disturbance originated, pointing his finger in a Websterian manner, he said, in a tone at once sarcastic and full of rebuke: 'Ain't you ashamed of yourselves? Do you think you are acting like men? We will forgive you for all this if you will now try and behave like orderly gentlemen.'

"These words of the *Ledger* novelist, so determined and unmistakable in their meaning, were momentarily effective, and the voting of the women was resumed. . . . But almost instantly there was a sound of groans and hissing, which of course justly excited the ire of Mr. Cobb. He advised them, as they pretended to have opinions of their own, to respect the opinions and actions of others; adding that if there were any men in the hall who would attend church

next Sunday, they would probably have an opportunity to see some of the same ladies whom they were insulting; and he hoped, for the credit of the town, that they would discontinue such unbecoming conduct as they had been guilty of. One man in the crowd replied that he thought Mr. Cobb, as moderator of the meeting, had no right to criticise the action of those who were opposed to female suffrage even if they manifested it, and he therefore would move that he be requested to resign. Mr. Cobb said that he had the same right to show his sympathies that others had, and he should exercise the right as an individual; and, furthermore, that he should endeavor, as moderator, to preserve order. While all this discussion was going on, the women were very quietly depositing their ballots; and when they had ended, the polls where they had voted were declared closed, and there was, therefore, no occasion for further disturbance." — *Norfolk County Gazette.*

Though at this time he thus earnestly advocated the cause of the party, in later years he was not in favor of unrestricted woman's suffrage. While not wholly out of sympathy with the movement, he believed that a woman's true sphere and duty were in the home; that, for those who must find their work elsewhere, the world had an abundance of pleasant, womanly occupations.

Mr. Cobb was active in helping to establish a Post of the Grand Army in Hyde Park; and at its organization, March 24, 1870, he was elected its first commander. He held this office until December, when he declined a re-election. Upon his retirement from office, the following resolutions were passed: —

"On motion of Chaplain Williams, the following resolution was adopted: —

"*Resolved,* That the comrades of Encampment H. A. Darling, Post 121, G.A.R., desire to place upon their records their hearty recognition of the very valuable services of their respected Past Commander, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and to acknowledge his soldierly courtesy and entire fairness in all official relations; the influence of his experience, activity, and personal character upon the harmony and prosperity of the Post, both within itself and the community, from its formation until the present time."

At the election of officers in December, 1871, he was again chosen commander, and held the office two years. During this early work, he always joined the Post on Decoration Day, and in all marches or active service. He was often engaged for Decoration Day speeches, both by his own and other Posts. In later years, when his health was less robust, and he became more easily fatigued, he declined such work, saying, "My marching days are over. I must leave that for the younger men to do;" but he continued an active, faithful member while he lived.

Mr. Cobb was a stanch and uncompromising Republican, strong in his convictions of party fealty and duty. To express that loyalty, he often voted for men whom he would not have nominated. In 1872, however, he followed in the lead of Sumner, Banks, and many others, and came out squarely and emphatically for Greeley. He was elected president of the "Hyde Park Greeley and Brown Club," and worked indefatigably through the entire campaign. In taking this step, he

did what he believed to be best for the country. Politics were to him but the means whereby the right principles would be advanced; and he watched with interest and joy the success of every struggle for the best interests of the government and the people. He longed to see a government strong and honest, free from corruption; and he believed that such a happy condition might be attained. On the eve of an election, his diary almost invariably received the prayer, "God help the right." His political work was controlled by that feeling, and he came out of each campaign consciously free from intrigue and dishonor.

The following letter is a token of the affection of his Kittery "boys:" —

WESTFORD, MASS., September 12, 1889.

DEAR MISS COBB, — I fear I am unable to supply the material you desire. I kept no diary during my term of service at Fort McClary, and my clearest recollection of the time is that it brought me much sorrow. During my brief service under Captain Cobb, I received news of the death in Southern hospitals of an uncle, three cousins, and my only brother. Depressed by these heavy afflictions, I gave little heed to what occurred in the garrison. The routine of duty, and the talk and recreations of the barracks, made so slight an impression on my mind that I can now, after the lapse of twenty-five years, hardly recall what they were. My thoughts were of the dear friends then lately dead, and buried in unknown graves.

But I have not forgotten two instances in which your father gave proof to me personally of the kindness of his heart.

Soon after we reached the fort, I was taken sick with

the mumps, and expected to pass a disagreeable fortnight in the hospital. On hearing of my sickness, Captain Cobb immediately made arrangements for me to stay at a boarding-house, where I had many comforts which the hospital could not afford. He came to see me often, and manifested much kindly interest in my recovery.

Several weeks later, a boat in which I was sailing with three companions was capsized in the harbor, a long distance from the shore. Being unable to swim far in the rough sea, I came very near being drowned, but was finally rescued in an unconscious state, and taken to Fort Constitution. Before Sergeant Bradley and others had got the salt water out of my lungs, and restored me to consciousness, Captain Cobb came. When I opened my eyes, he was bending over me, and holding my hands. "Thank God, Ned," he exclaimed, "we have saved you!" He stayed with me till he had made all possible provision for my care and comfort. He came to see me often during my convalescence, and used to bring me fruit and other delicacies. Had he been my own father, he could hardly have done more for me.

When he was my father's nearest neighbor in Norway, I first began to admire his generous soul and his great ability. I was a boy then. Many years have now elapsed, and my career has brought me in contact with many men whom I revere. But my boyish regard for your father still endures. I still preserve among my treasures the letters he wrote me, and his picture still hangs in my study. I have known no nobler, no more generous soul than his.

Faithfully yours,

Wm. E. Frost.

CHAPTER IX.

MASONIC WORK.

A SIMPLE descriptive outline of Mr. Cobb's Masonic work would be a poor offering to the brotherhood which he loved, and would do him meagre justice. It was work of which he was fond, into which he put his whole heart, and it would bear much embellishment. To him it was a religion, and as such governed his daily life: a brotherhood broad and true, in which he tried to do his part.

In 1854 he joined the Masonic fraternity, and became a member of that brotherhood whose foundation is the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," whose principles are "Love and Truth."

"It was to him a solemn and impressive occasion; and he wondered as he progressed, how any man could stand where he then stood, and ever after knowingly or willingly violate or transgress the least part of any of the obligations there assumed." — *Mystic Tie of the Temple.*

"There was no distinction of dress there. The lord and artisan, the patrician and the slave, met upon an equality. It was new and strange, but it was holy and sublime. All that had been symbolized had looked towards a better world of humanity; and in all the striking lessons he had received, the one great truth of brotherhood, and the mutual

dependence of man upon his fellows, had been constantly presented. The craven might have shrunk from the mystic ordeal, but to the bold and manly heart there was something awe-inspiring and exalting in it all." — *Alaric.*

He was initiated in Oxford Lodge, No. 18, Norway, Me., Thursday, May 11, 1854, and made this record in his diary: —

"Went down to the village, and became initiated as a 'FREE MASON' in the Oxford Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. Am now an '*Entered Apprentice.*' Like it much."

He was passed to the Fellow Craft's Degree, Thursday, May 18, and was raised to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason, Thursday, June 8. At a meeting of the lodge, held June 19, he officiated as Senior Warden; and at the election of its officers, August 31, he was elected Senior Deacon, which office he held in 1854, 1855, and 1865. He also served the lodge as Secretary in 1863, and was its Worshipful Master during the years 1858, 1859, 1861, 1862, and 1866. When not holding the office of Worshipful Master, he often "took the East" on occasions of special work. He was strongly attached to the lodge at Norway, where he was "made a Mason;" and when he moved from there, many pleasant ties were severed but never forgotten. His diary furnishes the following records of that time: —

"*Thursday, October* 17. 1867. — This evening Stated Communication of our lodge. I received my demit, and am no longer a member of Oxford Lodge. The brethren

did all they could to show their love and sympathy, giving me a note of thanks for past services, etc."

"*Tuesday, November* 5. — This evening had one of the pleasantest occasions of the season. The brethren of Oxford Lodge gave a supper to me at the Elm House, on which occasion there were present twenty-one Masons with their wives and daughters, and a most happy time it was. Brother W——, the Worshipful Master, presided; and after doing ample justice to a glorious turkey supper, Brother G—— made a speech in praise of self, to which I responded. Others spoke and offered sentiments."

Monday, September 1, 1873, while on a visit to Norway, he wrote in his diary as follows: —

"This evening attended Annual Communication of Oxford Lodge. Elected and installed officers; and I then took the old chair which I occupied five years, and conferred the Entered Apprentice's Degree upon a Mr. G—— of Oxford."

Mr. Cobb was admitted to membership in Hyde Park Lodge, April 15, 1869, and served as its Secretary during 1872 and 1873. He was elected as proxy to represent the lodge in the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, December 15, 1881, and served as such while he lived.

May 20, 1859, he received the Degrees of Mark Master and Most Excellent Master in King Hiram Royal Arch Chapter, Lewiston, Me., and "was exalted to the Ineffable Degree of Royal Arch Mason," June 10. He was a charter member of Norfolk Royal Arch Chapter of Hyde Park, and served as Excellent King from

the date of its organization, May 24, 1871, until September, 1873, and also for the year beginning September, 1877. He was elected Most Excellent High Priest in September, 1873, and served one year. He was elected Treasurer, September, 1878, and served six years. He was appointed Chaplain in September, 1884, and served two years. In the Most Excellent Grand Chapter of Massachusetts, he was elected to the office of Grand Scribe, December 7, 1880. In December, 1884, he was appointed by the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania as Grand Representative near the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts.

He received the Degrees of Select Master, Royal Master, and Super-Excellent Master, in Dunlap Council, No. 8, Lewiston, Me., April 7, 1864. He was one of the petitioners for the dispensation which was granted to Hyde Park Council in 1872, and was constituted one of its charter members, October 6, 1873. He was Right Illustrious Master (now styled Deputy Master) in the years 1872 and 1873; Principal Conductor of the Work in the years 1877, 1878, and 1883; Thrice Illustrious Master in the years 1879 and 1880; Chaplain in the years 1881 and 1882; and Treasurer in the years 1884, 1885, and 1886, and held that office at the time of his death. He was Grand Chaplain of the Grand Council of Massachusetts in the years 1879 and 1880, and was elected Grand Principal Conductor of the Work, December 8, 1880.

He received the Orders of Knighthood in Boston Commandery: the Order of the Red Cross, March 20,

1872, and the Orders of the Temple and Malta, May 2, 1872. He was one of the petitioners for the dispensation which was granted to Cyprus Commandery, Hyde Park, in 1873, and was constituted one of its charter members, October 12, 1874. He was installed as Prelate on the evening of the constitution of the Commandery, and held that office continuously until his death, with the exception of one year beginning in May, 1878, when he served as Eminent Commander.

He received the Thirty-second Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, April 24, 1874, and was at the time of his death a life member of Boston Lodge of Perfection 14th Degree; Giles F. Yates Council Princes of Jerusalem 16th Degree; Mount Olivet Chapter Rose Croix 18th Degree; and Massachusetts Consistory of Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret 32d Degree. In the Boston Lodge of Perfection he held the office of Grand Orator during the years 1880 and 1881; and Venerable Junior Grand Warden in 1883.

He was also a member of Massachusetts Convention of High Priests, and Massachusetts Union of Templar Commanders.

Says one of his brother Masons: —

"He was thoroughly conversant with the history and ritual of every rite and grade to which he had attained; but while appreciating the beauty and utility of each, he ever returned with renewed devotion to the Blue Lodge, the foundation of it all. He was accustomed to say that the so-called higher degrees, while valuable from a social point of view, added nothing essential to a correct understanding of the principles of Free Masonry. He was,

however, in hearty sympathy with the religious element which characterizes the Templar ritual, and most earnestly and beautifully did he unfold to the candidate the sublime truths symbolized by the ceremony through which he was passing."

He was instrumental in establishing all the "higher bodies" in Hyde Park, and was deeply interested, and justly proud, of their success. His love for the order extended to its members, his brothers; and especially was he interested in those whom, in the Blue Lodge, he had made Masons. Like the men in his company of infantry, they were "his boys," and "Uncle Cobb" was a name of endearment with which they often greeted him.

He had a firm faith in the mystic help of the fraternity, a faith which had been strengthened by incidents in his own experience. The emblems which he wore served him many a good turn, and on several occasions insured him brotherly care and devotion. In the depths of his heart all such deeds of love were fondly cherished, and his hand was ever ready to extend the same fraternal sympathy to others.

The following sketches, written for the *Liberal Free Mason*, narrate some of the anecdotes which came under his observation. They are based upon fact, and those not taken from events of his own experience, are culled from the adventures of intimate friends and relatives.

A REMINISCENCE.

The following story I have several times related at Masonic gatherings, as a striking illustration of the peculiar power, or charm, of the mystic ties of our Brotherhood. If you have a mind to print it, you are welcome to it: —

During one of the heated political campaigns in the State of Maine, while the late war was in progress, I volunteered my services, as I had done before, in the work of speechifying through old Oxford County. We expounders of political law and gospel used to travel in pairs, having our journeyings mapped out, and our meetings duly notified.

On a certain occasion, my travelling companion, or my associate for the week, was Judge W——, not only noted for his stern adherence to his political principles, but well known as one of the most uncompromising prohibitionists, legal temperance men, in the county. As the animosities of those days are put away, and the old sores mostly healed, I may frankly state that our political faith was Republican, and that we went for Abe Lincoln for President, and Sam Cony, of Augusta, for Governor. Both Judge W—— and myself were at the time residents in the county, and each had his own team.

On a certain afternoon we spoke at Hiram, and then drove on to Denmark, — both towns on the Saco River, — where we were to speak in the evening. I was not acquainted in that section of the county, but the judge was, having often "stumped" it in behalf both of his political creed, and of temperance. Upon reaching the principal village of Denmark, where the only tavern in the town was situated, I found that we were to speak in a large schoolhouse, in an outlying district some two miles or more away.

Well, we drove into the large stable-yard of the tavern, the judge leading the way, where I found a spacious stable, and close at hand a large and comfortable looking inn. The landlord chanced to be at the stable as we drove up, and my *confrère*, being acquainted with him, introduced me.

His name was Rice, a host of the olden kind, who

believed in creature comforts, and who would furnish them, statutory enactments to the contrary notwithstanding. He was past the middle age; tall and strong, with one of those leonine faces indicative of a will not to be easily swayed. I saw at once that he was not particularly pleased by the presence of the judge. The latter's championship of the so-called "Maine Law" in his town had not been agreeable to him. I saw this, and doubted not that it would unfavorably affect me.

Now, I had with me a horse that I prized, — one of the very best horses in that State at the time, — and I wanted the animal cared for. My companion had not thought of putting up there, he having several friends in the place upon whom he could call for quarters; but not so with me. I knew not a soul in the town. So I appealed to Mr. Rice to take me in. He answered me quickly and crustily, No. He could not do it.

And then it was told to me that on that very evening, in that very village (remember, our meeting was to be two miles away), was to be holden a big Democratic Rally! (We called them "Copperheads" at the time.) His house was full to overflowing. He had not a bed to spare. This he told me after I had tried to persuade him. Judge Nathan Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, was there; Gen. Sam. Anderson, Pillsbury, Littlefield, and a host more of the big guns of the Democracy, were at that moment in the house, to remain over night.

"Well," said I, when I had found that rest for me beneath his roof was out of the question, "you will, at least, give my horse a place, and give him care." And I told him how I prized the animal, — for myself I did not care, but for my horse I was anxious, etc.

I will say here that Judge W—— had invited me to go with him, giving me assurance that both myself and my horse should be taken good care of over the river where

we were going. I would accept the offer for myself, but I wanted my horse to be properly groomed, which I could not do under the circumstances, and which I did not think would be well done in a country farmer's barn.

At length, after much persuasion, Mr. Rice said, not in a cheerful mood, "Well, I suppose I can find a place for your horse, but I can't do any more." He was one of the most Democratic of the Democrats, entirely willing to be called anything but a friend to Abe Lincoln and to the Republican Party. So, take it all in all, the character of my sponsor, my own political complexion, the party rancor and hate of the times, together with the fact of the rally of the evening, made it a wonder that he took even my horse upon his care.

The evening was chill; I had spoken an hour and a half that afternoon, had ridden seven or eight miles since, and must ride two or three miles before speaking an hour and a half again, before sleeping. I was to ride over to our camping-ground with Judge W——, and while he was absent for a brief space to see a friend, I proposed to go up to the tavern and find something that might impart to my system warmth and restfulness. Mr. Rice turned towards his house, and I fell in by his side.

On the way across the broad space between the stable and the tavern, I tried to engage mine host in conversation, but he wouldn't engage. He seemed bound not to smile upon me, nor to unbend from his stern and uncompromising dislike of everything and anything that bore the stamp of "Black Republicanism." I did not give up, however. As we drew near the house, I asked him, —

"By the way, is your town of Denmark one of the old towns of the county?"

"Umph," he grunted, as crustily as ever, "there's towns older, and I s'pose there's towns not so old."

At that point we had come to within a yard or so of the

broad piazza. He seemed to realize that his last response to me had been unbecomingly brusque, if not unkind, and in a tone less grumpy he added, —

"Our town was incorporated in 1807."

"Ah," said I, struck at the moment by the coincidence, "your town is of the same age with that of a society to which I belong in my own town."

"Eh!" said he with sudden interest, stopping with one foot raised to the lower step of the piazza. "What society is that, if I may ask?"

"I refer to my Masonic Lodge," I told him.

He gave a start and a gasp, and looked me in the face. I had fancied, when the judge introduced me, that I had seen the man's face before; but I had not given it importance enough to try to locate it. Now, however, I remembered him.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, a glowing warmth lighting up his face, at the same time extending his hand, "is this Brother C——. of Old Oxford Lodge?"

"I am the man, surely," I answered, giving him my hand in return.

"Well, well," he went on, still holding my hand, "I didn't once think of such a thing. Why, I've sat in Grand Lodge with you two or three times. Mount Moriah is our Lodge. I was Master at the same time you were. Bless my soul! it is good to see ye. But come, come along. Well, I declare!" he added, as we stepped upon the piazza, "your bein' with old W—— kind o' blinded me, like; but it's all right now."

We went into a place he called his "Free-and-Easy," where we chatted pleasantly over a friendly brew until word came that my *confrère* was waiting for me.

"Well," said I, as I held his hand at parting, "you will see that they take good care of my horse. I will be after him in the morning."

"Ay, we'll see about that," he responded, with an expressive nod and shrug, "we'll see. Say, can't you speak first over there where you're going?"

"Certainly," I told him.

"Then do it. Now, mind, — you speak first."

I went out and found the judge waiting for me. I jumped into his light open wagon, and away we went. We had a good house — standing-room all occupied. I spoke first, — very nearly an hour and a half, — and then came out into the open air for the purpose of getting a bit of fresh breathing. As I stepped upon the green sward, whom should I meet but Brother Rice of the Denmark House!

"Ha! There you are!" he cried. "Come, I've got a good team here."

"But," said I in surprise, "you do not mean that" —

"I mean that you're goin' home long'r me," he broke in. "Sakes alive! you don't s'pose I'd leave a Brother like you to stick it out amongst these cold-gravy brethren over here? Not much! Come."

He handed me into his nice top-buggy, then got in by my side, and drove away. At his house, after all his Democratic guests had retired, — and mark you, he had left his big rally to come for me, — we sat in his sanctum and talked Masonry until after midnight; and when at length he conducted me to my chamber, what provision do you think he had made for me?

I will tell you: A large front corner room, next above the parlor — one of the two principal apartments on that second floor! By one of the windows was a sewing-machine, and in various nooks and corners were unmistakable signs of the mistress of the house. And so it was. I had been given the private apartment of the host and his wife, while they had betaken themselves, I know not where.

In the morning I was introduced to the good lady of the house herself, and while the "unwashed and unterrified" — the Democracy pure and undefiled — very nearly filled the large banqueting-room at breakfast, I was invited to a quiet meal with the host and hostess, both of whom did their utmost to make my situation pleasant and agreeable. When my horse had been brought to the door, and I offered to pay my bill, I was bidden to put away my purse.

"All I ask of you, Brother C——," my host said, "is that if you are ever this way again, you will not fail to call."

And with that I came away, feeling that the occasion was worthy of a white stone by the wayside. I give the incident as one of the best illustrations I know of the friendly and beneficent influence of FREEMASONRY.

THE TEMPLAR'S WIFE.

"I wish you could go with me, my husband. It is a long, long distance for me to travel alone."

"So it is, Izzie, and do you know I haven't been fit for business through the day with thinking of it. If it were only one of our New England jaunts, even from Quaddy Head to White Plains, I wouldn't mind it; but from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, alone, and among strangers, it is an undertaking not to be winked at."

"I have felt it so, Frank, and if by waiting a week, or a fortnight, I might hope that you" —

"No, no, Izzie, that were impossible. I cannot, as you know, leave the schools at this season; and when I do leave, it can only be for two or three weeks, while you must have as many months. No, you must go on alone, and I will follow as soon as I can, and give you company on your way home."

A little time of silence, and then, suddenly, and with a new light in her eyes, —

"Frank, you cannot go with me, then do the next best thing: Let me have that charm from your watch-chain. I will wear it, and perhaps test its virtue."

"Upon my life, Izzie, the thought is a happy one. Any man who looks upon that, and then looks into your face, will know, if he have ordinary perception, that you wear it rightfully. Bless the thought! and bless the jewel! Take it and put it upon your own chain. There, I shall feel better for this."

They were Frank and Isadore Whitman, who, a few years previously, had removed from their home in the State of Maine, and gone to that far-away town in Minnesota, on the margin of the Mississippi, where the husband had come to be supervisor of schools, while the wife assisted as teacher in one of the higher departments. And now the wife was on the eve of a visit to her friends in New England. Her husband could not go with her, nor was any one known to her likely to bear her company.

No wonder the young wife felt anxious as the hour of departure drew near; nor shall we wonder that the anxiety was shared by the husband. But a happy thought came, as we have seen.

Before leaving Maine, Frank had taken the symbolic degrees in Freemasonry, and in his Western home, or near at hand, he had received the honors of the Royal Arch, and the Orders of Knighthood; and it was his Templar's jewel of the Red Cross which his wife had thought to adopt as a talisman on her long and lonesome journey. It was, in fact, a double charm, being a small key-stone, of gold, bearing the mark, with the Templar's jewel pendent from it. It was neat and modest, and yet, from its peculiarity and oddity, strikingly conspicuous.

And with this talisman for her sole companion, Izzie Whitman set forth upon her journey.

Nothing particularly annoying occurred before reaching

Toledo. At that place a man — he appeared a gentleman — took the train (or he may have come into the Pullman car from one of the other coaches), who very soon rendered himself obnoxious to our lonely friend. He took a seat by her side, and his first remark startled her.

Mrs. Whitman was a reader of character, and possessed a temperament readily and quickly impressed, and correctly impressed. Her intuitions were to be trusted always. The man who now addressed her, though wearing the outward semblance of a gentleman, impressed her instantly as being a wolf — a vampire.

Have you not, dear reader, been thus impressed by a human presence? For the life of you, you cannot tell why you distrust the man. Only, through that strange electric medium, connecting the soul, or the inner consciousness, with outer sense, the impression thrills upon you, and you cannot put it away.

And in nine cases out of ten, if not nine and ninety in a hundred, the impression thus made will prove to be true.

Izzie Whitman quivered with apprehension as the sound of that man's voice fell upon her ears, and the baneful light of his greenish-gray eyes met her gaze. She answered him politely but sententiously, and then got up, and went to where there was a vacant chair in one of the smaller compartments.

We do not wish to make a long story of it. With care and circumspection our heroine contrived to avoid the man until they reached Cleveland, though the baneful light of those basilisk eyes, falling upon her ever and anon, made her very uncomfortable, rendered her, in fact, miserable.

At Cleveland the Pullman car in which Izzie had her seat was filled. She had secured a chair in a corner of the main saloon, and a lady with an infant occupied the seat by her side. Let it not be supposed that the man with the basilisk eyes was the only one who had spoken with her.

Friendly salutations and pleasant remarks had been extended to her by several gentlemen. One man in particular, one who was then in the same car with her, but in a far corner, had not only spoken with her, but had offered her several little attentions of assistance which had been timely and cheering, and which she had received freely and gratefully. And yet, though apparently watchful of her comfort, and holding himself ready to serve her when opportunity offered, he was delicately and even tenderly careful not to intrude. He saw that she was alone, saw, with manly sense, that she was a lady, and he respected and honored her position. He was a man of middle age, with touches of silver upon his shapely head, possessing a frame of healthful vigor and muscular massiveness, with a face that beamed with intelligence and kindness.

The man of the vampire look was seated in the same car, and several times, in passing to and fro, he stopped and spoke with Mrs. Whitman. I need not say that she was a handsome woman, because she was not. She was more than that, far more. She was brilliant and attractive — brilliant in the dimples, and the mellow softness of complexion, and in the waking smiles that rippled from the earnest azure eyes; and attractive in the keen intelligence and soul-born truth and goodness that were manifest in every feature.

At length, when the man had thus obtrusively and unkindly assailed her with his impertinence for the fifth or sixth time, she said to him, sharply and emphatically, —

"Sir! if you have one particle of manly feeling in your bosom, you will not speak to me again!"

His coarse, jesting remark, as he stepped back, and passed on, Izzie could not catch.

By and by, as the train approached Dunkirk, the lady with the infant got up, and went away into another com-

partment; and very shortly thereafter the man of the basilisk eyes was in the seat which she had vacated.

"No, no," he said, as Mrs. Whitman attempted to arise. "Don't run away from me in that fashion. I want to have a talk with you. You have interested me. Be quiet for a moment! You cannot escape me, be sure of that. I can travel as far as you do. Now listen!"

"Sir! This is outrageous."

"Pshaw! Sit where you are." And he put his hand upon her arm, and forcibly drew her back into her seat. "We shall be in Dunkirk in less than half an hour. If you will" —

"Sir!" —

"Sit still, I tell you! Mercy! you do not fancy I am going to eat you, do ye? Now see! Don't try to play the woman of iron and ice too severely, because you weren't cut out for it. I have travelled on this road so long that I know every crook and turn, and I can show you a few points, if you" —

At this point the woman had not only become disgusted, but she had become frightened, though not as yet had she raised her voice in alarm, or for other ears than those of her tormentor. But now, with a more decided effort than she had before made, did she seek to arise from her chair, and again he pulled her back with, —

"Don't be a fool! Just keep quiet a bit and listen" —

Thus far had he spoken, with a hand upon her arm, when Mrs. Whitman became aware of another presence. A shadowy something, with lightning-like rapidity, flashed across the line of her vision — a dull heavy thud — and the green-eyed vampire fell as though a thunderbolt had crashed down upon him! Just then, — perhaps attracted by the fall — the steward of the car came upon the scene.

"Steward, drag this fellow out from here, and if he or anybody else wants information, or explanation, come for me."

Izzie Whitman looked up and beheld her mild-eyed friend, whose gentle kindness had been so grateful to her. She looked just in time to see the face of a tiger become the face of a true and noble gentleman. But on the next instant she was filled with terror and alarm upon seeing the stricken man start to his feet, and turn upon the man who had knocked him down. His eyes blazed; his teeth were set; his fists clinched; and fury in every line and lineament. But he did not strike. One look into the stern, handsome face of the champion, and he drooped on the instant, — drooped and quailed like a frightened cur.

"General Wainwright!" he gasped.

"At your service, sir," the gentleman of the silvery locks replied; "but at the service of this lady first. Let me hope that you will be wise."

Thus speaking, the general pointed to the door, and without hesitation, and without a word, the vampire took himself off. Then Wainwright turned, and sat down by the lady's side.

"I think," he said with a beaming smile, at the same time pointing to the charm upon her watch-chain, "that you wear that sign fairly."

"It is my husband's, sir," she answered. There was something in his smile so winsome, and his face was so inviting to trustfulness and confidence, that she told him the story of the circumstances, and of the happy thought which had led her to take it for a talisman.

"God bless the symbol!" he said fervently; "and may it ever be a talisman, safe and reliable, to such as honestly wear it. I trust the time may never be when a Templar shall witness distress beneath that sacred sign, and refuse to give himself to the rescue.

"And," he added more lightly, and with fatherly ease and grace, "you can tell your husband, when you next meet him, that the symbol of the Red Cross served you well, for

I may assure you that, but for that sign, you might have had trouble with that man. I know him for an accomplished and unadulterated villain. I marked his first glance towards yourself, and read its import on the instant. And so, too, had I seen the Red Cross jewel upon your person. I knew, from your looks, that you did not wear it as a senseless bauble; and, remembering my sworn duty as a Knight Templar, and thinking how I would wish that a wife, or sister, or daughter, of my own should be cared for under like circumstances, I resolved that I would care for you.

"And now, dear lady, if you will permit me, I will remain near you while we travel together, and, beyond that, I will see that you go not unprotected."

Izzie Whitman accepted the proffered care joyfully, and a most entertaining and pleasing companion did she find. And he, if he spoke truly, had found in her society a pleasure that was to afford him happy and grateful remembrance while life and memory should endure.

General Wainwright went with her as far as Buffalo, and there he made such arrangements that she should receive courteous and kindly knightly care and attention to the end of her journey.

The man of the basilisk eye, with said eye in mourning, left the train at Dunkirk, and Izzie saw him no more. She spent a week beneath my roof during her stay in New England, and from her own lips I had the story of the *Magic of the Red Cross.*

STORY OF A SLEEVE-BUTTON.

A Scrap from the Late War.

A PLEASANT picture is forever a thing of joy, wherever it may be, or in whatever frame it may be set; and it is, moreover, worthy of preservation, that others may enjoy, as well as we. So pictures of real life, wherein are dis-

played those qualities that make life beautiful, and light up its darker places, must be ever cheerful, pleasant things, and are worth recording for the multitude; for, alas! this poor life of ours is not so bright that we can afford to throw away any of its true blessings. But, mark you, I am not one of those who would cry out against this life of earth as all dark and drear, and burdened with sorrow. Oh! no, no. Yet, it has cares enough, and shadows enough; and I would simply say, we cannot afford to cast aside, unenjoyed or unimproved, a single one of its lightsome joys.

I give you the following sketch of real life, as one of those bright pages in the record of humanity which I deem worthy of preservation.

I shall call my hero Harry Culver. His parents were innocent of the bestowment of that cognomen; but he is still living, and might seriously object to being thus publicly upheld to the gaze of the multitude.

In the year 1861 Harry Culver was closing up business on Court Street, Boston, Mass. He had been trying, poor fellow, to earn an honest livelihood for himself and family, by running a grocery store; but like thousands of others, who had been caught in the same trap, he had gone in beyond his depth. In short, he was not cut out for a merchant. He had not that supreme quality of *adaptability*, necessary to success in that peculiar calling. He was too independent, too prone to treat his customers as though he asked no favors of anybody. And that will never do with him who would keep a retail store in Yankee-Doodledom.

However, he failed. I saw him when he knew that the hour of wreck had come, in his little counting-room, crying like a child. How could he ever go out and look his creditors in the face? — creditors who had trusted him so implicitly, and who had seemed so glad to help him! He

thought he should never hold up his head again. He sat and cried, while his wife — brave little woman — pored over his books, untangling a wilderness of problematical accounts and blind entries. And she brought him out better than he had expected, better than he had dared to hope.

Ay, let me say here: during the three years next following, while her husband was in the service, that brave woman collected every bill collectable, and paid the last dollar of her husband's *bona fide* indebtedness.

Well, the business of the store was closed, and done with, what now? Harry had heard the call to arms; his heart had thrilled at the echo of that shot against Sumter, and the spirit of the soldier stirred within him. He told his wife he would enlist if she were willing. She was neither willing nor unwilling. "But," she said, "I have three brothers in the service, and a fourth who is surely going; and, had I been born a boy, I should be the fifth."

That was enough. Harry enlisted as a private in a regiment then being organized in Boston, and was soon in camp, under arms, and going through the "manual." By and by the wife came to the work of packing up the "ditty-bag," that her husband should take to the war. She wanted to give him something for a keepsake — something for a memento, and, naturally, she thought of something that should remind him not only of herself, but of a host of other friends whom he would leave behind. He was a Freemason, — a member of Mount Lebanon Lodge, and of St. Paul's Royal Arch Chapter, — and she made up her mind that the memento should bear a Masonic emblem.

A friend, who was aware of her quest, — himself a jeweller, — suggested a pair of gold sleeve-buttons, which he wished to contribute. They were very pretty, of the clasp, or double-button pattern, bearing both the square and compasses, and the key-stone. And these were given

to Harry, and they were upon his wrists when he went away.

Naturally, we look to find our hero true to himself, and true to those who love him, when he shall have reached the field of action. He had never been a bravado, never a fighting man, but, rather, a man of peaceful habits, and quiet in his disposition; but when the shock of battle came, when the hour of trial was before him, he was equal to the emergency. Of the brave, he was as brave as the best of them, and he was never known to shirk a duty.

Such a man could not long remain a private. A non-commissioned rank was held by him in his original company; and at length, by a peculiar turn of affairs, he received a commission in another regiment, and of another State. It happened thus: — A company of the 8th New Jersey Regiment had come to the election of a lieutenant in the field, and, from cause of bickering, or dissatisfaction of some sort, there was difficulty in promoting any one of the non-commissioned officers of the company over the heads of the others. Now, it so happened that one of the officers of the staff of that regiment had known Harry for years, and was anxious to have him with him; and through his influence, our Massachusetts sergeant came to be promoted to be lieutenant in the New Jersey 8th, and to be its quartermaster.

I declare! I am becoming personal, but never mind.

In time, Harry found himself upon the staff of General Mott, in the capacity of brigade inspector, and in this position he entered the Wilderness.

Oh! who of you remember those terrible days of the Wilderness? Can the story ever be told? Who can tell it, for who can know it? As Harry said to me afterwards: "I know what I saw. I know what I went through; and what would seem an age of battle, and a whole world of battle-field. And yet there were a hundred

— a thousand — more, in as many different localities, that saw as much."

On the 11th of May, 1864, the following despatch sent from "*Headquarters in the Field*," written at eight o'clock in the morning, was transmitted to the War Department: —

"We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result, to this time, is much in our favor.

"Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater.

"We have taken over five thousand prisoners by battle, while he has taken from us but few, except stragglers.

"I PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER.

"U. S. GRANT."

That was on the 11th. On that day — mostly rainy — only skirmishing was done. Harry Culver was literally worn down. In his capacity of brigade inspector it was his duty to look after stragglers; and be sure his hands were full.

When fighting had been going on he had been, at times, in the very heat of it; and when the fighting had eased up, and others had time to breathe, he must up and away, and head off the straggling ones, and they were a host. On that Wednesday morning, May 11, Harry had been in the saddle two days and two nights, and during all that time he had not had his feet from the stirrups a full hour at a stretch, not once. Not only was he completely worn down, and fagged out, by wear and tear and fatigue, but he was suffering excruciatingly from hemorrhoids (for which he was afterwards operated upon in the hospital at Chelsea). Oh! can you fancy his situation? You who were in that *Wilderness of Battle* can sympathize with that part; and you — God grant you may be few! — who have suffered from hemorrhoids, can sympathize with him in *that* part.

And yet he would not give up. On Thursday morning — in damp and fog — he was in the saddle again, and ready for work, and the work was terrible. On that morning it was that Hancock was preparing for one of the grandest dashes, ay, and one of the most tremendous and effective, of the war. Mott, with Gibbon, was in Hancock's second line. The first, led by Barlow and Birney, dashed forward, followed by Mott and Gibbon; and in that advance Harry Culver, who had set out by his chief's side, was very soon in the thick of it. Over the rough and rugged space — a road more "rough and rugged" than he had ever before been called upon to travel — over that space, with the impetuous, thundering mass, he made his way, knowing nothing, caring nothing, until they struck the enemy in their trenches — Ed. Johnson's division, of Ewell's corps; and there, in the midst of fire and smoke, amid the storm of shot and shell, and the rattle of bullets, in the wild din and confusion, the uproar, as of ten thousand times ten thousand demons bathed in Tartarean flame — oh! the whirl, and the intoxication of passion, and then a sense of glory, as there came upon his ear the shout of victory.

Johnson himself had been captured; also Gen. George N. Stewart, with over three thousand other prisoners, and thirty guns.

So much Harry knew clearly. Then he had a feeling of faintness come over him, a sense of sinking, of falling, a sort of collapse of the whole system, with pain most exquisite. As he afterwards knew, the faintness had come from a terrible aggravation of his hemorrhoidal trouble. In the heat and excitement of battle he had not noticed it. Towards the end, when, at the head of a disorganized squad of his own regiment, he had dashed in and captured a gun which had just been turned upon his friends, and which in another second would have discharged its load of

shrapnel; then, at that moment, he felt that he never was so well before in all his life.

And that was very near the end. From that time, when he had seen the gun in the hands of his own boys, and its crew marched off towards the rear as prisoners, from that time he failed. The faintness came on once, and he overcame it. The enemy had recovered from that first terrible shock, and now the fighting had become tremendous along the whole line. Harry struggled up, praying, as he afterwards told me. "O Heaven! spare me to duty while I live." At noon a cooling rain set in, and Harry revived a little. Once more he was in the thick of the fight, expecting every moment to be his last, — men were falling around him on every hand.

Anon, led by sheer force of instinct — his reason tottering — he found himself on foot, his horse shot under him, in a line, where they were fighting hand-to-hand. There was an earthwork, Hancock's men had planted their battle-flags upon one side of it, while the enemy had planted theirs on the other; and there they fought — fought — until, in the end, unable to advance, Hancock called his line back, or they fell back.

And that was the last that Harry could remember of the fighting. It was far into the night when the fighting ceased, and as he lay on the ground he had, now and then, a dull sense of life, and of the probability of death. He knew he was within the lines of the enemy. But here let him finish the story for himself, as he told it to me. I will give it in his own words.

"The last gleam of sense that I experienced must have expired about midnight; and the last thought I could remember was a wish that I was out of the enemy's lines, for I knew that I had been left on their side. When I came to myself it was broad daylight. The fighting had ceased, and only an occasional shot, or cry from a picket,

broke the air. I wondered that I did not hear the groans of the wounded and the dying; but, upon sitting up and looking around, I found that I had, in my frenzied condition of mind, weak as I was, staggered away to a considerable distance from the line of battle. And then the memory came back to me that I had tried to get back to our old quarters. But, alas! I had gone in exactly the wrong direction. Upon a critical survey of my surroundings I knew that I must be close upon the Spottsylvania Court-house road.

"I just made this discovery, when I heard voices close at hand, and presently, footsteps through the brushwood. Oh! what a picture arose before me! The picture of a rebel prison, and I in the situation of torturing disease that then bore upon me. Oh, my God! how I cried out in my heart for a helping hand! I thought of my chaplain, Rev. A. St. John Chambré, through whose influence I had gained my present position, and who was ever a friend and brother to the suffering ones of his regiment.

"Noble man! good and true. Should ever this meet his eyes, he will know that there is one heart on earth that has not forgotten his goodness. Oh! what a chaplain! What a general was lost to the service, when his church and other friends persuaded him not to accept the commission offered him! Once I saw him — only a chaplain — stand in the way of a demoralized, fleeing battery — one of Hooker's, if I remember rightly — and, with levelled pistol, and stern determined front, stop it, and calm the leaders, and turn them back to duty. And he would have shot the leader where he sat, had he disobeyed.

"Oh! I thought of him. If I could see him, if he could only know where I was. And I thought of our surgeon. Oh for one blessed touch of his kind and soothing hand!

"But it was too late. I was trying to struggle to my feet, when two men came up, both officers, Confederates

of course, — gentlemen, notwithstanding their garbs were about as worn and ragged as can be conceived.

"'Halloa, Yank!'

"That was the salutation, and then they came up, and stood before me. They asked me who and what I was, how I came to be there, what I had done of fighting, and many more questions, all of which I answered as well as I could. They saw that I was in pain, and they were manly enough not to torment me for the sake of tormenting. After having gained all the information I had to give, they conferred apart a few moments, and then turned back, and one of them said, —

"'Well, my man, you'll make one more for us to care for, but I guess we can do it. Can you walk?'

"'Not without help, I fear,' I answered.

"'Well, we've got horses close at hand, so come on. We'll help you a bit, but no *sojerin'*. Don't play possum, 'cause it won't go down, ye know.'

"Then he stooped, and took me by the arm, while his companion took the other; and they had half lifted me, when the spokesman suddenly stopped, with an exclamation which at first I could not comprehend.

"'Eh! what's this?' he cried. And I saw that he had discovered my sleeve-button. 'Say, old fellow, how came you by this? What is it?'

"I felt it in my heart, just as I spoke. It was not put on for the occasion. Said I, 'It was my wife's parting gift, and is the last and holiest link that binds me to my fellows!'

"'Honest? are you honest?' he demanded earnestly.

"'Try me,' said I.

"'What chapter do you belong to?' he asked next.

"I told him St. Paul's, of Boston.

"Then the two exchanged glances, and the second man questioned me. He mentioned a date, and asked me if I

could tell him who was High Priest at that time. He might have asked me a question in that direction which I could not have answered; but I had reason to remember that, and I answered at once, JOHN K. HALL. He asked a few more questions, and then the two withdrew a little way, and conversed apart; and I could see that they were earnest and interested. By and by one of them came back, and said to me, 'Look here, you have told the truth about that trouble of yours, the hemorrhoids?'

"'My soul!' I groaned, with a shiver all over, and a gasp of agony, as the question brought the pain to my thinking sense. 'I wish you could feel it for just the hundredth part of a second.' And then I added, from the bottom of my heart, 'My companions, for I know you are such, what I have told you is as true as heaven, spoken as brother to brother.'

"'Well, look ye,' said he who seemed to be the leader, and I took him to be a colonel. 'We have considered your case, and we are going to show to you that we do not hold our Royal Arch professions as mere empty nothings; but rather as guides and rules of life. If you were well and strong, I think we should carry you in, and deliver you up, with the other thousands that are huddled together there; but we find that our Masonic vows, taken with meaning, will not let us deliver a poor, suffering brother up to death — almost surely death — when, without any great stretch of duty, we can save his life, and give him back to his wife and to his home. And look ye further, we shall expect that, in the time to come, if you should ever have an opportunity to pay this favor back upon one of our suffering boys, you will do so.'

"I caught his hand, and the tears gushed from my eyes, and, as soon as I could frame speech, I told him I would pray for the opportunity.

"Then they both went away, and were gone perhaps ten

minutes. When they returned, one of them had a canteen, which he handed to me. 'It is not of the best,' he said, 'but it will not harm you.' It was raw whiskey, and new; but oh! at that moment it was nectar to me. I fixed the nozzle to my lips, and sipped, sipped, and then a few swallows, and I felt the warm tide of life again coursing in my veins. Then I gave the canteen back, with a blessing, after which they lifted me to my feet.

"At the distance of a few rods we came to a beaten path, where were a number of horses tethered. They told me they had been out picking up stray horses, and most of these were of the Federal army. One of them, a light bay gelding, slightly wounded in the shoulder, but otherwise serviceable — a cavalry horse — they gave me, and helped me into the saddle. Then they led me, perhaps a distance of twenty rods, and pointed on in advance.

"'There, companion, straight on in this direction, as the crow flies, you will find your own pickets.'

"A moment of silence, and then he added, 'We have both of us visited Saint Paul's Royal Arch Chapter, and other Masonic bodies in your Temple, in Boston, and we were treated like princes. Should we live to visit there again, may you be there to welcome us.'

"'God grant it!' I answered, with big tears coursing down my cheeks. And then I turned me towards our lines, which I reached in safety; and the first man I met, after passing the pickets, whom I knew, was dear Chambré himself, who had started out in quest of me.

"'Harry!' he cried, pulling up his horse. 'Is it you? I thank God. Dear Harry,' as he held my hand, 'I had begun to fear that I should have to write to Haley that you were gone.'

"'Not yet,' said I, returning his warm grasp, 'but you may write to her that only her SLEEVE-BUTTONS saved me.'"

THE SIGN OF THE RED CROSS.

A Thrilling Episode of the Late War.

I cannot tell of the tramp from Sabine Cross Roads to Grand Ecore, in those terrible April days of 1864. Those who were there do not wish to be told of it, — do not wish to have the picture painted for them; and to those who were not there, no pen can adequately portray the scene. Those dreadful, dreadful days, — days of disappointment, dread, and calamity. The bloody passage of the Cross Roads had been made; Emory, grand old Emory, had made his heroic stand at Pleasant Grove, while the shattered, howling, turbulent, utterly demoralized, and breakneck host behind, at a speed truly marvellous, had made its way through the gap he had left open for them; and, not until the fleeing rout had seen the sturdy battalions of the old Trojan closed up as a wall between them and the enemy, did they stop to take breath, or to determine whether they were alive or dead. Really and truly, that sudden and unexpected "*advance to the rear*" of Franklin's and Lee's columns was one of the most inexplicable movements of that Red River campaign.

But — what has all this to do with my story? I shall be attempting to paint a picture before I know it. We, who lived, reached Grand Ecore after a time, but not, however, until we had had the satisfaction of wiping out just a bit of the stigma of Sabine Cross Roads. At Pleasant Hill, even the Johnnies themselves must own, we more than held our own; but Banks did a wise thing in getting away from that locality.

At Grand Ecore we waited to help Porter get his fleet down a river almost bare of water. Mercy, what a time it was! However, at Grand Ecore, on the outskirts, near to the foot of a wooded hill or spur of the bluff, some of our

baggage-train had become disabled; and the disabling, or wrecking, of one of our heavy wagons served to keep several others back, the result of which was, they had to be guarded. On Wednesday, April 13, Captain John Fitz of Beal's Brigade, and, I think, of the 29th Maine Regiment, had command of this post; and the command was an important one, as on that day the enemy's scouts and bush-rangers were harassing us on all hands.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that a negro came out from the bush, with a white rag waving over his head; and on being admitted within the lines, he informed the captain that a large body of the enemy, led by a Texan major, was lurking close at hand for the purpose of making a swoop, and cleaning out the baggage. The negro's information was just in time. Captain Fitz gave it credit, and at once prepared for a vigorous defence. The Texans broke from the cover of underbrush with a whoop and a howl, thinking, doubtless, to fall upon the wagons before the company could be aroused and got into line; but they discovered their mistake when a compact wall of armed men appeared between them and their coveted prize, as though arisen bodily from the ground, and a sheet of flame blazed in their faces, and a storm of bullets burst upon them.

The only hope of the marauders had been in making the attack unexpectedly; and when they found themselves thus met, they turned and fled full as rapidly as they had advanced, but they left their leader behind them, shot down by the first discharge; and before any of his friends had discovered his fall, or, at all events, before they could return to help him off, Captain Fitz had gone out with a squad of his men, and brought him in — him, and three others who had been so severely wounded that they could not retreat.

This officer, commander of the attacking force, was major of a Texan battalion, — an independent body, acting

well-nigh upon the sole responsibility of its chief; and, on the present occasion, he had made his venture with not more than forty men, his plan having been to "gobble up" whatever of property they could lay hands on, and make off with it, being well assured that our folks would never follow them into the bush. He was a man of middle age,— a tall, muscular, handsome man, and proud as Lucifer, and full as self-reliant and arrogant. When first brought in, he refused to give his name; refused aid of any kind, only asking, with a fierce oath, that the "——— Yanks" would keep out of his way and out of his sight. But, by and by, the pains of thirst overcame him, and he was forced to yield. If you have ever seen men dying of gun-shot wounds, you know how their systems crave water — water to supply the suddenly reduced volume of the circulation.

By chance there were hospital stores in one of the disabled wagons, and Captain Fitz found therein a bottle of wine. This he added to the water, — for the water was poor enough, — and gave to the sufferer to drink. As the man was lifted to a sitting posture by one of the soldiers, his eye caught a tiny red cross which our captain wore upon the left breast of his vest. He swallowed a generous draught, and then, with a new light gleaming upon his paling face, he asked, huskily, —

"What is that?"

Captain Fitz simply lifted away the lappet of his blouse, so as to show it more plainly.

"Are — are — you — a Knight Templar?" the Texan whispered.

Fitz answered in the affirmative.

"So am I," said the sufferer. "And I am more." And he tried to raise his hands to remove something from his neck, but had not the strength; and he asked to have it done for him.

Captain Fitz opened his frock, and took from his neck

a silken ribbon, upon which was hung a gold ring — a ring of the Fourteenth Degree of the A.·. A.·. Rite. The Texan took it in his hand, and having looked upon it a while in silence, he said to his captor, —

"My name is McFarlaine. I told you I was a Templar. So, too, am I *with this.* Albert Pike gave me that ring; and you know that when I am dead, it belongs to my wife. My wife is now at Shreveport. If she knew my body was here, she would come and get it. I ask you, upon your honor as a true and courteous Knight, to promise me that, if you can accomplish it, this ring shall be sent to her, and that, if she should come or should send, my body shall be given to her."

The man knew he was dying. He had been shot through the lungs and through the bowels. It was a question of only a few short minutes at best. He knew it, and all who saw knew it also. Captain Fitz gave his word; and he got paper and pencil, and wrote down all necessary directions.

Major McFarlaine had several times spoken of his servant *Jack*, and wondered if the poor boy was killed. "If you could find him," he said, "he would do the errand."

As chance would have it, a man who heard these words had seen a negro dodging about in the edge of the bush; and afterwards he went out, and succeeded in bringing the darky in, upon the promise that he should go again, and for his master's good. So the "boy" Jack, a stout, intelligent negro of sixty or more, was brought in, but not until his master had breathed his last. His grief was sincere and deep. Upon being asked by the captain if he would take the ring to his mistress, and give to her an errand from himself, he gladly answered "yes," and said he could do it "quick."

Captain Fitz first saw General Emory, in company with his colonel, and readily obtained permission to do all he

had promised. The doing could work no harm to us, and might work much good to others.

Our captain then wrote a kind and sympathizing letter to the wife of the dead major, and sealing the ring up in it, gave it to the negro, and posted him off beyond the lines. Afterwards he procured an empty box, sufficiently large for the purpose, and reverently laid the mortal remains of his departed brother therein; which having been done, the box was buried in a shallow grave, and the place marked. This was on Wednesday, April 13.

On Sunday, the 17th, a party of three men and two women appeared at the point where our baggage had been attacked, under a white flag, and shortly thereafter Captain Fitz was called for. He went out, and found the widow of Major McFarlaine, with her friends, come for the remains of her dead husband. Fitz had General Banks's permission, obtained through General Dwight, who had just been appointed chief of staff, to deliver the body, and to admit a sufficient number of men within the lines to take it away. Thus empowered, our captain was at liberty to grant all favors required; and after the body had been exhumed, and recognized, and borne away by two negroes, the grateful widow with much weeping expressed her thanks to Captain Fitz, and gave to him a heavy, plain gold ring, which had been her husband's. Said she, —

"Its intrinsic value we will not consider; but may it be to you a reminder of a heart that will never cease to bear you in grateful remembrance while life shall last."

And so they separated. Captain Fitz gave them safe conduct beyond the lines, and saw them depart with their sad burden.

Four days later our army moved on down the river, and in course of time, as history will tell, reached the Mississippi River, whence General Emory and his tried battalions took ships for Washington, and next appeared for active

service under Sheridan, in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

On that terrible October morning at Cedar Creek, while Sheridan was probably taking an early cup of coffee at Winchester, Captain John Fitz had left his own quarters on the evening before, and had spent the night with some friends of General Crook's division; and just at the break of day, that he might be on hand at *reveillé*, he had turned out, and was taking leave of his friends, when the sharp crack of musketry from the picket-lines startled the camp. It will be remembered that it was Crook's division upon which Early's host burst in their first onset. Fitz simply knew that an attack had been made, and his sole thought was to reach his own quarters; and he started upon the leap. Presently a bullet hit him in the shoulder, and another knocked off his cap; and in a few moments more he ran into the very arms of a squad of Confederate infantry, who were seeking what they might devour. Enough to say, he was taken prisoner; and when his captors retreated, he went with them. In Early's camp he found a surgeon who was a Mason, which insured him kind treatment for the few days that he remained there, but nothing more. Whatever might have been the surgeon's will, he had no power to give further help than that of his profession. The wound was only a flesh wound, and would have readily healed under favorable circumstances.

But Captain Fitz was not to be kept long with the camp. There were other prisoners; and it was determined by Early that they should be sent off to the southward out of the way, whither a host were to be sent, that had been captured at other times and in other places. Jubal was sore and unhappy. Sheridan had hurt his feelings, and, after the fashion of all of us, he felt just a little bit revengeful; and especially against Sheridan's officers did he bear the grudge. The prisoners could not be sent to

Old Libby, though Early meant to rest under the shadow of its walls as quickly as possible, taking his shadow upon the *outside*, however; the only sure place was one of the Southern prisons-pens — it might be Salisbury. Could it be Andersonville?

Oh! our good captain's heart sank when he knew he had started for the Tartarean jail. It was worse than going to the death of battle, — worse than sure death of any kind that should come quickly. It was going to the rack of lingering torture, with a horrible death in the end! He felt it all through him. Already his wound, once healing, was broken out anew and inflamed, and there was no brother now to give him comfort. The prisoners, almost a regiment, were chained as they marched; and so were they kept chained at night, unless they chanced to strike a prison, where they could be securely locked up.

And so passed the days and passed the nights — a dark and dreary drag, painful and humiliating — foot-sore, heart-sore, and anguish-stricken. Wherever they came, the news of Early's reverses in the valley, and of the swift and terrible approach, with thunder-storming of Grant from Richmond, had come in advance of them; and even the women, in their bitterness, spit upon and reviled them.

At length, on a dull and dreary evening, the captive host was halted before a great, rambling slave-pen, in the midst of a populous town. Captain Fitz, hardly able to stand, was conducted, with forty-nine others, into a narrow stone dungeon, wherein there was just room enough for them to sit upright, with their feet curled under them. They could not lie down without lying one upon another. Fitz had begged that his shoulder might be looked to, but none had listened. A crust of bread was given to each prisoner, and a bucket of water and a dipper passed around. Our captain drank the miserable water eagerly, but he could not eat the bread. He only prayed that he might die!

Oh, what would he have given for the sleeping-potion that could have cast him into the sleep from which there should be no earthly awakening! But he had it not.

The miserable, anguish-laden hours passed until the guard was changed at midnight. Captain Fitz heard the tramping and the exchanging of sentinels, and shortly thereafter, as he was praying from the very depths of his soul that a quiet death might speedily come to his relief, the door of the dungeon was opened, and the dim rays of a lighted lantern struggled through the pestiferous atmosphere, and a gruff, savage voice called, —

"Captain John Fitz! Is he here?"

The captain's heart sank within him. The voice sounded like a knell! Yet why should he refuse to answer? If they sought him they would find him; and a refusal to answer would only be worse for him. So he answered, "Here!"

Then a man came in and lifted him to his feet.

"You are wanted," said the same voice that had before spoken; "and let me advise you, my man, to be careful how you answer when you are questioned. We've got curious ways of getting at the truth when we're searching for it."

He was led out into the narrow passage outside, and the door of the cell closed; and then the manner of the stranger suddenly changed. He called to a negro, who stood at hand with the lantern, to take the prisoner by the other arm, and to be careful.

"Don't be alarmed, captain; hold your tongue here, and come with me."

They went out by a rear way, crossed a narrow yard, and entered a small room, where were two men sitting by a table, on which burned a tallow candle in a wooden holder; these two, like his conductor, were dressed in Confederate uniform, and evidently officers. The prisoner

was given a seat, after which one of the men at the table, who had a written paper in his hand, spoke: —

"What is your name?"

"John Fitz."

"Where were you from the 13th to the 17th of April last?"

The prisoner reflected a moment, and replied, —

"I was with Banks, on the Red River, and at that particular time at Grand Ecore."

"Have you upon your person a gold ring that came into your possession at that time?"

Whereupon, with a trembling hand, — for he could lift but one hand, — our captain slipped from his neck a small cord, to which was attached the gold ring which the widow of the Texan major had given him, and which he had put away thus for safety.

The stranger took the jewel, and looked upon the inside of it; and then, with moistened eyes, he looked up and spoke again to the prisoner: —

"Captain Fitz, we three come to you under the same sign by which you appeared to the husband of my sister, Major McFarlaine — THE SIGN OF THE RED CROSS! And we wish you to believe that the knights of the South are as true and courteous, as valiant and magnanimous, as are the knights of the North. You answered the call of our dear brother when sore distress was upon him, and we now come, when distress and misfortune are your share, to give you our sympathy and our help. Be of good cheer, for you are from *this* moment free!"

From excess of emotion, superadded to the terrible shock already upon him, the rescued man fainted, and would have fallen to the floor had not strong arms upheld him. When he next came to his senses it was broad daylight, and he found himself in bed, and in a comfortably furnished chamber, and by his side stood his friend of the

previous night — the one who had announced himself to be a brother of Mrs. McFarlaine — and a negro who seemed to have been bathing his head.

The first movement of this Confederate officer, when he saw that the sleeper had awakened, was to put a finger upon his lips, and to whisper in his ear, —

"Remember! From now until you are safely beyond our lines, you are *Captain Dudley McFarlaine.* Can you remember?"

Fitz said he could, and that he would. And then he was informed that the army of prisoners had gone on, and that against the name of *John Fitz, Captain,* had been put the simple legend — "*Died on the road!*"

What more need we tell? Captain Fitz remained in safe quarters, with true and trusty friends, until his wound was healed and his strength restored, when he was furnished with a horse and a garb of gray homespun, and a negro guide, who conducted him until his way was clear to strike the advancing columns of Sherman, on their wondrous march from "Atlanta to the Sea." He did not report for duty — he could not — even had his strength been equal to it; he considered himself in honor bound to raise his hand never again against the friends and brothers of those who had so nobly stood by him and snatched him from the jaws of a terrible death, when darkness was around him on every hand. They had not exacted from him the pledge; but the pledge was with him, nevertheless, he wore it upon his breast — the Sign of the Red Cross. However, he was not asked to strike a blow while on that march with Sherman; and, thanks be to the Father of mercies, the incoming of the blessed Angel of Peace, very shortly thereafter, rendered it necessary no more — God grant it may be never, never again! — that Brother should be called upon to lift his hand against Brother!

AN EFFECTIVE TOKEN.[1]

Pleasant pictures are always pleasant; the lapse of time never makes them less attractive, nor can age lessen their value. As it is with pictures upon canvas, giving to the eye some marvellous beauty of nature, so it is with those pictures of real life which the hearts of good men are presenting every day, and which only require to be gathered up, and to be put in preservable form, to become treasures and blessings.

The following sketch, as a picture of the spirit of Masonry, will be interesting to many; and in giving it to you, I will simply say, by way of introduction, that the hero of the incident was my friend in the after years, and that his story was simply true and unadorned.

Billy Williams — "Fifer Billy" was his name of common use, from the fact that he had been a musician in the regular army, with the fife for his instrument — was a native of Portland, Me., left parentless at an early age, and thrown upon his own resources for sustenance. He was not more than fifteen when he entered the army as a musician, where he remained eight years. From that time he went to sea, concluding that he would see a bit of the Old World before he died. He made three voyages to Liverpool, after which, in 1840, at the age of thirty-five or thereabouts, he shipped for a voyage to India.

Of the possessions left to Billy Williams from his father's store, the only thing he cared to preserve was a Masonic emblem — a Past Master's jewel, presented to his father by a lodge of Free-Masons, over which he had presided for several years. It was a simple pin of silver, its design the square and compasses resting upon the segment of a circle. Billy prized this the more highly, because

[1] *New York Ledger*, November 2, 1878.

upon the inner side thereof was engraved a blessing of the good-will of the brethren to his parent. Of course, the youth felt a strong desire to become a brother of that mystic band. He watched eagerly for an opportunity, which did not come. When he was able to afford it, the other opportunity was wanting; and when he was for any considerable length of time near to a lodge, he had not the means. It will be remembered, also, that at that time but very few of the lodges were "at work." Still, he kept his father's honored and honoring jewel; and it was to him an inspiration, leading him to a reverence for the institution, and to a certain feeling of kinship with the brotherhood.

In the spring of 1840 Billy shipped on board the bark "Othello" of New York, loading at Boston for a trip to Calcutta. The crew consisted of twenty-two men before the mast, cook, steward, cabin-boy, carpenter, and four officers, making thirty souls all told. The run across the ocean was made with favorable winds, and not until the bark had approached the African coast did any signs of trouble appear. Then came calms, and storms, and intolerable heats; but they crept on their way, thinking of making a stop at Cape Town. The bark had struck in towards the mouth of Orange River, and was touching the line of Cape Colony, when, one dismal, dark, drizzly, dead-aired morning, half a dozen long war-canoes, filled with painted and feathered savages, put out from the river and pulled towards them. There could be no mistaking the character of the strangers. The bark had all sail set, but not a breath of air to move a thread. Only a broad, glassy expanse of blue water, broken into swelling masses, with the dim rays of the rising sun vainly endeavoring to penetrate the gloom.

The bark was armed with a six-pound iron gun, on a traverse upon the forecastle, and there were arms enough

for all hands, such as they were. The muskets had not been properly cared for, the pistols were rusty, and the long, iron-sheathed cutlasses ditto. Captain Burke assembled his crew, and pointed to the coming host. Said he, —

"You have your choice of dying. You can stand by me and the bark, and fall in a good and righteous cause, or you can let that crew board us and have your throats cut without mercy."

The men chose to fight, and preparations were made accordingly. The iron gun was loaded to the muzzle with powder and iron scraps, and the small arms distributed as they could be taken, every man taking a musket and a pistol, and most of them taking cutlasses.

Captain Burke himself aimed the forecastle gun, and had the bark been provided with enough of them, the proas would never have reached the vessel. She blew one of the boats, in which were forty men, clean out of the water, leaving her crew howling and yelling like so many black demons. The others saw, and with terrible energy put to their paddles, and every soul came shooting alongside. A shower of bullets was poured down upon them; but in the wild excitement, under the stimulus of deadly fear and terror, the missiles flew wildly, and did but little execution.

Up by the chains, by the stern davits, by the bob-stays, and over the bows, up by the flying-booms, and by the anchor-stocks, the black horde came pouring in upon them; and the first blow struck was at the captain of the bark, who had been seen to discharge the great gun.

Early in the fray Billy Williams, who had a pistol in his belt and a cutlass in his hand, and who was by far the coolest of the crew, — his service in the army having initiated him, — was endeavoring to collect his shipmates in a gangway, there to make a stand, when he was struck

down by a blow from behind, and he knew nothing more for a long time. He had a faint idea of being lowered into a boat, of hearing many orders, and he fancied the bark was being towed in shore.

When Billy recovered his senses he found himself in a hut of bamboo, thatched with palm-leaves, with half a dozen of his shipmates around him. He sat up, and looked around. They were all bound, hand and foot, but there were no bonds upon himself. Among those who sat around him, — eight of them, — was one officer, the first mate, Samuel Seaver of Yonkers. Of him Billy inquired what had transpired.

The mate shook his head.

"Billy, I don't know what to make of it. After you'd been knocked down by a Portuguese, I should think, though he may have been one of the natives, they set out to strip you. The man that knocked you down, upon tearing open your frock found the shammy bag that you always wear around your neck; and, as soon as he saw it, he sprang to his feet and swung his arms in the air. I couldn't tell what he said, but I knew what he meant, for, in an instant, the black pirates held back and dropped the points of their swords, and clubs, and spears, and axes. Then they put their heads together, and the man that had overhauled you could speak a little English. He asked us, if they would not strike any more, if we would surrender in good faith and give them no further trouble?

"What could we do? Of course we promised, and were glad enough too. Then they put us into the boats, and lashed scrap-iron to the dead bodies and threw them overboard. A few of us prayed in our hearts, but it was a sad and hurried funeral. Here you see eight of us living. The rest I need not tell you about. You know as well as I do. Our officers fell, fighting valiantly, and so did the men who have fallen. The canoes hitched to the

bark, and she was easily towed into the river, and her lofty spars run down. She is stripped to her lower tops, so that no passing vessel outside will see her.

"And now, Billy, what is all this about? Why did they hit upon you as the one white sheep of the flock? I cannot understand it."

"Let us wait until somebody comes," said Williams, "and they shall explain as they please. Upon my life, I cannot comprehend."

Or if he did comprehend he did not choose to speak.

They had not long to wait. Billy had discovered a gourd-shell standing upon a ledge at the side of the hut, and was seeking to discover what it contained, when the entrance to the hut was darkened, and presently afterwards the chief of the pirate crew entered. He saw that Williams had recovered his consciousness, and his next movement, thereafter, was to bring in a massive golden goblet filled with highly spiced wine, of which he caused the revived man to drink freely. And Billy made no objections. The beverage was grateful to his palate, and quickening to his pulses, and under its generous influence he revived still further. The pirate brought cool water and bathed the heated brow, and by and by Billy found courage to put his question. He asked — why was this kindness shown to him, why had his life been spared, and why had this burden of gratitude been laid upon him?

The pirate caused the others to leave the hut, and when they had gone, when he and Williams had been left alone together, he took from his bosom the jewel which he had found upon the other's neck, and which he declared he had held as a sacred pledge.

"You ask me why I have been good to you. Before I tell you, I would have you answer me this." He spoke the language with difficulty, but could make himself plainly understood.

"If," he went on, "you had found this bauble upon my person, what would you have done?"

"I should have done as you have done unto me."

"And could I do less? Ah! the better and brighter days come back to me when I see this."

He pressed the jewel to his lips, and held it at arm's length and gazed upon it long and earnestly. Williams was upon the point of speaking when the pirate stopped him.

"I must not let you speak unguardedly. You judge, from my manner, that I am of the fraternity to which you belong. Ah, no! If I had been, my life would not have found this depth of sin and shame.

"In my youthful days I served a man who was a Free-Mason. He was to me a father and a friend, giving me the full measure of his love, and hesitating never at a sacrifice which could conduce to my comfort and welfare.

"When we separated he exacted from me a promise that if I should ever find a Free-Mason in distress I should contribute to his necessities according to my best ability; and should I ever find a brother of the mystic tie in mortal danger, I should offer my life for his if need be.

"That was four and twenty years ago; and from that time I have never, to my knowledge, found my master's brother until now. Have I not kept my word?"

"Indeed you have."

"And it has cost me more than you know. But never mind that. The memory of the deed is blessed, and shall be to me a full recompense for all that I may have to endure.

"And now, is my brother able to walk? If he is, let him follow me, and make no misstep. Sharp eyes are upon us, and we have need of the utmost caution."

Wondering greatly what could be meant by this movement, Williams arose from his cot and followed the pirate

to the door, where his seven companions were found in waiting and ready to move, though they knew no more of the wherefore than did he.

The pirate went out first, and took a survey of the surroundings. He came back with his finger upon his lips, and with a look of deep anxiety upon his face.

"Not a whisper, for your lives!" said he. "Be silent and circumspect, and I will lead you to life and liberty. Let my brother follow next after me."

They went out in solemn silence, and not a word was spoken until they reached the river's bank, where a boat was found in waiting.

"You know the way," said the pirate; "and the wind is in your favor. I will look to it that you are not pursued."

Then he took Williams aside, and, grasping him by the hand, said, —

"I wish I could do more for you; but, as it is, I am doing more than many would do. If my comrades knew what I was now doing, my life would not be worth an hour's purchase. But they shall not know. I can keep the secret, as I have kept the faith with you — a sacred charge in my own bosom."

On the following morning Williams and his shipmates pulled into the broad, deep bay of the Bethany Mission, whence they readily found passage to Cape Town. At Cape Town the story of their adventure leaked out, and a British sloop-of-war was despatched to Orange River to look after the pirates; but nothing came of it. The bark was found, stripped to the deck, and scuttled in deep water, her naked spars standing out in sad and solemn relief against the murky sky.

Besides many sketches of this character, he wrote not a little on the subject of Masonry. Most prominent

among such writings are his three well-known Masonic stories: "Alaric," "The Mystic Tie of the Temple," and "The Key-Stone." The first of these, written in 1858, is "A Sicilian Story of Early Times." It vividly portrays the struggles and persecutions which members of the Brotherhood were called upon to undergo in those early days. "The Mystic Tie of the Temple" is also based upon the early Masonic struggle. It is located in Bagdad in the ninth century. This is considered by many readers as his best story. The following extract is taken from a letter written by one such admirer: —

"I believe 'The Mystic Tie of the Temple' to be one of the best stories he ever wrote. 'The Gun-Maker' is far below it in interest. I have read it a dozen times, and hope to read it a dozen times more. The incidents stand out in my memory so vividly that they seem real."

"Do you ask what became of the Brotherhood of the Cryptic Temple? Their institution was founded upon the principles of Brotherly Love and Truth; and it found a support in the hearts of men, which neither the lapse of time nor the hand of adversity could overcome. It lives to-day, as it lived then; and were the Gedalah of the olden time to drop this evening into Our Temple, he would find his work well carried on. He could meet us on the Level, and he could leave us on the Square." — *The Mystic Tie of the Temple.*

"The Key-Stone," written in 1873, is a Masonic story of modern times. By many this also is thought to be one of his best serials. There was much other Masonic

work for his pen to do, the amount of which it would be impossible to estimate: reports, resolutions, toasts, etc., even to speeches and addresses for brother Masons.

He lectured to some extent on the subject of Masonry, particularly in the early years of his service, and principally from the historical stand-point of the Order. Such lectures were usually delivered extemporaneously from very simple notes. The following extract is selected from the only one which has any form of argument: —

"The Morality of Masonry may be summed up in the four cardinal virtues, — Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice.

"*Temperance* is that due restraint upon our affections and passions which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice.

"*Fortitude* is that noble and steady purpose of the mind whereby we are enabled to undergo any pain, peril, or danger at the call of duty, when prudentially deemed expedient.

"*Prudence* teaches us to regulate our lives and actions agreeably to the dictates of reason; and is that habit by which we wisely judge, and prudentially determine, on all things relative to our present as well as our future happiness.

"*Justice* is that standard or boundary of right, which enables us to render to every man his just due without distinction."

If you ask me if Masons live up to these virtues, I shall tell you that I believe they come as near to them as any body of men come to their professions. And I shall tell you one thing more: when Masons forget these virtues, they prove false to the very "Points" upon which they entered the Lodge.

In our "Ancient Book of Constitutions" we have a manuscript copy of an examination of some of the Broth-

erhood of Working Masons, taken before King Henry the Sixth, near the middle of the fifteenth century. The manuscript was found by the learned John Locke, Esq., in the Bodleian Library. After numerous questions touching the history and objects of the order, the King asks the question (I give the language as it is in the original) : —

"*Are Masons gooder men than others?*"

To which the old craftsman makes answer: —

"Some Masons are not so virtuous as some other men; but in the most part they be more good than they would be if they were not Masons."

Then the King asks : —

"Doth Masons love each other mightily as hath been said?"

The craftsman answers : —

"Yea, verily; and it may not otherwise be; for good men and true, knowing each other to be such, do always love the more as they be more good."

Brethren, those simple answers of our ancient brother point us to a high and noble work. If we are true to our professions, we shall be as good as it is possible for mortal man to be; and if we properly cultivate the principle of brotherly love, we shall come nearer to that perfection which must fit us for membership in the Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the universe presides!"

Could his speeches, made at their banquets and social gatherings, have been preserved, they would be invaluable as illustrations of his love for the order. These, and many anecdotes and experiences, were always given extemporaneously, and live only in the hearts and memory of his brothers. They were sometimes deep and pathetic, often bright and witty, always

clean and pure. His suppression, on such occasions, of everything bordering on coarseness, was proverbial.

That he held Freemasonry as subordinate to great eternal truths, is apparent in the following letter addressed to the *Liberal Freemason:* —

"I like your name. There is, after all, very much in a name, as those know who have had occasion to furnish names and titles for things that are to be known and used by the public. But the particular significance of the title to me just at this time is its *liberality* — its LIBERTY. Now, I wish to say a word, through your pages, to the brethren of our beloved institution, upon the subject which has recently claimed so much of your attention: GOD IN MASONRY. What is to me the fundamental proposition I have not yet seen put forth, though your own arguments have been sound and strong.

"First, however, let me carry out the thought with which I commenced — *liberality.* Now, I doubt if, in religious matters, there can be found a more liberal man than I am. The voice of none has been more strongly and earnestly raised against sectarianism than has mine. Of all the petty, heartless distinctions and social embargoes which exclusive men would lay upon society, that of religious sect is the meanest and most uncharitable. And Masonry, above every other bond of union on earth, should never stoop to such invidious judgment. By that principle I trust I may ever stand.

"But there comes a point where a Mason cannot put his foot. It is the point of the disruption of our Brotherhood. Suppose a family of ten brothers have been for many years living in close harmony, bound to one another by strong bonds of fraternal love, and in all things holding no thought of self where thought of others could be for

their good. They are a band knitted by that strongest of all ties, a common fraternity, which has made them kin in heart and spirit. Suppose, further, that in course of time these ten men are made to believe that the idea of their common fatherhood is all a mistake, — they never had a father; they are not of the stock they had supposed; each dropped into existence entirely independent of the others, and the sacred altar at which they have offered up their daily devotions — the altar erected to the memory of their father — is a baseless myth, a stone without a mark. How much longer will the true spirit of brotherly love and fealty remain an operative force amongst them? They may still live together, and may still be friends; but the HEART, the SOUL, the living, indwelling spirit of brotherhood, will no more temper and make sacred the bond of their union.

"And now, in the broader field — in the field of universal Freemasonry — must not the same principle hold good? Is not the very life of a brotherhood derived from a pre-existing fatherhood? Can there be a true brotherhood without the fatherhood? You may cast away the father, and yet claim a bond of union in something else; but, candidly, can it be the same union which before existed? There is something peculiar, in this respect, in the superstructure of Freemasonry. From the very first step across the threshold, by the youthful candidate for the First Degree, to the sublime and ineffable summit of the whole vast structure — at that step, and at every step beyond, all through the long and blessed pilgrimage — the grand central Light, giving of its light to all other lights, and inspiring every lesson of life set forth, is this: GOD THE FATHER! If ye be not a child of that Father, ye be not of our family. We are not exclusive; we ask you not to believe against the dictates of your reason; we ask you not to subscribe to a single dogma as such. We only ask you: Are you a child of our Father? If you say No

then we are forced to declare that you have willingly cast off the bond of union. We will still be friends; you shall enjoy your faith as we enjoy ours; and, in all things, we shall work together for good, when we can honestly do so; but, if you declare to the world that the Fatherhood of our God is an imposition, then ye do, of your own free will, rend the family bond, and utterly destroy the very basis upon which the superstructure of our fraternity is established. *You* make the separation, not I. You deny the Father whom we love, and in whose service our institution was founded. You trample beneath your feet the Sacred Name that has been to us the sign of our brotherhood. We bid you welcome to every field of labor where we can legitimately work together for good; we will extend to you the right of fellowship in the cause of humanity; and we bid you good-speed in every benevolent work and deed; but you will not — you cannot — expect that we shall recognize as members of our ancient brotherhood those who would repudiate and cast out the FATHER!

"No; it cannot be. The brotherhood of Freemasonry is founded upon the eternal Fatherhood of God. Under that dear Name we are banded, and Him we are pledged to serve. If ye deny the Fatherhood, ye rend in twain the recognized bond of our solemn compact, and the brotherhood becomes but an empty name, without life or spirit, being without a head.

"Brothers, let us be liberal in all things; let us bear and forbear; let us not forget that one of our proudest claims for our institution is, that it unites in one common bond, cemented by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection, men of every country, sect, and opinion, who might otherwise have remained at perpetual distance. Let us remember this, and allow to all every proper latitude; but do not, oh, do not, give countenance, by word or deed, to the cruel, ungrateful member who would drag down and betray OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN!"

CHAPTER X.

RELIGIOUS FAITH AND WORK.

BRIGHT and cheerful were the moral and religious influences which governed Mr. Cobb's early life. Before her marriage, his mother had renounced the Calvinistic doctrine, by which she had been strictly trained in her childhood, and had joined the then small circle of Universalists. At the age of eighteen she wrote a letter to Rev. Hosea Ballou, editor of the *Universalist Magazine*, in which she gave a sketch of her life and of her conversion to what she called the "Abrahamic faith." It was printed in the issue of April 21, 1821. In it she says: —

". . . After I thought I had evidence that my sins were forgiven, I strove for a long time to support error, to support the doctrine of election and endless misery; but something would always whisper, 'All is not right.' . . . My mind continued in this unsettled frame for more than a year. I had heard the doctrine of universal love contended for, but, like all others who never peruse the Word of God for their own instruction, thought it to be one of the most erroneous principles which man could imbibe, but never could give my reasons for thinking so. At length I heard a few words read in your 'Notes on the Parables,' which convinced me there was a treasure contained in the Word of God which I

never diligently sought after. . . . Finding there was no other resource, I now felt a determination to read, and as far as my abilities would admit, judge for myself. . . . One Sabbath morning, my mind being very much exercised, and feeling sensible that it was the Word of God alone which I ought to take as the man of my counsel, and to Him alone I ought to look for instruction, — after committing myself to His care and protection, and beseeching of Him to enlighten my understanding, and give me a clear and perfect view of the Holy Scriptures and the doctrines therein contained, — I opened the sacred volume, and immediately cast my eyes upon a chapter which I had no recollection of reading before — it is the second chapter of the 1st of Timothy; and never could the cooling streams give more joy to the thirsty traveller on the scorching sands of Arabia than these blessed, comprehensive, and universal sentiments gave to my thirsty mind. That thick cloud of error and tradition which had so long beclouded my understanding was now dispelled, and I could behold the universal goodness of God not only exhibited in the Scriptures, but in all the works of His bountiful hand; . . . and may God, as long as He shall grant me breath, grant faculties capable of praising His holy name for bringing me out of nature's darkness into His marvellous light."

This letter was ever afterward known as "The First Article," it being the first contribution from a woman's pen to any Universalist publication. In those early days of the denomination, when every step forward must be gained by struggles against opposition and prejudice, it was difficult to find men who were willing to enter the field and boldly preach the universal goodness of God, and the redemption of the whole human race. Reading this letter for the first time, "Father

Ballou " congratulated himself to the end that another convert and fellow-laborer had been gained, believing it to have been written by a man; but the signature, Eunice Hale Waite, at the close, dispelled that hope, and, as female ministers were then unknown, he could not ask this young girl to enter upon a work which some thought almost a disgrace for a man. As a token of his appreciation and regard, he presented her with a copy of the letter printed on white satin. In less than a month from this time she heard the Universalist doctrine preached by the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, when she made the first entry in her journal: —

"*May* 8, 1821 — Have been indulged this evening with a privilege never before by me enjoyed; have heard the universal love of God publicly contended for by Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, a preacher of the Universalist order. Indeed, my soul has been abundantly feasted! How animating, how heart-cheering, the subject of God's universal and impartial benevolence! To me it seems the most glorious theme men or angels can dwell upon; and though I have never before heard the doctrine publicly proclaimed from the pulpit, yet I have long enjoyed a firm belief therein, and have derived great satisfaction therefrom. It is now about a year and a half since I fully burst the harrowing bonds of the narrow creed of partialism — man-made — and found light and joy in the glorious field of God's universal and impartial love; and I find I can gather daily of its wholesome and delicious fruits a fresh supply; and should I be spared to the common age of man, and be permitted to range the same broad field of glowing grace, and partake of the heavenly bounties, I surely shall find a spiritual food sufficient for all my wants. In the good Father I fear not to trust."

In a little more than a year's time the young minister had become her husband. The faith which sustained the father, and which he labored to extend to others, he did not fail to bestow upon his children. It pervaded the home and exerted its influence over their daily life. One custom from which he never swerved was to offer a blessing at his table, thanking the Heavenly Father for all His bounty. The following extracts are quoted from a little blank-book which has this appellation upon the fly-leaf, written by the mother's hand: "A Record of Scraps of Sentiment read at the table every morning after breakfast by different members of the family."

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

Good order ought especially to be observed in so large a family as this. At the table no unnecessary talk should be carried on, and the children should try to make one another happy always.

S. Cobb, Jr.

January 10, 1837.

How thankful should we feel that during the cold winter we have a hiding-place from the storm. When we go to rest, how much should we think of our Heavenly Father.

S. Cobb, Jr.

January 15, 1837.

How thankful should we be that we enjoy a religion in which we can have full confidence. How should we feel if we believed that all our future happiness depended upon our own exertions, and if we did not repent before we die, we should never enjoy happiness in a future state? And how should we feel if we believed there was no God? How could we enjoy ourselves if we believed that when we die

that was the last of us? Those people cannot seek much after truth, who think that everything comes by chance.

S. Cobb, Jr.

March 6, 1837.

Thirty years later, Sylvanus Jr. wrote in the Memoir of his father: —

"In his old accustomed seat at the board, in accents grown weak and faltering, but with spirit as strong in hope and faith as ever, he raised his voice in prayer and supplication, not forgetting to return thanks to the Giver of all good for the manifold blessings he had so long enjoyed. That old familiar custom of prayer! He never omitted it for a day at his home when he was there, — the custom of almost half a century. His prayer ascended from the old place on that holy Sabbath day, and he never sat at that board again."

The mother's religious influence is also feelingly referred to in the memoir as follows: —

"In all those years, I can remember well how she sought to lead my mind and my affections up to Christ and God. To my father I owe much, — as much as mortal child ever owed to an earthly parent, — but to my mother I owe more than life. But enough. Within the depths of my own heart let my most sacred memories of my mother rest. They are mine, — not the world's. Mine to bless and cheer with emotions akin to heavenly bliss while life shall last!

"Such a mother could not but make a happy home for her husband. Such a mother could not but command the confidence of the father; and so was the man doubly blessed in the possession. Not only to her could he look for all the joys the blessed love and constancy and purity of a wife can give, but to her could he also with unwavering

confidence look for that mild and gentle influence made up of all the Christian graces, which should be safe and healthful guidance for his children."

December 31, 1835, Mrs. Cobb wrote in her journal thus : —

"We invited some of our elder children to sit up with us and hail the opening of the New Year. They seemed delighted with it, and kept us company until twelve o'clock, when we enjoyed a happy and I trust a very profitable meeting. The throne of divine grace was fervently addressed, in which we all heartily joined. We were sensible of the almost numberless blessings which we had received during the past year, and felt our hearts to be drawn out in thankfulness to God for His goodness towards us. Our family have all been well and happy through the year which has now closed upon us, and by the mercy of Him in whom we trust, may the year which has now so pleasantly opened, have in store for us those blessings which our wants and circumstances require. We closed our meeting in singing an appropriate hymn."

In temperament and disposition Mr. Cobb was the counterpart of his mother, and her moral and religious teaching strongly influenced his life and character. On the fly-leaf of an old Bible, given him by his father, now yellow with age and faithful reading, he penned the following memorial : —

This Bible was my companion during a long cruise at sea — three years in the waters and soil of Europe and Africa, mostly in the Mediterranean — 1841–2–3, and part of '44.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

Upon one of the blank leaves in the back of the same book he made this memorandum: "Chapters to read: Isa. lv.; Ps. v., viii., xix., xxiii., xxiv., xxv., xxvi."

For several years after his marriage, Mr. Cobb preached considerably. He often filled the pulpit of the Universalist Church at Middleborough, also at Chelmsford, where, in 1847, he received a call to settle. From these early sermons a few extracts have been selected, as exemplifying his faith, spirit, and mode of thought, at that time. If they lack something of ornateness, they make amends therefor by their earnestness: —

"'*But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*'

"Again: if we properly understand and treasure up in our hearts the full meaning of the declaration of our text, we shall derive therefrom a sweet and peace-giving consolation in the hour of trouble and adversity. If we bathe our souls in the light of this blessed promise, we shall be prepared to encounter many trials with fortitude, which otherwise might crush us to the earth.

"But *how shall* we realize this truth? How shall we understandingly appreciate the love of the Saviour? I have before remarked that it is an easy thing to *talk* of this love; it is easy to call Jesus by endearing epithets, and *profess* to feel and enjoy his saving goodness. But this is very different from *understanding* and *feeling* the influence of that love.

"Who is there that does not cherish in his bosom the fond remembrance of some loved friend? Who is there that, when far away from home, among strangers who care

not for him, does not look back with longing desires, and drink in sweet consolation from the memory of kindness long past, and the recollections of friends far distant? At such a moment, when all around is strange and cheerless — when no fond heart is near to sympathize, and no kind voice to cheer us on — we can fully realize and appreciate the love of remembered friends. The memory of an affectionate mother, or father, or brothers and sisters, may be in reality a present and priceless blessing. . . .

"Now look on Calvary, and see the Saviour as he offers up his life for our sakes. Is not there an object worthy of our love? Is not there an object that should awaken within us feelings of the deepest respect and most profound gratitude? Can we not realize and appreciate this love, and lay it up in our souls as a fountain of pure peace?"

"'*What shall be my reward?*'

"The government of God is represented as entirely extraneous, — the growing principle, the great incentives to duty, being all placed in a future state of existence. Ah, how wicked — how cruel it is to bring the young mind up thus! thus to kill the opening flower of the soul's aspirations, and crush the newly-developed reason. For the reason *must* be crushed that is led away from earth to learn the fruits of sin and the reward of virtue. The soul's aspirations *must* be killed when they are unable to reach and realize the full compensation for duties truly done on earth.

"Then, again, this popular theology leads the mind to regard sin as something of real value in the scale of present happiness, — something which will cost a strong effort for the soul to relinquish it. And then, in consideration of this self-denial, the Lord has prepared a rich reward in the future world. But if we *do* indulge in this forbidden

luxury, He has also prepared a severe punishment, which is likewise in another state of existence.

"But even this divine institution of rewards and punishments is by no means *certain*. Much of sin can be indulged in during life; the soul, taught to look upon evil-doing as desirable to present enjoyment, can easily revel in its intricate depths, and yet reap the reward of virtue. After tasting the so-called sweets of years of sin, it can make a compromise with its Maker, put on the garb of religion, and be wafted hence to the realms of immortal bliss.

"In the narrow, contracted field of this theology there is not one tangible incentive to virtue, — there is no real inducement which the soul can lay hold upon and realize. All is dark and uncertain, and in its various features it presents no beauty which we can admire, and no quality which we can love. When the inquiring mind asks for the reward of virtue, it finds none; — when it might be led to dread the consequences of sin, those consequences are placed far out of sight, in an unseen and far-distant future.

"In considering the effect upon the human mind of a false system of inducements for the effecting or guiding of human actions, it is well to consider also the peculiarities of the nature with which we have to deal. Mankind are, without doubt, to a certain extent the creatures of circumstances, and this renders it very easy for some men to always have a ready excuse for any shortcomings in the path of duty. Some men there are who recognize in this bondage of our race to the 'flickering gale of fortune' a love of fatality which they are not slow to apply in extenuation of their own faults, — those apparent faults, according to this rule, being nothing more nor less than the decrees of Fate. Now, there are more persons whose minds are clouded by this theory than are willing to own it. They seem to base their line of life upon Newton's magnificent theory of *vis inertiæ*, and regard themselves as in

the hands of some great power that moulds them to its own will, requiring no exertion on their part but to be silent and obey.

"But however men may flatter themselves on the score of fate as regards their moral accountability, there is in the breasts of all persons a monitor that tells them when they have trespassed upon the laws of right. Pervading the whole nature of man, there is an instinctive feeling which I can describe in no clearer way than by the language of our text: — '*What is my reward then?*' In answer to this ever-operative mental interrogatory, the laws of human *conscience* are sure to tell the truth. If men do wrong they feel it, — and furthermore, they know that by a proper application of their moral powers they might easily have escaped the commission of that wrong.

"Within this general law of circumstances (if law it can be called), which operates upon the overt actions of men, there is a certain fountain of incentives which takes its rise in the human breast, — incentives which can govern our conduct only so far as we, of our own free will, give way to them. . . . Founded upon this very principle is the feeling that urges the question of the apostle: '*What is my reward then?*' What shall be our reward for doing good?

"Every true Christian finds that reward, full and ample, in his own bosom, — a reward which the world cannot take from him, and which decays not with moth or rust. For every act of kindness to our suffering fellows, for every deed of charity to the poor and forsaken children of poverty, and for every exertion put forth in behalf of reform, let us seek our reward in the joy-imparting conviction that we have done RIGHT. . . . If you would know the reward you shall receive for goodness, look to your own heart, — feel the joyful conviction that you have made some one happy, — that you have been kind and benevo-

lent, — and if such a conviction cannot bestow upon you all the remuneration you want, then I much fear that earth, that heaven, has no reward for thee."

"'*Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*'

"Now we come upon the second portion of the subject. How are we to hold on upon this good which we have found? How are we, as Christians, to secure that good to our children and to the world?

"My friends, there is already a dark cloud gathering in the minds of some, which they would fain throw over us all, — a cloud which, though it does not hide from *us* the bright prospect beyond, would most certainly cut off from our *children* the mainstay of the Christian's hope. This state of things arises from what is denominated '*freedom of thought;*' a freedom to think differently from almost every one else, — and a freedom to place Christ and his teachings upon a level with human power and intelligence. . . .

"This theory rejects the divine inspiration of Jesus, all the miracles, the resurrection and subsequent manifestation of the Saviour, and places the Bible upon a level with human philosophy, and the divine teachings upon a par with the precepts of any good man. And what do they give us in its stead? Why, they tell us that any good man is inspired to utter truth, and to see that the human soul needs something beyond this earth, to make it happy and contented. They show us the goodness of God as manifested in Nature, — and they are even kind enough to recommend the moral teachings of the GOOD MAN! JESUS! to us as a fit rule of action. But my friends, how careful should we be of THIS BOOK, in which we have found this great good, and on which even these men profess to found their view of Christianity. The Old Testament they would teach us to throw aside almost

entirely. Some parts of it, indeed, contain some very good moral essays and songs. And even the New Testament — the Christian Scriptures — the very groundwork and pillar of our faith and hope, and the repository of our children's rich inheritance, they would wrest from us, and after taking away the most beautiful parts of it, they are willing, forsooth, that we should found our faith upon the remainder. Yes; they seize upon the Scriptures, and wrest from them all that appertains to divinity, and place Christ upon a level with men in point of moral power, and then coolly tell us that this is Christianity ! !

"What utter recklessness of consistency does the man display who does this, — who wilfully takes from his people the groundwork of their blessed hopes! And how utterly regardless is he, too, of common honesty with the Christian community! Here in this book have we the only *proof* of the validity of our final hopes. Men in all ages, and under all circumstances, have had some hopes and some stated belief in regard to a future state of existence. But where, — where, through all the different creeds and philosophical deductions of men, do we find a hope so firm as this ? — or where one so lovely and so pure ? . . .

"Why, take this book and give it to your child. Tell him that the lessons here laid down are good, but go at work and point out, also, what these men make to be false. Cut off all that places Christ above men, — the miracles, which in themselves comprise all the works of practical benevolence that he ever performed, and which are interwoven with the whole fabric; also the resurrection and subsequent manifestation, consequently destroying the truth of all the teachings founded upon this occurrence. — and then what sort of a book do we give them ? Do you think that even their young minds can be made to reconcile the moral teachings and virtue of Christ and his apostles with such a heap of deliberate falsehoods ? No;

that book is either *true*, and a fit guide for the young mind, or, if it bears the stamp of falsehood, it is *untrue*, and should be forever cast from the list of guides. But we have found that it contains that which is good, and let us preserve it, and give our children the same proof. Let them see in Jesus the man ordained of God to be their Saviour, and show them that in his resurrection the way was made visible to them. By this means may we hold on to the good which we have found. And by preserving the casket in which this jewel of all jewels — this pearl of great price — is contained, free from the depredations of cold theory and unbelief, may we hand the same good down to our children. . . . To the rising generation, to the youth of our country, is the country itself about to be intrusted. Those who now occupy the seats of power are soon to pass away, and others shall take their places. And if you would have the institutions of your native land shed a light upon the pages of history, and be a source of blessings to their constituents, see to it that the spirit of pure Christianity is the corner-stone of the fabric, and to this end endeavor to cultivate those principles yourselves; endeavor to make the institution of Christ's religion the great basis of our government, and lend your undivided aid to the work. Do not leave it for others to hand down to your children the blessings which flow from this source. Do not leave it for others to take care of that good for yourselves. . . .

"Finally, my friends, let us all strive to hold fast that which we have proved to be good. In such a labor we shall find a rich reward, and be fully remunerated for all our care and toil. If we are neglected by those whom we love, remember that Jesus was denied by his dearest friend, and betrayed by one of his own household; if we are in sorrow and distress, remember that our Saviour had not where to lay his head; if we are persecuted, remember

that Jesus suffered imprisonment and death for his religion's sake; and if we come to the verge of the cold grave, remember that the blessed Saviour of the world has passed through its portals before us, and now awaits us in his Father's happy home. In that home, where around the eternal throne of God we shall meet the ransomed universe, not one soul that God has made will be missing, but the bright chain of Love that hangs from the Father's right hand shall circle within its bonds every son and daughter of Adam, till Jesus shall have finished his mission, and drawn the chain to himself, consummating our highest hopes, and blessing us with a true view of an Almighty Father's family."

Judging from his texts Mr. Cobb had a decided preference for the writings of St. Paul. Only one of the seven sermons which he preserved was inspired by any other author.

Such was the religion of his childhood, and of many years of his early life. Until he settled in Hyde Park he was active in the Universalist denomination, acknowledged its creed, and was prominent in an attempt to start a society there; but for years there had been a broadening of faith, a development of spirituality, liberty, and love, which could no longer be confined by creed. From the old-time Universalism which his early sermons disclose, he had grown to see that "Freedom of Thought" brings people nearer together, and nearer to the Divine source of life and love; that the higher obligations of this life, faithfully sustained, furnish the truest preparation for the life to come; that, though this theory led to the rejection of "the divine inspira-

tion of Jesus, all the miracles, the resurrection, and subsequent manifestation, of the Saviour, and places the Bible upon a level with human philosophy," he could still do the Master's work while seeming, to some, to underrate the Master himself; that a man is what he builds himself to be, and that his condition for all time is just what he has made himself capable of sustaining. Would that he had prepared other sermons in the light and charity of this broader faith! Rich and prolific as were the thoughts which fell from his lips, few of them have been preserved upon paper. He always delighted in the old-fashioned conference meetings. He enjoyed the free expression of thought and opinion which they allowed. His speeches were listened to with pleasure and interest; and they were often sermons in the truest, loftiest sense. His religion was never a garment to be put on with Sunday adornments and laid aside when the day was done, but a week-day religion as well. He was always ready to talk it, and never wearied of *doing*. Many are the friends who cherish his words of faith which helped to lift them over some heavy trouble, or which lightened the darkness of sorrow and death. The appended, letter which was sent to a friend after the death of her mother, furnishes a beautiful example: —

My dear E——:

Sister Mine, — To not many could I tell understandingly the feelings I experienced when I heard of your mother's passage from this lower life. You know that I was stricken with a great pain; and yet there was no chill, no shock,

not a shadow of the gloom that might have come to others; nor was there a tinge of the darkness that must invest the passing away of many. So good, so true, so loving, so noble, and generous, and kind always, so mild and sympathetic, so mindful of others without regard to self; in short, so near to the standard which the All-Father has set up through his Son, — was she not ready to go to the Better Home? . . . You know, E——, how I can bless her dear memory. I know she loved me; and I know that my own heart has found pure satisfaction in loving her. And I love her still. Oh! blessed is the God-given faith which speaks to my soul, and to my rational understanding, "SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH." And not to sleep for long. Even now I feel that she is blessed beyond all power of earth to bless. I have a father, a brother, and two precious, dearly-loved sisters — all the sisters that I ever had — in that brighter and purer, better world; and I do not, I cannot, feel that they are far away from me; and the faith is in my soul, as firm as faith can be, that in the end, when I am done with earth, there will be a light in the window of heaven for me, held by some one of the dearly-loved ones entered into the celestial habitation before me. . . . I know the strain upon the heart-strings is great: I know the vacant place is now a place of shadow, and that many tears have dimmed the eyes that have gazed upon it. But it is not all dark, is it? You would not call her back, would you? Think when you press your pillow to-night that a new voice is joined to the choir of heaven, and that what you have lost the dear ones gone before have gained.

The following extracts are copied from a lecture entitled "The Rewards of Life," written in 1859, and first delivered in Tremont Temple, Monday evening, February 7, before the Mechanic Apprentices Library Association: —

"And is not this the case with nearly all of us? In our search after sin, when we find it that we may exhibit its evil, are we not very apt, in our flight, to pass over the thousand-and-one LITTLE SINS that lie, like broken thorns, like flinty stones, like withered leaves and unsightly creeping things, along the pathway of our every-day life? We are too prone to judge of human character by those overt acts alone which directly touch us as individuals, or which are of volume enough to force themselves upon our notice. It requires something wondrous and startling to move us. As I intimated a moment ago, the simple term MURDERER startles our thoughts with the idea of the lowest possible depth of crime. As we think of him, we think of one who is utterly, wholly lost, without humanity, without hope; in short, absolutely depraved, and unfit to live. And in the same channel do our thoughts run when we speak of the robber, the pirate, and other criminals whose deeds shock the great heart of humanity. . . . Oh, many, many things, as slight as the simple bending of the wheel cog of the watch, may suddenly interrupt the current of a whole life, and, after long neglect, consign it to shame and disgrace! And that, too, while many a man, with a heart as cold and hard as adamant, without love, and without affection, whose soul is shut up to every generous impulse and humane thought, who shuns joy as the vampire shuns daylight, who never knew what 'twas to lend to society a ray of sunshine, whose lips never spoke kindly to an erring brother, and to whose spiritual understanding the language of blessing would be as unintelligible as the strange hieroglyphics found upon the sarcophagi of ancient Egypt — while such a man moves on through life, pinching poor humanity by day and by night, but mouthing his prayers in the morning and in the evening, saying with his lips, 'God be merciful to me, a miserable sinner!' his heart the while only imploring, '*Give me more usance for my*

moneys!' moves on, moves on, to the verge of the dark valley, where he lies down at length, a full-fellowshipped, shrined, and accredited Christian.

"It is not the terrific hurricane, tearing up the forests, and sweeping down the growing grain, that works the most sure ruin to the husbandman; for, if he bears bravely up, the warm springtime shall come again. Summer will surely smile upon his renewed efforts, and autumn yield the golden harvest to his garners. But let him neglect his soil, let him forget to nourish it as he ought, let him take a little more off of produce, and return a little less of richness, let him be unmindful of those thousand little things which the intelligent, thrifty husbandman knows are so necessary to full success, and there will be a ruin worked from which he shall not recover. It is not the work of a day, nor of a month, nor of a twelvemonth, but it may be the work of years, though it goes on daily and hourly in the sapping of the soil's best strength, and in the wasting of its substance.

"My friends, God forbid that I should lead you to look lightly upon great crimes. Heaven defend you and me, and all that we love, from excusing those sins of terrible magnitude! No, no; I would only lead you to look understandingly upon the little sins of every-day life, — those little vices and improprieties which are so often overlooked in our estimate of sin. If we would only observe these as we ought, great crimes might not be known amongst us.

"I tell you, the purest, the holiest, the loveliest rewards of life are lost by inattention to these little things. One harsh word, spoken in a thoughtless moment to your wife, to your husband, to your mother, your brother, or to your sister, may make bitter the soul-current of a whole day. One evil thought may taint the atmosphere about us, and make it miasmatic. One little spark of envy may kindle

a fire that shall consume every joy, and sweep away peace for a long season. . . .

"A single flower cannot make a garden. No, no, — it takes many flowers of various hues, and of various kinds and sizes. The gaudy peony and the regal dahlia are grand and pleasing to the sight. The rose can gratify us with its splendid tints and its pervading fragrance; but after all, the modest violet and the timid forget-me-not, nestling away nearest the earth, in their lowly wayside nooks, are the sweetest and purest of all. They have no thorns, and may be worn next the heart without fear of any hidden sting. They are beautiful to the inner as to the outer sense.

"And so it is with the garden of the soul. The sweetest, purest, and most delicately fragrant flowers are those which nestle away nearest the heart. Oh, take care of them, — give them the sunshine of smiles and the rich dews of affection; keep down all noxious weeds, and let them be fanned by the gentle breath of truth, and they shall yield you happy rewards."

Mr. Cobb was deeply sensitive to the moral and religious lessons of life, and would often weave them into his writings in the hope that the seed thus cast might fall on good ground.

He received a call from his pastor a few weeks before his last illness, when the conversation turned upon religious subjects, a fragment of which Mr. H—— thus describes: —

"Only a few days ago I was relating to Mrs. H—— some fragments of conversation we had when I last sat with Mr. Cobb in his study — and which have proved an inspiration to me ever since, and which, indeed, suggested to me the text for my discourse the last time I preached in Hyde

Park — 'Thou art my hiding-place.' We were talking of God, and in his peculiarly earnest manner he said, 'Oh, yes, many and many a time I fall on my knees and pray to that Being until the tears run down my face.' This he said in such a tender and affecting manner that tears sprang to my own eyes."

His faith in immortality was firm and strong, yet almost childlike in its simple trust. He had not the shadow of a doubt that he should meet and recognize the dear ones gone, when he, too, should be called to "pass the shadowy vale;" and he also believed that, though gone from this life, their influence and love still surrounded him. After the death of his mother he would often be heard to say, "My mother has been with me to-night." The following extract is quoted from a letter which he wrote his eldest daughter in 1881: —

"And yet — what need of a pen-mark from me to tell you of my love or of my fond remembrance? Ah! my heart goes out to my dear ones always, be they where they will; and no separation, of time or space, can make it different. Do you know, my darlings, that my faith in the future is so firm and deep-seated — so grand in its simple heartiness — that though the vale of the Beyond should separate us, my heart would still go forth as ever. Oh! thank God for such a faith!

"And there is no mawkish sentimentality about it — no dyspeptic or consumptive repining — but only a gladsome trust in the intuitive teachings of my deepest spirit. But enough of that. We are all too healthy and gladsome — too hopeful and trustful in the goodness about us — to give a thought to dull care or a foothold to the blue devils. I

only speak out of the fulness of my heart, giving you to feel with me, that the time can never come (so I firmly believe) when I cannot heartfully say — or send to you my fervent greeting of — '*God bless and keep you!*' It may be years — it may be ages, ages upon ages — and yet I shall renew the fond refrain, — 'God bless my darlings now and evermore!'"

At the close of his Memoir of his father, he wrote as follows: —

"The breathing was low and faint — lower and fainter yet — until at length the soft, sighing cadence died away upon the quiet air, and a shadow flitted over the calm and tranquil face, as of angel wings that had come in between that face and the light.

"I love to think that on that October morning Jimmy and Sarah took our father by the hand and led him forth to the New and Better Life!"

Such was his religion — "pure and undefiled;" a faith sweet and simple, which governed his daily life, which kept his heart young and his charity unbounded. Through all the changes and crosses of life — in sickness and in health, prosperity or adversity, through all the changes of creed, he held his trust in the goodness and wisdom of his heavenly Father, confident that "He doeth all things well."

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS WORK. — RESIDENCES.

Mr. Cobb found much time away from his desk, that could be devoted to social and public duties. He was active, energetic, never idle. His recreation from writing consisted mainly in a change of work and scene. The morning and evening papers were read with regularity, and items of special interest were carefully noted in his journal. He devoted much of his leisure time to reading. He often said, "Books are my tools." The thoughts of others served to quicken and sharpen his own. Charles Dickens, G. P. R. James, and J. Fenimore Cooper were his favorite authors, though he thoroughly enjoyed the works of many others. The criticism which he passed upon a book was usually a simple "Good!" or "Bad!" but occasionally his diary contains a more extended criticism, like the three following: —

1857.

"Have read some in Samuel W. Gleason's 'Spirit Home,' a work which he wrote under the influence of 'Spirits.' Take all the bawdiness, absurdity, impiety, and nonsense ever written, boil it down and serve it up, and you have his book."

1858.

"Have finished reading Parton's 'Life of Aaron Burr.' Like it much. Surely Burr was not the villain he has been painted. He was, in real manhood, better than Alexander Hamilton. I declare — I rather like him."

1880.

"Reading Ouida's 'Tricotrin.' I confess a liking for Ouida. She simply draws her pictures with a master's power, and is true to nature; and those who foully criticise her are, as a rule, of the class who believe human nature to be totally depraved from the hand of the Maker! Heaven pity them! I dare not pray for mercy on them, for *they* have none — no mercy — on God Himself!"

During his residence in East Boston, he devoted himself principally to his Rechabite work, which has been previously described. Soon after his marriage he joined the Odd Fellows, and remained an active member of the order while he resided in East Boston. There is an anecdote bearing upon his connection with the Odd Fellows which will explain how one of the most apparent elements of his character was strengthened. He often related this anecdote to young men who held offices of trust.

A member of the lodge had died, and the benefit-money for the widow had been raised and put into Mr. Cobb's hands for bestowal. The following day, a dear friend who knew of the money called upon him, and begged the loan of it for two or three days. He had a pressing note which must be met, and he could certainly return the money at the time specified. Mr. Cobb yielded, knowing his friend to be honest and true.

The day of payment came and went, but the money had not been returned, simply because it could not be. Soon brother Odd Fellows began to inquire if the benefit had been given the widow, and why not? They said that she was in immediate need of the money. All this was kindly said, but it is needless to attempt a description of the sufferings through which Mr. Cobb passed during the week or more that the loan remained unpaid. The money was received at last, and with a lightened, happy heart, he immediately carried it to the widow. After relating the story, he would say: "I have since that time held many positions of trust, and many hundreds of dollars not my own, but never have I spent, or loaned to another, one penny of such money. One such experience was enough for my life-lesson."

During his residence in Norway he interested himself in town affairs, and particularly in those of the district in which he lived. He attended, and presided at, many of the temperance, lyceum, and religious meetings held in the district schoolhouses or at private residences. March 7, 1853, he was elected on the school committee to serve for three years. January 5, 1854, he made this record in his journal: —

"Visited the school in District No. 5, and after examining into matters, the committee dismissed the teacher and closed the school. Also received a complaint from the school in Sodom."

He often related the anecdote connected with the expulsion of the teacher from District No. 5. There had been trouble, during the few weeks of the winter

term, between the teacher and the larger boys of the school, which culminated in open rebellion. The boys captured their teacher, and, without mercy, pitched him into a snowdrift. "After examining into matters," Mr. Cobb was convinced that from want of manly dignity and kind management the teacher was at fault; but he found it difficult to persuade his fellow committee man that such were the circumstances.

It was during his residence at Yaggar that he first entered the lecture field, though he had previously delivered addresses and made speeches. February 21, 1855, he wrote in his diary: —

"Wife and self went down to the village, and in the evening I delivered a lecture before the Lyceum on '*The Nations of Asia.*' Had a good audience; spoke over an hour and a half."

He entered freely into all social pastimes, both in the village and in his immediate neighborhood. Many of his father's relatives still resided in and about Norway, and he especially enjoyed their companionship. After disposing of his farm he moved down to the village, November 7, 1855, where he boarded until May 5, 1856, when, having made his contract with Mr. Bonner, he removed to New York. Here he remained until September. Boarding-house life in the city was never quite congenial to him, and on the 16th of September he moved to Newark, N. J., where he lived and furnished a house. Here he was active in church, Masonic, and patriotic work, but he was still discontented. The climate did not agree with Mrs. Cobb, and his own

health suffered slightly from the change. April 22, 1857, he wrote in his journal: —

"Just one year ago to-day I started from Norway for New York on my first visit to Mr. Bonner. And to-day, too, for the first time since leaving Norway, we have all had strong desires to be back there once more. After all, old Norway is about as good as any place."

This longing for the "vacation home of his boyhood" did not pass away; and in a month's time he, his little family and household belongings, were again on the move. After a sojourn of a fortnight at his father's in East Boston, his diary is again dated at Norway. Saturday, June 13, he wrote: —

"Found B—— G—— and his good wife ready to receive us with open arms, as were all the rest of the folks whom I saw."

Here he bought and remodelled a house, and remained an active citizen until November, 1867. He cheerfully assumed such duties and offices as the town imposed. In 1858 he was elected a member of the school committee, and chief engineer of the fire company. These offices he held several years — until he declined a re-election.

At this time he again entered the lecture field. He prepared several lectures which he delivered with marked success in adjacent towns and throughout the State. His talent for extemporaneous speaking was unquestionable. The town called upon him to preside at many public meetings and to speak on great occasions. It was not an uncommon occurrence for him to

be called to officiate at funerals, where, as a friend once said, "he talked to the mourners and friends of the deceased as he only could do."

For many years he was connected with the church choir, and was always an active member of the congregation. To a dear friend of those days we are indebted for the following reminiscences: —

"Cobb was a good artist. He, Judge V——, and myself once sang bass in the choir, and it was one of the best choirs in Norway. That was when Rev. Mr. F—— was our pastor. F—— was tall and slab-sided, and some of the attitudes he would strike in the pulpit were extremely ludicrous. Cobb would sketch the 'pulpit and pews' in such a way as to give us all we could do to keep from laughing outright. Cobb could do anything or say anything on any subject."

In 1866, when oil was supposed to have been discovered in Canada, a company was formed in Norway called "*The Oxford Petroleum Oil Company*," and Mr. Cobb was elected its treasurer. The company had been organized but a few months when he learned from a reliable party, living in the vicinity of the alleged oil-well, that there was no oil there, and after some investigation he refused to have anything more to do with the scheme. May 19 he wrote in his journal: —

"Attended a meeting of our 'Oxford Oil Company,' where we voted to 'stop operations,' and sell out for what we could get. So ends that bubble!"

Five months later he wrote: —

"H—— A—— paid me thirty dollars, the return from the wreck of our Oxford Petroleum Oil Company."

He sank several thousand dollars in the scheme, but afterward said his only regret was that, through his influence, others had lost.

It was also in 1866 that he became interested in an affair which afforded him instruction in anatomy. This knowledge afterward bore its fruit in his writings. In company with a leading physician of the place who acted as demonstrator and instructor, a young medical student, and several citizens, he obtained and dissected a *cadaver*. The meetings were held in a little outhouse connected with the office of one of the party, and much wonderment and gossip were created among the busy-bodies of the place by the mysterious coming and going of so many gentlemen; but it is doubtful if to this day they are any the wiser for their curiosity.

For years Mr. Cobb hoped and planned to write a book, and for this pet scheme many of his best thoughts were jotted down and put away; but the time never came when the fulfilment of the project could be attained. The only book that ever came from his pen is a memoir of his father, a duodecimo of four hundred and fifty pages, written in 1866. The following extracts from his journal furnish an account of this work: —

"*October* 31. — Received a telegram from mother that father was dying. My arrangements had all been made, and I took the noon train for Boston, where I arrived in the evening. L—— met me at the depot and informed me that my father had died that morning at 8 o'clock. A cloud is upon the 'Castle,' but it has bright fringes of silver, giving token of the eternal light that beams beyond

the grave. A great and good man has gone! He was a good father, and he has his reward."

"*November* 6. — Reached my own loved home at a little after four o'clock this afternoon."

"*November* 10. — This forenoon puttered some, and read on father's Autobiography."

"*November* 12. — Received a letter from Bonner. He gives his consent for me to finish father's Autobiography with his 'whole heart.'"

"*November* 30. — This afternoon I rode over to the depot, and when the train came in, I found my mother. On account of the storm, I had hardly expected her, but she had the will and the courage to start, and she came through not only in safety, but looking as fresh and hearty as though she had just stepped out from her chamber of healthful repose. It is a blessing to have her with us. She has come to help me about the Biography."

"*December* 1. — Have spent the day in talking with my mother. This evening I put my pen to paper just to write a few lines of the Introduction to the Memoir of my father."

"*December* 3. — Sat down to-day, and put my pen to the Memoir of my father in earnest. Am now on the introduction to my part."

"*December* 4. — Have fairly commenced the Memoir."

"*December* 5. — Wrote Chapter I. of the Memoir."

"*December* 6. — Wrote Chapter II. of the Memoir."

"*December* 7. — Wrote Chapter III. of the Memoir."

"*December* 18. — Wrote on the Memoir till midnight."

"*December* 31. — Have been hard at work, and finished the longest chapter yet written (xi.) of the memoir. I write this more than half an hour past midnight."

"*January* 1, 1867. — At the opening of this new year I was at my desk busily engaged in writing the Memoir of my beloved and honored father. Then I slept, and when I awoke I found the day fair and bright."

"*January* 8. Finished Chapter XV. of the Memoir. E—— comes and kisses me, and says, 'Good-night!' at eleven o'clock, and I am off to bed an hour earlier than usual, at this time of Memoir writing."

"*January* 10. — The clock strikes one, as I write this. One in the morning of to-morrow! The Memoir!"

"*January* 12. — Finished Chapter XIX. of the Memoir, laying aside my pen at just fifteen minutes of one o'clock Sunday morning."

"*January* 14. — EUREKA! GLORY, HALLELUJAH! I have this cold, clear, bright day, finished the Memoir of my father. Five hundred foolscap pages. My mother came up into my study this evening in a peculiar manner. She had retired; but between ten and eleven o'clock, very near eleven, with a shawl wrapped around her shoulders, she came up-stairs, and entered my room. There was a look of earnest, eager, tremulous anxiety, — half smiling, half tearful, upon her face, — that for the moment startled me. 'What's the matter, mother?' But she gave no answer. Straight to me she came, and sank upon her knees, and taking my hand, she asked me to repeat the Lord's Prayer with her. God bless her pure and heavenly soul! On this last night beneath my roof, she could not sleep until she had enjoyed that sweet communion with Heaven in company with her first-born! The impression made upon my mind was of the most holy and inspiring kind. After that I wrote the *Preface* to the Memoir."

"*January* 15. — This noon my dear mother left us for her home in Boston, taking the manuscript of the Memoir

with her, which I finished this morning, having been engaged upon it without intermission or interruption six weeks and one day, including Sundays, for I have had to employ them in the labor."

In 1867 he carried into effect a plan which had long been in his mind. Having sold his house and property at Norway, he moved with his family to East Boston, where they boarded while a house was being erected at Hyde Park. He moved into it February 5, 1869. On the first evening of the new settlement he wrote in his journal: —

"At a quarter past eleven we started for 'Home, Sweet Home,' the new home at Hyde Park."

In this new home he spent the remainder of his life. His residence was built upon a prominent elevation, "and strangers coming to the town invariably had the commodious house pointed out to them as the home of the leading story-writer of America." Here again he assumed the duties of an active citizen, and was prominent in all social and civic movements. He continued active in lecture work and public speaking; was frequently called upon for addresses, and always had helpful words ready for good and worthy objects. He was active in instituting a public library in the town, and for many years served on its Board of Trustees; he was devoted to its interests, and to the enlargement of its influence. He retained his position on the Board until failing health made it impossible for him to attend its meetings. February 9, 1886, he

sent in his resignation, which called out the following acknowledgment: —

HYDE PARK, February 10, 1886.

MR. SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Dear Sir, — Last evening at the regular meeting of the trustees of the Public Library, on motion, it was unanimously voted that the Board would regard the retirement of Mr. Cobb as a great loss to the Library; and they instruct the chairman, in the name of the Board, to request Brother Cobb to withdraw his tendered resignation; and to give only such attendance and service as he may find convenient.

Very sincerely,

CHARLES C. HAYES,
Chairman, for the Trustees.

Mr. Cobb pasted this letter in his diary, and made the following entry: —

"I answered this as follows: 'If the Board will put up with such help from me as my health will permit, and my inclination, you may do as you please about reporting the vacancy to the town.'"

He found it impossible to keep up any semblance of regular attendance, however, and finally withdrew November 9, after a service of nine years. While he was often requested to allow his name to be used, this was the only public office he would accept, but he always stood ready to help and encourage others, and to lend his presence, his influence, and his voice.

For years he took Saturday for a play-day. He usually went to Boston to do errands or transact necessary business. In the afternoon he would often visit

some place of amusement. While it was in existence, Morris Brothers' Opera House was his favorite resort. It may be often found noted in his diary, "Dropped into Morris Brothers' and had a good laugh." He had a large circle of friends in Boston whom he enjoyed seeing, and in the following "Scrap" he had drawn such a picture of his own life that it may properly take its place at the close of this chapter.

WORTH LIVING FOR.[1]

Young man, let me whisper a word into your ear. It is all very well to dress finely, and to look respectably. It is a grand thing to possess a handsome face, and a faultless physical frame and form. Further, it is good to have gained a brilliant education, and, better still, to have gathered up a system of moral and religious principles. But above all this, as you come to mingle with the world, and assume your share of responsibility in the every-day affairs of life, how is the man to be weighed and estimated by his fellows? How is it to be with the downright work of real life? What sort of a soldier is he to be in the great battle? Will he be one whom his companions will always be ready to place on guard with entire confidence?

I saw a man start out from his home — once upon a time, and the time is not long gone — to make a trip among his friends on business. He had numerous little errands to do, and many places to visit. I had opportunity to mark his steps. Wherever he entered, the inmates were glad to see him. He was sure to be greeted with warm, radiant smiles, and cheerful, pleasant words. People were anxious to see him, anxious to please him, ready and willing to

[1] *New York Ledger*, January 20, 1877.

do anything within the bounds of reason for his accommodation. He was not a man of wealth, far from it, and his purchases were never extravagant. But he was a man of his word, a man of good faith, a man whose truth and honor were unspotted, whose every thought and feeling was instinct with justice and benevolence. He was a humane man, large-hearted, and genial. His presence was like the incoming of warm light, and the invitations given him to call again, to call often, were from the heart, and earnest.

Would you not like to grow up to such a manhood? It must be pleasant. I think the Good Father looks down kindly and approvingly upon such a man. At all events, that Father looks below the fine clothing, and the handsome face, and the muscular frame. And He pays little heed to outward professions. To be loved and honored and trusted by your fellows, — to bear warmth and light with your presence, — is that not worth living for? worth striving for?

CHAPTER XII.

FRIENDSHIPS.

In his relations with others, Mr. Cobb was true and loyal. His friendships were many and lifelong. He never lost a friend, but through years of separation he held the memory of those of his youth and early manhood. He was slow to believe ill of any one, and never credited or listened to evil reports until convinced of their truth; he was quick to appreciate and understand all forms of character; he was lenient and charitable toward those who erred, and he made it a rule of his life to speak only good of others. There is little material of his own composition from which to extract suitable illustrations; but deeply cherished in the hearts of his many friends are fond memories of his loyalty to them. This biography would be imperfect, did it not bear upon its pages some token of this virtue.

One friend, known in early life, but seldom met in later years, was General Nathaniel P. Banks. During the years that they were both residents of Waltham, they were interested in the Debating Society, and were closely associated in various ways. The following ex-

tracts from Mr. Cobb's diary bear testimony that he held this youthful friendship in fond remembrance: —

"*February* 4 [1856]. — Nathaniel Prentiss Banks was elected Speaker of the House at Washington on Saturday last, after a struggle of about two months. Three cheers! he's the best man of the lot, and a noble fellow."

"*April* 1 [1874]. — They are still voting away in the Legislature for a senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Charles Sumner. God grant that N. P. Banks be the final choice."

In the early days of Mr. Cobb's literary career, he was brought into constant companionship with B. P. Shillaber, and a friendship was formed between the two which endured through life. The following extracts will best illustrate the depth and sweetness of this friendship: —

Journal, May 28, 1857. — "I visited rare old Ben. P. Shillaber. He is a God-made man."

Those who have heard him speak of this friend know that the sentiment expressed in the following quotation from his writings came from his heart: —

"Rare old Ben! he has written many things that have charmed me, and many a weary moment has been beguiled by the flow of his humorous pen. We meet occasionally, and we forget that years have intervened since the old times. We note not the silver nor the care-marks. The first become streaks of sunshine, and the latter only lurking-places for smiles. Dear old Ben, do you remember the halcyon days? We used to set types then, and we turned to our pens for recreation. Let us call it only yesterday. Call it so, and we will be boys again. But, hold! there

were shadows then as now. Even in those years, there were chills and frost. I remember the heavy hand that was laid upon you, dear Ben, when the dark angel,

> — 'Seeking bright jewels
> With which to grace the diadem of Heaven', —

cast the shadow of his wings upon your home. And I remember how serenely you bowed, and how devoutly you uttered, 'God doeth all things well!' Ay, there were clouds then as now; and we will not wish the old days back. We have it in our hearts, Ben, to be happy now. So happy be it while we live."

The article elicited the following letter from Mr. Shillaber: —

My dear old Friend, — I saw by a brief article in the *New York Ledger*, that you had a kind thought for me; and there was such a spirit of benediction in it, that it did me good. Your friendship is very precious to me, and always has been, the association in those far times with "Fitzwhistler" being the most pleasing thing in retrocast; and I know of no one whose regard I more sincerely wish "to be continued." God bless you, my dear Sylvanus. . . . Be assured of my unswerving affection for you. It is one of my leading traits, to hold tenaciously to friends; and such as you have first-class seats in the dress-circle of my regard.

*Benny*dicite!

Yours everly,

B. P. Shillaber.

For July 4, 1854, Mr. Cobb's journal has the following entry: —

"Took my wife to Benj. Greeley's, and made the acquaintance of his wife, a very estimable woman."

Here commenced a friendship which was severed only by death. During many years they were residents of the same or adjacent towns; and when situated so that they could not enjoy personal intercourse, a regular correspondence served to convey their expressions of love and good-will; and when, in the strength and vigor of perfect health, the sudden death of Mr. Greeley rudely snapped the bonds of this friendship asunder, Mr. Cobb wrote this simple memorial in his journal: —

"Poor old Ben! I found him very low. He recognized me, and called my name, and I think that was to be his last lucid moment. God bless him!"

Sunday, March 20, his diary has this record: —

"Called at George Beal's at noon, and made the acquaintance of his wife."

This was the beginning of another lifelong friendship, and intimately associated with them were William Wirt Virgin and Harry Rust. In company with this trio, he participated in various sports and social pastimes, and corresponded with them during their long and faithful service through the war. Of this extensive correspondence but one letter remains extant, extracts from which are here introduced.

To Mr. Beal: —

NORWAY, January 12, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE. — Sabbath afternoon, cold and drizzly: all sorts of weather during the past week, — cold and warm, dry and wet, snow and wind, and ice and snowbanks. Have just got home from church, and am now

down at my desk to have a half-hour's chat with you; and also, ever and anon, to cast a smile and a nod upon Belinda, if she is still with you.

Your good letter of the 2d inst. came duly, and was very gratefully received; and you know that it did me good to learn not only of your continued prosperity, but also of the comfort and content of the men under your charge. I realize and appreciate the importance of the position you occupy, and I know how much depends upon the safe conduct of those great thoroughfares of steam that connect Washington with the North. And so, my dear colonel, I am able to appreciate all those tokens of praise which you receive from those whose interests are influenced by the manner in which you perform the duties that devolve upon you. I had seen by the papers that you were off to Harper's Ferry with the Vice-President and other big guns; but I did not imagine, until your letter came, that you were the presiding genius of the trip. Good!

Hold on! I must fill my brierwood with "Killikinick," and have a smoke; and can you not enjoy the luxury with me? Come — there, sir, she is going good; and I am smoking as I write — smoking some of the very tobacco you and Harry brought home last summer. But it is almost gone, and pretty soon I shall come down to the necessity of hunting up some more.

Harry Rust is in town. He came day before yesterday; and last evening we had a game of euchre in at Wirt's office. . . .

Things move on here just about as they did when I wrote last. Yesterday forenoon Harry and I had a game of dominoes, playing against Will Woodbury and Otho Burnham. We dom*inux*'d! . . .

And now I believe I must draw to a close. If Belinda is with you when you receive this, you will extend to her my warmest remembrance of friendship, and assure her

that she is held dear and near in the affections of many friends here in old Norway. And so are you, George. Mrs. Cobb sends her love, and mine you have all the time. God bless and keep you, and prosper you in the path of your noble duty.

Truly,

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Ichabod Bartlett was another Norway friend whom he always held in fond remembrance; and no words which another might write could so well portray their relations, as can the following extracts taken from letters which he wrote to a member of Mr. Bartlett's family: —

"There is no person in Norway who so often comes to my mind as does your mother (dear woman! God bless her!). Somehow I have always been careful of the stockings she has given to me, wearing those bought at the stores. The result is, that I have three or four pairs of those stockings in perfect condition; and during this cold winter I have worn them all the time. They are entirely different from any others I have owned since she gave me the first pair — not only different in texture, but radically different in color; and hence I never look at them without thinking of her who gave them to me. And I assure you those thoughts are pleasant and blessed ones. I have held those gifts in my hands, and fancied that I could see the face of the knitter, — that face so genial and so kind, and so full of love and good-will; and I have fancied that in every successive stage of progress, while the bright needles were so deftly flying over the growing fabric, there was woven a prayer and a blessing for me. I am not overconfident of all people's love; but I do most firmly believe that your mother loves me. Ay, and I think I am not far

out of the way when I feel impressed with the influence of the blessings woven into the fabric she was fashioning for me.

"Oh! I do love to feel that somewhere on the earth there are dear hearts beating with love and good-will towards myself. And I do most devoutly cherish the faith that I hold a priceless place in the heart of your dear good mother. She little thought, when she was knitting those socks, how many pleasant and joyous reflections I should experience in consequence. I think your father and mother are devout Christians; and in this connection I will tell you one little truth. You are probably aware that I am not a great respecter of the present celebration of the Institution of the Lord's Supper; and very often in conversation I ask how many of those who wait behind at the close of the services, and partake of that symbolic feast, do so with a devout and heartfelt love of the blessed Christ whose 'blood' and 'body' are therein typified. And I never ask the question (I think I may truthfully say *never*) without thinking of Brother Ichabod Bartlett and his wife. I know my own mother does so; and so do they.

"E——, I tell you these things because I believe it will give your mother pleasure to know that she is beloved and respected for her goodness and her truth. I do not care to be flattered; in fact, simple flattery (and I have much of it) is unpleasant and oftentimes really disgusting. But if I have a friend who loves me, and who thinks well of me for the goodness there is in me, I like to know it. There is no flattery in that. If people were as anxious to tell of the good they have heard repeated about a friend or neighbor as they are to retail the evil, this world would be a happier world than it is.

"How many times did I ever have a man stop me on the street corner for the purpose of telling to me some

good and generous thing that some one had done? or of the prosperity of some mutual friend in business? or of the advance of some struggling wayfarer towards a better life? Never once! But how many, many times to tell me of dark and evil deeds; of horrible suspicions; and of grave backslidings! . . .

"I have left in old Norway some pleasant associations, and blessed memories are clustered around her fair proportions in my mind. I often think how pleasant it would be to run in and spend half an hour with a chosen few of the old friends."

DECEMBER 30, 1882.

MY DEAR SISTER E——, — It did us all good to receive and read your sisterly missive. You know how we hold you, — deep in our hearts, — and you can easily realize how your old familiar hand, set to paper, gladdened us.

Oh! the old, old times! It is somewhere about five and thirty years, E——, since you and I took our first ride together, from Uncle Samuel's to the village, — Mrs. Cobb with us, — and you entertained us with the piping and chirruping of the familiar ditty, — "*Oh, once I was a maiden.*" And think of the years that followed. The dear memories are sacred, and I hold them as among the most precious laid up in the chambers of my soul.

In the same mail with this I send you a copy of "*Our Woman Workers,*" of the Universalist Household of Faith. In it you will find a very good picture of my sainted mother, together with a biographical sketch which is a token of love and fond remembrance from myself. Accept it, on this New Year's anniversary, as a slight remembrancer of the old, old love and good-will — from myself and family.

With love and blessing, for yourself and your precious household, As ever,

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

This little circle of Norway friends would be incomplete were no mention made of one whom he held very dear. Oscar Noyes was but a boy, living with his father on a neighboring farm, when Mr. Cobb moved to Yagger; but in later years, when both were residents of Norway village, a strong friendship sprang up between them, and after Mr. Cobb moved to Massachusetts a regular correspondence was carried on. Mr. Noyes was one of the "boys" that Mr. Cobb had made Masons, and their Masonic relations were of the warmest. They made an agreement that, wherever they might be, the survivor should attend the funeral of the first to pass away. It was Mr. Cobb's sad duty, in 1878, to keep the agreement. At the time he made record in his diary thus: —

"☞ Alas! A telegram, after tea, informs me that Brother A. Oscar Noyes is dead, — died this morning, and will be buried on Tuesday. Will I come? I was under a promise to Oscar that I would, and I am getting ready for the first train to-morrow morning."

The following is extracted from his "*In Memoriam:*" —

"Oscar is gone from our midst, and we miss him more than we can tell. So large a part did he fill in our social and business life — so wide and so deep and pervading was his influence — that at times, even now, we cannot feel that he is gone from us, never, never more to return. There are times and occasions, and they will endure for a considerable space, when it seems as though the dear one were with us, helpful and cheery as of old. It shows us how dear he was to us, and how near to our hearts he had

gained a place. But, with sober reflection, the stern fact appeareth, and we know that he has taken his departure to return to the flesh no more. When we meet again, it must be when we follow in his unseen steps, and join him in the world beyond the veil. God give us the faith to look forward to the heavenly reunion without fear or faltering!

"No man knew Oscar more thoroughly than did I. It was in his power to assist me during his schoolboy days; I overlooked and advised with him when he commenced his business career in Norway village; when he had reached the proper age, and the strong desire came upon him, I made him a Mason, and raised him to the full light in the Symbolic Lodge; and from that time I may say that I have known even his inner thoughts. I have seen his good faith and friendship tested to the utmost; I have seen his truth and honor and manhood in the crucible of severest ordeal, and I never saw him waver. He was truth and honor incarnate. After I removed from Norway I was in social correspondence with him continuously. We kept one another informed all the time, each of the other's thoughts, feelings, and outer circumstances. He wrote with a free pen, and gave me entrance to his heart, and knowledge of his inner life; and he feared not to do it. In that life there was nothing to conceal. The man who could cast a slur upon A. Oscar Noyes must have formed the spectrum from his own littleness, and badness of soul within!

"Oscar was peculiar in many ways. He was a man in soul and spirit while yet a boy in years; and yet, though he lived to be forty-one and a half years of age, he never ceased to be a boy in heart. In the bright freshness of his loves; in the generous flow of his affectionate feeling; in the keenness of his enjoyments; and in the utter heartiness of his entrance into gladsome fun and frolic, — he carried through all his life the simple, undisguised,

untrammelled heart of a child. In short, I may say to any parent, without fear of being blamed in the result: — Rear your boy to become such a man, and you will give him what will be better than all the gold and precious stones of Ophir.

. . . . . .

"And now he is gone! Well, to some of us the separation will not be for long; and all of us may look forward, in the fulness of time, to a reunion in that Celestial Lodge where love, and peace, and blessed harmony shall never more be put away. God keep his memory green in our hearts! May we emulate his virtues; and so, in God's own time, be ready and willing for the transition which is to bring us face to face with him in that heavenly home where sorrow and suffering shall be known no more forever!"

Mr. Cobb gave his hearty confidence to numerous other friends in Norway, of his own age, and older, as well as younger, than himself. He was so social, genial, tolerant, thoughtful, kind, and generous, that he found the circle of those to whom he was closely knit by bonds of honor and affection continually enlarging about him.

The following extracts from his diary bear evidence of his fond remembrance in later life of early friends: —

"*Thursday, March* 20 [1873]. — At the depot in Taunton met John Harrington — my old John of bright memory — the great ventriloquist and prestigiator."

"*Monday, January* 26 [1874]. — The paper tells me to-night that my old friend and school-and play-mate, William U. Richardson of Malden, is dead; about my age. The last time we met we had a serious and touching

conversation on the passing of time, and the creeping on of age! *Requiescat in pace!*"

"*Thursday, February* 5 [1874]. — Robert K. Potter died last night, aged fifty-eight. Good-by, Robert! You and I have travelled! *Requiescat in pace!*"

"*Friday, March* 27. — This afternoon my old schoolfellow and playmate, Walter Russell of Malden, called upon me. I haven't seen him before for thirty-five years. It was pleasant."

"*Saturday, June* 1 [1878]. — Went down this morning, and attended the funeral of Elbridge Gerry Jefts. — My old friend, and teacher of the printer's art! God give him rest eternal!"

Accompanying the obituary notices on the death of Governor Head, he wrote in his diary as follows: —

"One of the first things to catch my eye in the morning paper was the accompanying slip. The last time I saw dear old Natt was at the Temple, two years or more ago. God rest his noble spirit!"

"Another 'memory' of dear old Natt. I give him this space because I loved him deeply, and knew him well. *Requiescat in pace!*"

At the time of Sinclair Tousey's death, which occurred only about a month before his own, he sent to New York for all the newspaper notices, and pasted them into his diary, accompanied by this simple memorial: "One of the purest and best of men I ever knew! and I knew him well."

It would be a difficult matter to attempt any personal mention of the large circle of friends made during his

later years. Among them were many whom he held near and dear; many who were tried and true. Always genial and happy, he had a bright smile and cheery word for everybody, old and young, high and low. He loved his fellow-men; he was loved and honored in return, and he passed from amongst them in accordance with his own desires, as expressed in the following quotation, under the date of June 2, 1877: —

"Oh! give me an old age full of love, and surrounded by friends on every hand. Let me so live and act my part, in Christian Hope and Faith and Charity, that when the evening comes my friends shall surround me with smiles and blessing, making bright and peaceful, and calm with abiding trustfulness, the closing scene!

"If there is a man on earth to be pitied, it is that old man who would have to go to the graveyard to find his friends! If there is one lesson in life which above all others I have tried to impress upon the minds of the young, it is this: So live and act, in all your walk through life, that when you are old, parents, looking upon and honoring and loving you, shall point you out to their children and bid them live as you have lived."

CHAPTER XIII.

ESTIMATES OF HIS LITERARY WORK.

Mr. Cobb was a story-teller, and as such gained a world-wide reputation. He has been called "sensational." If by this is meant that he aimed to influence the conscience and the will by means of vivid pictures of the sensuous and the external, it is true. He was sensational, and intended to be. When he began to write, the prevailing philosophy was that of Locke, who taught that all our knowledge was acquired by the senses. Mr. Cobb was undoubtedly influenced by this philosophy. No writer has awakened deeper feeling or stronger emotions, and that, too, by a direct appeal to the senses; but he was not therefore *sensual.* He never appealed to the passion of men; he never sought to excite the lower, baser nature of his readers. In no such sense was he *sensational.* His most glowing pictures, exciting and realistic though they were, were always elevating, never debasing. His pen wielded a marked influence for good, always and everywhere; but particularly was this influence felt in the natural, free-and-easy life of the South and West. Where reason and argument would fail to awaken dormant energies,

his simple tales of life and love touched the heart, and often kindled into being the spark of chivalry which is inherent in every man's nature. His short stories were sketches of real life and of real experience, bearing good lessons in morals, help and encouragement for the trials and vexations which creep into every man's life. Their influence has been elevating and ennobling. The following letter, printed in the *Ledger*, March 23, 1861, is one of many which might be used as illustrative of this influence: —

LOUISVILLE, KY., February 26, 1861.

MR. BONNER.

Dear Sir, — In your valuable paper of the 23d of February, I learned a lesson that I shall never forget, and I am indebted to the eminent author of the story, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., for his "Inherited Wealth;" and hope, with the help of God, to win an inheritance for my children — if not in gold, I will leave them a good name. I take many of the incidents of that little story to myself, and I know many others who might profit by its perusal. I always admired *Mr. Cobb* as an author, and will hereafter eagerly seek for his productions, as they generally teach a good moral.

Very respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

His novelettes were interesting, entertaining, exciting sometimes, but never sensational. The following incident, which was related to the author by the gentleman who criticised the lecturer, is illustrative of this wrong impression which has prevailed as to the character of Mr. Cobb's writing: A few years after Mr. Cobb began his work for Mr. Bonner, Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a lecture at East Boston, Mass., and

it devolved upon a brother of Mr. Cobb to occupy the platform with Mr. Emerson, and introduce him to the audience. In the course of his lecture he had occasion to refer to certain phases of modern literature, and in somewhat contemptuous terms spoke of the "yellow-covered literature of the Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., stamp." At the close of the meeting the following conversation, in substance, took place between the brother of Mr. Cobb and the lecturer: —

"Mr. Emerson, did you ever read one of Mr. Cobb's stories?"

"No, sir!" with a tone and look that implied that such a question was almost an insult.

"And do you think it just and honest to hold up one of the most popular writers of the day as a representative of a certain class of objectionable literature, when, as you confess, you have never read a line of his work?"

After some further conversation Mr. Emerson said: —

"Well, I confess that I may have erred in this matter in relying too much upon impressions, and I promise that the remark to which you object shall not be repeated until I am able to judge for myself whether or not it is just. I *will* read one of Mr. Cobb's stories at my earliest opportunity. What one shall I read?"

"It makes no difference," said Mr. Cobb; "select any of them and read."

About three months after this the two gentlemen met in the little den of Mr. James T. Fields, in the famous Old Corner Bookstore. After a mutually cordial greeting, and a few general words, Mr. Emerson looked Mr. Cobb in the face with a frank smile, and said: —

"By the way, Mr. Cobb, according to promise I have read one of your brother's novels, and have ascertained that it is a fair representative of all his stories. While it it is not in my line of reading, I confess that when once I had begun it I could not leave it unfinished. And it will be sufficient for me to say to you that I have never, since that East Boston lecture, nor can I ever again, hold up the stories of Mr. Cobb as an illustration of yellow-covered or merely sensational literature. In sentiment and language that story was not only unobjectionable, but elevating."

Going back to the beginning of his literary career, the following criticism is taken from the *Carpet Bag* of September 25, 1852: —

"Among the mass of romance writers to whom we have lately alluded, and among whom so few exceptions exist to redeem the class from utter condemnation, there beams a light or two, here and there, which serves to illumine the gloom, and at the same time to render the darkness surrounding them more palpable. Chief among this class stands the name of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. With a most fertile fancy, he combines great power of delineation, and the scenes he draws are the embodiments of the genius of a true artist. Though of the *violent* school of writers, he possesses a nice power of discrimination, and a correct taste, which leads him to avoid the *disgusting* in literature, so much in vogue with his contemporaries; and his stories — however killing or thrilling in their character — never lose sight of probability. A true artist, in the strictest sense of the word, his pictures — even those of the most sanguinary sort — bear the same comparison with nature as his, who, with a glowing brush, exaggerates in coloring, to meet the requirement of defective vision, and yet retains the just proportions and fair consistencies of nature.

Mr. Cobb has been a most prolific writer, and no one has been more extensively copied and admired. We take pleasure in awarding to him our estimate of his ability and worth."

His own theory of "coloring" may be inferred from the following quotation: —

"Nature, in her inspirations, not only affords the Real, but the Ideal. In fact, her grandest inspirations are those which lead the soul above and beyond the realm of what is absolutely seen and heard. Did you ever hear of 'cloud pictures'? In the mass of cloud overhanging the sunset-horizon, rolling and unrolling, retreating and advancing, ever changing, now piling up into golden-rimmed mountains, and anon stretching into weird columns of fantastic shapes — in these the artist catches some of the grandest inspirations ever transferred to canvas, — inspirations of patriarchal heads, and forms of youthful beauty, of forests and of mountains; in short, of everything in nature which the eye can see and the soul can feel.

"And what is true thus far of the painter is true of the musician. Nature's music, to the soul that can interpret it, is harmony sublime. To the soul thus attuned, there is no stretch of imagination in the thought of the divine picture presented to Job, 'When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'"

In 1858 the *New York Times* published an article containing some strictures on Hon. Edward Everett's engagement to write for the *New York Ledger*. This called forth an answer from Mr. Bonner, which was printed in the *Ledger* of December 11, 1858, and from which the following is extracted: —

"But the 'sublime Sylvanus Cobb,' as you call him, seems to trouble you most. Well, sir, I have reserved him for more full discussion. Mr. Cobb is one of the most successful writers living, and *he is one of the best.* I say 'BEST' understandingly and with my eyes open. *I know exactly what he is.* He is *not* invariably ornate and polished in his style; but he is a man of decided genius, and of vast and varied information. He does not pompously parade quotations from Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian; he does not fill all his writings with egotism and pedantry. He is a clear, straightforward, forcible, and honest writer. I value his writings and pay highly for them, because they are just what they are — pure in morals, honest and noble in sentiment, simple in diction, plain in construction, and thoroughly adapted to the tastes and comprehension of the people. I am glad to have the issue distinctly made on the character of his productions, because certain starveling *littérateurs,* whose articles have been rejected by me over and over again, are in the habit of decrying Cobb, and sneering at Cobb, and raving and swearing about Cobb, and drinking 'confusion to Cobb;' and all because these same men, for the most part, control and give tone to what is called 'literary criticism,' in certain quarters. The truth is, it is not Mr. Cobb's 'style' whereat and whereby these 'critics' are offended, but his popularity and his bank account. They cannot bear that their literary bantlings should be chucked into the fire, while Mr. Cobb's are paid for liberally, published extensively, and read enthusiastically."

The following extract is taken from an editorial article entitled "Robert Bonner and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.," originally printed in the *New York Tribune*, and quite extensively copied: —

"Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., may have been a man of great good sense. It has to be remembered that Green, Marlowe, and the rest thought Shakspeare was an impostor. The man who wrote the Arabian Nights was not even mentioned in the newspapers. Old Mr. Stultification thought he had killed that book. Cervantes was barely noticed till the French ambassador to Spain began to ask about him. A voluminous old ink-consumer named De Vega bossed the clique at that time. Honest old Cervantes probably thought himself De Vega's inferior. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., made more money for his publisher than any other American author. Is literature that which the great multitude improve by, or is it the private property of a few authors and their parasites? Cobb taught patriotism. The first purpose of his stories was to make his readers love and suffer for their country. Was that man a failure and to be sneered at who impelled, with that spirit of his tales, probably a hundred thousand soldiers into the field to prevent secession and slavery? He who works for the many instead of the few is the great teacher. De Foe seldom wrote anything very fine, but who would not have felt himself blessed to have written long, rambling, and vagarious Robinson Crusoe?"

A friend of Mr. Cobb's has written as follows of his literary work: —

"Mr. Cobb has written more novels than any other man in the country, and perhaps in the world; and while they have been generally intense in interest, not a line of any one of them ever contained an impure thought or a profane oath, nor did he ever make a hero of a villain. His aim ever has been to incite the noblest sentiments of manhood."

Refined and pure of thought himself, he shrank from everything coarse and rough, and kept his work far

above the ordinary sensational writings of the times. A lady of extensive literary culture, who had never read any of his writings, was induced by one of his friends to read "The Painter of Parma." She did so, and declared that the story should hold a place among the classics.

Mr. Cobb's unknown admirers often sent him letters expressive of their pleasure and commendation. From among the few of these which have not been destroyed, the following have been selected for publication: —

SYLVANUS COBB, JR. 1886.

Dear Sir, — Permit me, as one who has been an admirer of your writing for many years, to write you a few lines. When I was a lad, back in 1850, father was a subscriber to the old *Flag of our Union.* How I loved that paper! How anxiously I longed for the week to roll around so as to get the next number; but no writer pleased me as much as yourself. Commencing then and continuing up to the present time, — from *Flag of Our Union, Pictorial Drawing Room Companion,* to *New York Ledger,* — I have followed your serials. Some of them, like "Orlando Chester," "The Patriot Cruiser," "Karmel, the Scout," "The Gun-Maker of Moscow," I have read many times. I have files of the *Ledger* from 1859 for several years, and when I have nothing to do I sit me down and read one of your serials. What I desired to ask you was this: About how many serials have you written? I think I have read every one but one. Also, do you think I could find copies of all your stories in book form before you began to write for the *New York Ledger?* If I could, I would have them bound. Can you tell me where to write for information?

SYLVANUS COBB, JR. 1887.

Dear Sir, — After ransacking old second-hand book-stores for many years, endeavoring to find volumes of the old *Flag of Our Union* and *Gleason's Pictorial*, I at last came across a friend who remembered that he had some copies among his old books stored away, and he has kindly loaned me what he had. In No. 1 of Vol. 2, I find your portrait (Jan. 3, 1852), and in reading your latest work in the *New York Ledger*, I cannot think of you as looking much older than you were then, for your pen is just as good, and your tales equally good, ay, better than at that date. I think I have read every serial you have written from the first to the last — some of them many times. I have been trying to obtain all of them, either in bound or pamphlet form. I have some, but many I cannot get, but hope some day to find them.

With best wishes for your continued health, and that I may be enabled to read more from your pen, I remain

Ever your friend.

1887.

My Dear Mr. Cobb, — I was born the "cold year," 1816, in New London, Conn.; have lived in Syracuse, N. Y., over forty years, but have never lost my love for the sea, or for "sea stories," and I am glad that there is one man left that knows a "brig" from a "ship," a "sloop" from a "cat-boat," and can tell when he is sailing whether he is "on the wind," and what sail he is under, etc. There are so many now trying to write "Nautical Tales" that don't know "port" from "starboard," that could not tell a "spanker" from a "main royal," that it makes me tired to read them.

I have just finished reading "The Black Flag; or, The Pirate and the Privateer," by yourself. I have been much pleased with it, of course. Steam has done away with

much of the romance of the sea, but I hope you will continue, now and then, to give us a sea tale; it pleases the sailor and those born by the sea; and it is refreshing and beautiful to know, as I have said before, that we have one writer left us who knows whether he is sailing on the port or starboard tack.

SYLVANUS COBB, JR. 1877.

Respected Sir and Brother, — My object in addressing you I will state as briefly as possible.

From my boyhood days I have hoped that it might be my privilege at some time to grasp the hand of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Last Thursday evening that privilege was mine. I was presented to you in the ante-room of Hyde Park Lodge F. and A. M., and although the circumstance doubtless quickly passed from your mind, it will always be retained in my memory as one of the proudest moments of my life.

Years ago I read in the *New York Ledger* a story, the title of which I have forgotten, but it was from your pen, and first turned my attention to the subject of Masonry. Not only for this do I wish to thank you, but I feel that to your influence, through your pen, am I indebted more than to that of any other, my mother excepted, for whatever of good I have attained. What I have written here it was my intention to say to you last Thursday evening, but your early departure from the lodge-room prevented.

Realizing the important duties which must claim your time and attention, I am not so foolish as to expect a reply to this; but hoping that you will pardon my boldness, and trusting that you may find time to read this, and that it may give you a small degree of pleasure, I remain

Respectfully yours.

Appended is a full and classified list of Mr. Cobb's novelettes: —

TALES OF ROMANISM.

Death-Track of Languedoc,
Red Hand of Rome,
Privateer of the Delaware,
Butcher of Notre Dame,
} Published by Hincks & Co., 1855.

REVOLUTIONARY TALES.

The Golden Eagle.	*Gleason.*	
The Yankee Champion.	"	
The Ocean Martyr.	"	
Olivia Trevett.	"	
The Royal Yacht.	"	
Belinda Clyne.	"	
Karmel, the Scout.	*New York Ledger.*	Published Jan. 24, 1857; June 5, 1886; by Cassell & Co., 1888.
The Pioneer Patriot.	*New York Ledger.*	Published Oct. 24, 1857.
The Red Ranger.	" " "	Oct. 15, 1859.
Maggie Burns.	" " "	June 1, 1861.
The Bay Queen.	" " "	Feb. 8, 1862.
The Hunter's Secret.	" " "	Nov. 27, 1869.
Nora Van Dorn.	" " "	May 1, 1875.
The Patriot's Talisman.	" " "	April 8, 1876.
The Privateersman's Prize.	" " "	Aug. 4, 1883.
The Household Traitor.	" " "	Jan. 21, 1888.

TALES OF THE WAR OF 1812.

The Sea Lion.	*Gleason.*	
Harry Montford.	*New York Ledger.*	Published Jan. 1, 1859.
Dora's Amulet.	" " "	March 17, 1883.
The Bride of the Billow.	" " "	March 7, 1885.

COLONIAL TALES.

Orlando Chester.	*Gleason.*	
The Stung Serpent.	"	
The Wood Witch.	"	
The Mystic Bride.	*New York Ledger.*	Published Aug. 2, 1856.
The Slave's Secret.	" " "	May 8, 1880.

TALES OF THE REBELLION.

Nora Deane.	*New York Ledger.*		Published	Oct. 10, 1863.
Philip Oliver's Ordeal.	"	"	"	April 9, 1881.
The Cross of Ninondale.	"	"	"	Feb. 16, 1884.

TALES OF THE EAST.

The King's Talisman.	*Gleason.*			
The Armorer of Tyre.	"			
The Juggler of Nankin.	"			
The King and the Cobbler.	"			
Ben Hamed.	"			
The Queen's Plot.	*New York Ledger.*		Published	May 7, 1859.
The Scourge of Damascus.	"	"	"	Sept. 20, 1862.
Love's Ordeal.	"	"	"	July 5, 1879.
The Knight of Mount Zoar.	"	"	"	Dec. 4, 1880.
Zorinda, the Princess.	"	"	"	Dec. 20, 1884.

ENGLISH TALES.

The Iron Cross.	*Gleason.*			
The Gypsy Daughter.	*New York Ledger.*		Pub.	March 17, 1860.
Silverthorne.	"	"	"	March 9, 1861.
The Cavalier of Arden.	"	"	"	May 27, 1865.
Agnes Percy.	"	"	"	July 25, 1868.
Edith of the Cliff.	"	"	"	Dec. 18, 1875.
The Scourge of Seftondale.	"	"	"	July 28, 1877.
The Admiral's Heirs.	"	"	"	April 6, 1878.
Ravenswald.	"	"	"	June 8, 1878.
The Dragoon's Plot.	"	"	"	Feb. 5, 1881.
Bella's Hero.	"	"	"	June 18, 1881.
The Heir of Stanwood.	"	"	"	Jan. 6, 1883.
The Castle Waif.	"	"	"	May 26, 1883.
Percival Gordon.	"	"	"	June 21, 1884.
Norma Dale.	"	"	"	Oct. 9, 1886.

OLD ENGLAND.

Alice, the Fisher-Girl.	*Gleason.*			
Atholbane.	*New York Ledger.*		Published	Sept. 22, 1866.
The Royal Outlaw.	"	"	"	Jan. 18, 1868.

TALES OF SCOTLAND.

Fergus, the Foundling.	*New York Ledger.*		Published	Nov. 5, 1881.
The Haunted Tower.	"	"	"	Oct. 6, 1888.

TALES OF GERMANY.

The Prophet of the Bohmer Wald. *Gleason.*
The Wild Knight. *New York Ledger.* Published April 11, 1857.
Eleanor, the Jewess of Heidelberg. *New York Ledger.* Published March 4, 1865.
Karl, the Lion. *New York Ledger.* Published July 3, 1875.
The King's Mark. " " " Nov. 8, 1879.
The Spectre Baron. " " " Feb. 12, 1887.

Of the Black Forest.

The Robber Countess. *New York Ledger.* Published March 30, 1867.
The Hidden Chamber. " " " Feb. 12, 1876.
The False Knight. " " " July 18, 1885.

TALES OF FRANCE.

Henry La Nute. *Gleason.*
Rollo of Normandy. *New York Ledger.* Pub. June 28, 1862.
Pauline. " " " Feb. 7, 1863.
The Fortunes of Conrad. " " " April 18, 1863.
Isabel St. Flor. " " " April 22, 1871.
Blanch of Burgundy. " " " Oct. 28, 1876.
Agnes De St. Morin. " " " Aug. 10, 1878.
Leon St. Hubert. " " " Dec. 21, 1878.
The Forest Champion. " " " July 17, 1880.
The Plotters. " " " Jan. 14, 1882.
The Mysteries of Montebello. " " " May 20, 1882.
The Fortunes of a Foster Brother. *New York Ledger.* Published June 22, 1889.

Reign of Terror.

Cora St. Hubert. *New York Ledger.* Pub. Dec. 16, 1865.
Ninon D'Artoris. " " " Jan. 26, 1878.
The Mystery of the Highway. " " " Aug. 20, 1881.

TALES OF SPAIN.

The Smuggler of St. Jean. *New York Ledger.* Published Nov. 26, 1864.

Moorish Spain.

Fernando. *Gleason.*
The Knight of Leon. "
The Lost Treasure. *New York Ledger.* Published Sept. 18, 1858.
Leon de Bourney. " " " July 14, 1860.
The Granadan Duel. " " " March 30, 1872.
The Plot for a Crown. " " " May 26, 1877.

TALES OF ITALY.

The Painter of Parma. Published by Cassell & Co., 1889.

Venetian.

The Bravo's Secret. *Gleason.*
The Pearl of the Grotto. *New York Ledger.* Pub. Nov. 12, 1887.

Neapolitan.

The Lost Heir. *Gleason.*
Nyda's Ordeal. *New York Ledger.* Published Sept. 19, 1885.

Milanese.

The Viscount. *Gleason.*
Orlando Vendorne. *New York Ledger.* Published May 10, 1862.
The Foundling of Milan. " " " Nov. 23, 1867.

Lombardy.

The Brigands of Como. *New York Ledger.* Published March 6, 1880.

Sicilian.

Florian, the Bandit of Syracuse. *New York Ledger.* Published Oct. 3, 1868.

TALES OF RUSSIA.

Ivan, the Serf. *Gleason.*
The Gun-Maker of Moscow. *New York Ledger.* Published March, 1856; March 12, 1859; Jan. 10, 1880; pub. by Cassell & Co., 1888.

TALES OF AUSTRIA.

Drosendorf. *Gleason.*
The Maiden of Windorf. *New York Ledger.* Pub. Nov. 21, 1885.
Walric of the Crag. " " " Aug. 11, 1888.

TALES OF MEXICO.

The Wandering Guerrilla. *Gleason.*
The Texan Cruiser. "

TALE OF GREECE.

Theseus. *New York Ledger.* Published Feb. 13, 1864.

TALES OF ROME.

Tryon, the Shrine-Maker. *New York Ledger.* Pub. June 26, 1869.
The Envoy's Plot. " " " Feb. 25, 1871.

TALE OF THE SEPOY REBELLION.

Vivian's Victory. *New York Ledger.* Published Sept. 23, 1882.

MASONIC TALES.

Alaric.	*New York Ledger.*		Pub.	Nov. 6, 1858.
The Mystic Tie of the Temple.	"	"	"	Nov. 14, 1868.
The Keystone.	"	"	"	Feb. 28, 1874.

TALES OF THE CRUSADES.

Gertrude, the Amazon.	*New York Ledger.*		Published	Feb. 20, 1869.
Montrose.	"	"	"	July 16, 1870.

TALES OF CHIVALRY.

Rinaldo, the Paladin.	*New York Ledger.*		Published	Dec. 15, 1883.
The Knight's Motto.	"	"	"	June 18, 1887.

TALES OF SHIP AND SHORE.

The Phantom.	*Gleason.*			
The Earl's Ward.	"			
The Child of the Bay.	"			
The Storm Children.	"			
Hildebrand.	"			
Mortmorillon.	"			
Paul Laroon.	"			
The Storm Secret.	*New York Ledger.*		Pub.	June 7, 1856.
Bion, the Wanderer.	"	"	"	July 4, 1857.
Glendower.	"	"	"	July 17, 1858.
Wolfgang.	"	"	"	Jan. 7, 1860.
Waldermear.	"	"	"	Dec. 2, 1871.
Kate Arlington.	"	"	"	Oct. 19, 1872.
The Smuggler's Ward.	"	"	"	March 29, 1873.
The Plot for a Life.	"	"	"	April 18, 1874.
The Spectre's Secret.	"	"	"	March 13, 1875.
Harry Monmouth.	"	"	"	July 29, 1876.
Paul's Inheritance.	"	"	"	Dec. 30, 1876.
The Lord of Montfair.	"	"	"	Oct. 19, 1878.
Guy Kendrick.	"	"	"	Sept. 6, 1879.
A Foe in the Dark.	"	"	"	March 18, 1882.
The Queen of the Sea.	"	"	"	July 22, 1882.
Wenlock of Wenlock.	"	"	"	Oct. 13, 1883.
Glenalpine's Oath.	"	"	"	April 19, 1884.
Disowned and Outcast.	"	"	"	Oct. 25, 1884.
The Gunner's Waif.	"	"	"	Jan. 30, 1886.
The Black Flag.	"	"	"	Oct. 11, 1886.
The Faithful Mate.	"	"	"	Sept. 10, 1887.
Noel, the Nameless.	"	"	"	June 30, 1888.

The Smuggler of King's Cove. Published by Cassell & Co., 1889.

TALES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

Orion, the Gold-Beater. *New York Ledger.* Published Oct. 11, 1856; July 15, 1865; published by Cassell & Co., 1888.

Rosalind Hubert.	*New York Ledger.*		Pub.	March 13, 1858.
The Mystery of Wildwood.	"	"	"	Nov. 10, 1860.
The Hunted Life.	"	"	"	Sept. 21, 1861.
The Banker's Heir.	"	"	"	May 2, 1868.
The Bartered Secret.	"	"	"	Oct. 4, 1873.
A Terrible Agony.	"	"	"	Sept. 25, 1880.
The Mornington Mystery.	"	"	"	Aug. 23, 1884.
Donald's Plot.	"	"	"	May 9, 1885.
Marion's Uncle.	"	"	"	April 16, 1887.

Christine, the Brookside Foundling. *New York Ledger.* Published Aug. 23, 1890, under the title, "It was a Love Match."

TALE OF IRELAND.

Roderic of Kildare. *New York Ledger.* Published April 28, 1866.

UNPUBLISHED NOVELETTES.

The Contested Inheritance.
The Spectre of Silvernook.
What Did He See?
The Crest of Carrollton.
Von Zildorf's Heiress.
Doris.
Louise de Fontain.
The Earl's Heirs.
The Red Hand of Charny.
The Oakland Mystery.
The Norman Signet.
Alpendorf.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOSING SCENES.

It is often natural for a biographer to devote a considerable space at the close of his work to eulogium on the disposition and characteristics of his subject, but there seems little need of such words in this closing chapter. As has been said in the preface, the first thought, through all the work, has been to let Mr. Cobb, whenever it was possible, tell his own story, and, in so doing, unfold to the reader his own character. If this desire has been accomplished, the life-scroll thus revealed, though not free from human blemishes, has been singularly sweet and clean. No man could more fully possess the confidence and esteem of his fellows, and none could inspire more deep and lasting affection. Those who knew him best loved him most. The ready pen is laid aside, and the active, busy brain is at rest. June 5, 1885, he wrote in his diary: — .

"This is the sixty-second anniversary of my birthday. Sixty-two years of age! Well, well, — God spare me while life can be borne with joy! Spare me to my loved ones! Amen."

He shrunk from the thought of living after his work was done, and after he had become in any degree help-

less. Perhaps he had a fear that the brain, which had done so much more work than the body, might be the first to wear out; but he, and those who watched and loved him, were spared such an affliction. His last novelette, "The Smuggler of King's Cove," finished only two months before his death, lacks none of the power and interest of its predecessors. He worked well to the end, and so found joy in life.

For several years he was afflicted with successive attacks of pneumonia, more or less severe. In the early spring of 1885 he suffered from a very serious attack which yielded to medical skill, but from which he never regained full health. Indeed, for the remainder of his life the thought suggested by intimate acquaintance with him was, "How is the frail body of this man kept alive?" But, during the last few years, duty governed him in the care of his health, as in all other relations, and as that failed he made it a study how best to husband and care for what remained. He still worked with unabated energy during the fall and winter months, but was compelled to renew his scanty store of strength by weeks of rest through the warm weather. February 1, 1887, he was again prostrated by pneumonia, and was confined to the house until early May, when he wrote in his diary thus: —

"Aha! Down town this forenoon, first time since Saturday, January 29, and enjoyed it. Rode home with Dr. B——."

He frequently took his morning walk "down town" during the spring days, but he never fully rallied from

the winter's sickness, and early in July he contracted a cold which could not be conquered. Friday morning, July 8, he took his last walk to the village, did numerous errands, and called upon several friends. He complained of fatigue and weakness upon his return, having walked both down and up the hill. On the 11th his cold manifested itself. All that medical skill and loving care could suggest failed to give relief. He was beyond recovery. For a week he was extremely restless, often wandering in mind. Wednesday the 13th he made the last entry in his journal, which for thirty-five years had been faithfully kept. The entry was short, but clear and legible. He wrote of the state of the weather, of the call of his physician, and closed with the words, "I am better." Those were the last legible words he wrote.

"I am better!" sweet words of prophecy! sweet promise of rest! he has proved the truth of their signification. The frail, worn-out mantle of earth has been laid aside, and the soul, ever pure as God's sunlight, has received the reward of life's faithful service, of battles nobly won: the Master's "Well done."

From Saturday night, the 16th, he was obliged to remain in bed, a confinement to which he had never submitted through previous sicknesses. At the time of his severe attack two years before, he replied to the advice of his physician: "If you want me to die on your hands, keep me in bed." He lay in a semi-conscious condition until Wednesday, the 20th, when at three o'clock in the afternoon the sweet spirit revived

to bestow a tender farewell upon each member of the family before calmly responding to the call of its Creator. Wednesday evening his grandson opened the cherished diary, and reverently wrote the following finale:

"*Wednesday, July* 20. — At 3.19 P. M. to-day grandpa passed away after a very short sickness. The end was sweet and peaceful, like a child sinking into sleep. Just before death the spirit fluttered back for a moment, and he gave us each a smile and word of recognition. So ends the life of a generous, kind, loving husband and father — a true, upright, noble Christian gentleman."

His death was noticed by the press throughout the country, and its testimonials were uniform in character. There is no need to occupy space here for all; the following extracts from a few show the universal tone and feeling.

"A thrill of surprise and sadness was felt by the citizens of Hyde Park yesterday afternoon when they learned of the death of Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the novelist, who has been Hyde Park's most noted citizen for the past twenty years. The public knew him as a great story-writer, but his fellow-townsmen knew him as a kind-hearted gentleman, whom it was ever a pleasure to meet; one who could interest and amuse with a good story, and had a pleasant word for his many acquaintances. Very few knew that he was dangerously sick, as he had been out of health at times in recent years, and his absence from the streets was therefore not so much remarked. Mr. Cobb took a severe cold recently, which settled upon his lungs, already weakened by a previous attack of pneumonia, and he could not rally. His wife and his two daughters have been constant in their

attentions to the husband and father they loved so well, and for the past few days his brother has also rendered kind service at the bedside. Many friends called last evening to sympathize with the family; and, in spite of their great grief, they, like the one who so many times had set them the example, greeted their friends with kind words, and seemed less sad when recalling incidents in the life of the deceased." — *Boston Herald.*

"Personally Mr. Cobb was one of the kindest-hearted and most companionable of men. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and although first and last a story-writer, he possessed an almost marvellous fund of information upon history, science, and general topics, and could talk entertainingly and intelligently upon almost any subject. His kindly and genial nature always made him one of the most popular men in the community where he resided." — *Boston Transcript.*

"Our esteemed friend and popular contributor, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., died on the 20th of July, at his home in Hyde Park, Mass. Mr. Cobb began writing for the *Ledger* in the spring of 1856, and his first story, 'The Gun-Maker of Moscow,' had a wide circulation and an enduring popularity. Indeed, it is still popular, and is now read by the grandchildren of those who enjoyed its perusal on its first appearance, more than thirty years ago. In speaking of this story, the *Evening Sun* says: 'As great an intellect as the late Jeremiah Black found delight in "The Gun-Maker of Moscow."' Like all of Mr. Cobb's stories, its moral tone was pure, and its influence on the reader was good. In fact, in over one hundred long stories and innumerable short ones by Mr. Cobb that we have published, there has never been an impure line. Mr. Cobb was a man of great purity and uprightness of character. He combined simplicity and manliness in an unusual degree,

and was thoroughly American and patriotic in all his impulses. These traits of character made him a favorite with all who knew him, and he had the cordial respect of his friends and neighbors. His funeral, which took place at Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, July 24, was one of the largest and most impressive that we ever attended." — *New York Ledger.*

"The name of this brother has been familiar for so long a time as a writer of serial stories, that little need be said of him in this regard, more than the repetition of the fact of his success and popularity. The attachment of our brother to Freemasonry was more than ordinarily strong, and conspicuously unselfish. We have to regret that we could not participate in paying the last tribute of respect to this brother, but absence from the State prevented; that it was fittingly done gives us much satisfaction, because of the fact that it was done worthily. That our brother was human those who knew will remember, as they also will the kindly and cheery manner in which he bore his human character. In this he was a helpful man; open to listen, true to advise, wise even in his conclusions. An acquaintanceship of many years had grown into respect and ripened into mutual friendship, for the loss of which tender words are but a poor substitute. It will be difficult if not impossible to recall any words of unkindness uttered by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., concerning a brother Freemason or the brethren, among whom he was always a friend and peacemaker." — *The Liberal Freemason.*

"He was a large-hearted man, and no one in distress ever appealed to him in vain. He was always ready to assist the unfortunate. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was a tower of strength in every movement toward building up the town. Norway never had his equal, take him all in all." — *Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

The funeral services were held at the residence Sunday, July 24. In accordance with his own wishes no outward badges of mourning were worn by any of the family. It was a custom with which he did not sympathize, and which had never been adopted in his father's household; and it seems fitting to say here that, though his family continued to wear their usual apparel, they were not subjected to the slightest unpleasantness or annoyance by unkind or thoughtless criticism, from which a covering of crape could have saved them. Let the words of his will express, better than could any words of another, his feelings on this subject:

"And I do set it down as my express desire, that no member of my family, or relative or friend, shall for me put on, at any time, any outward badge of mourning. Let no blackness of crape or funeral weeds cast its gloom upon my memory. I would that my beloved ones should seek the brightness and fragrance of faith and trust in God, rather than the gloom that belongs to doubt and unrest. I go to find *more* LIGHT. Add ye not to the darkness who remain behind.

"God bless you all!' '

The following, from the *Norfolk County Gazette*, gives a full and correct account of the funeral services:

"The death of so conspicuous a fellow-townsman as Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., naturally awakened the most profound sympathies, and every one, even those who had only a slight acquaintance with the great story-writer, joined in the general tribute of respect on the day of the funeral obsequies. The kindly, loving, generous man, whose venerable appearance always stimulated a feeling of respect,

and whose cheerful greeting was like a ray of sunshine, had not an enemy in the world; and when death came friends gathered around his bier and mingled their tears with those of the bereaved family. The funeral services over the remains of our departed fellow-townsman took place from the family residence Sunday last at 1.30 P. M., and it was the most largely attended and impressive that ever took place in this town. It was expected that Rev. Mr. Huxtable would officiate, but at a late hour it was learned that his presence could not be procured in consequence of his absence in another State. Rev. Charles R. Teney, of the Universalist Church, Stoughton, for many years a valued friend of the deceased, conducted the services. The casket of black broadcloth was placed in the corridor, and had a background of flowers. At the head of the casket, on an easel, was a picture of the deceased, and conspicuously displayed was the national flag he loved so well. His Commandery regalia was at the foot of the casket. The floral display was exceedingly fine. A large floral pillow with the quotation from the last entry in his journal, 'I am better,' attracted much attention from its appropriateness. Among the beautiful collection was a floral square and compass, with the letter 'G,' from Hyde Park Lodge. F. and A. M. Norfolk Royal Arch Chapter sent a keystone of immortelles and a bed of ivy leaves, and Cyprus Commandery an elegant cross and crown. Hyde Park Council also sent a pretty design. From his comrades of the Grand Army was a floral pillow bearing the inscription, 'Post 121, G. A. R.' There were also numerous other offerings from neighbors and friends. The commodious house was filled to repletion. Besides the widow, two daughters, and a grandson who bears the name of the deceased, there were his brothers, Samuel T., George W., Eben, Cyrus and Darius, and their families, and many others of a family connection. Mr. Robert Bonner, of the

New York Ledger, for which paper the deceased contributed stories and sketches for more than thirty years, was also present, and he was deeply impressed as he looked upon the face of his old friend in literary work. Many old-time residents, who were pioneers in the early history of the town, were among the mourners. Details from the Masonic and Grand Army bodies, under the direction of Undertaker F. C. Graham, took charge of the services. The preacher read from the eleventh chapter of John, and made it the basis of an affectionate and appropriate discourse concerning the life and character of the dead, whom he had known and loved from childhood. The Weber Quartette rendered impressively 'Gathering them in,' 'Oh, where shall rest be found,' and 'Abide with me.' At 12.30 o'clock the Masonic bodies and the Grand Army Post assembled at their respective headquarters. The Masonic brethren held memorial services at their hall, which included appropriate remarks from several of the members. At the close of the services the several Masonic bodies, under escort of Timothy Ingraham Post, G. A. R., and headed by the Hyde Park Drum Corps, proceeded to the house of the dead. It was impossible for all to enter, on account of the large number present. With open ranks the bodies remained outside until the services were concluded, when an opportunity was given all to look for the last time upon the benevolent face of one who had been so beloved in life. The body was borne from the house by the pall-bearers, Sir Knights Robert Bleakie, W. J. Stuart, M. N. Gage, George F. Lincoln, David L. Hodges, E. H. Williams, Andrew Washburn, and John F. Ross. A long line of carriages conveyed the mourners from the house, and as the cortége moved away down Fairmount Avenue it presented an impressive appearance, and was made up as follows: Hyde Park Drum Corps: Timothy Ingraham Post, G. A. R., Commander Stephen H. Reynolds; Hyde

Park Blue Lodge of Masons, Worshipful Master James F. Mooar; Cyprus Commandery of Knights Templars, Eminent Commander W. P. Morrell. When the procession reached Hyde Park Avenue, a large number of the Masonic brethren took carriages and accompanied the relatives and friends to Woodlawn Cemetery, Chelsea, where the body was laid beside those of his father and mother. The beautiful and impressive Masonic services were rendered at the grave by Worshipful Master Mooar and Chaplain Charles Sturtevant, M. D., the musical selections being rendered by the Weber Quartette."

Memorial services were held by various societies, and at the Unitarian Church the first Sunday of September.

The quarterly meeting of the Hyde Park Historical Society was held Wednesday evening, October 5. After a short business meeting the remainder of the evening was devoted to eulogy of Mr. Cobb, of which the local paper gave the following report: —

"The next speaker was Rev. George Hill of Norwood, who spoke on the life and character of the late Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Much of it related to dates and incidents in his career, with which the reading public are familiar. In closing the speaker paid a fine tribute to the great novelist, whose individuality of character he found nearly as strong and marked as were some of the characters created by his marvellous skill as a writer. The speaker was positive that had Mr. Cobb seen fit to have occupied the pulpit or platform, he would have made a still greater name for himself than he did as a writer. Mr. G. Fred Gridley was next called upon, and he read an extract from a private letter written by Mr. Cobb in reference to the death of his mother. It is almost needless to state that it was one of the strongest pen pictures of the testimony of love from a

son to his sainted mother that was ever listened to; and Mr. Gridley's rendering of it was also worthy of notice. He next read a 'life sketch' written by Mr. Cobb, entitled 'After Many Days.' It was one of the best of his many short sketches illustrating generosity and love, and it was also finely rendered by Mr. Gridley. The next speaker was our venerable friend, Mr. T. D. Weld, who spoke some of the kindest of words to the memory of his late neighbor, Mr. Cobb. He said: 'We had been nearest neighbors ever since Mr. Cobb came to Hyde Park, and I was admitted to the closest friendship with him. I knew all about his struggles and triumphs, and if any man was entitled to pity, and at the same time to admiration, that man was Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.; but all of us may eulogize him from now until morning, and then we shall not have expressed a quarter part of the love toward mankind that he did in the short extracts read to us by Mr. Gridley. He was a master at word-painting, and no man had greater love for his family than did Mr. Cobb, and I might add for the human family in general. Do you not all remember the absence of a frown upon his face, and with what a hearty, loving manner he greeted us on the street, or in the home, always bubbling over with kindliness and good feeling? His every motion seemed to say, "How glad I am to meet you; is there not something I can do to make you more happy?"' Rev. Mr. Huxtable was called from among the audience to the platform, and made some very interesting remarks. He paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Mr. Cobb. He thought the influence of his writings was good. 'They have reached people,' he said, 'whose minds needed just such lessons of human kindness as he was wont to depict.' Edmund Davis, Esq., also responded briefly from the floor, adding his testimony to the good feeling of Hyde Park people toward their late fellow-citizen, who took a great interest in the town's history."

The following extracts are taken from the Rev. George Hill's address on the life and character of Mr. Cobb: —

"Mr. Cobb was an active, stirring man, and his life was made up of both incident and quality. But the things we shall longest remember concerning him are those that pertained to his mind and heart rather than the material outlines of his life. As a man of mind and heart, as a man of power and influence in the community, he is not to be measured by his ephemeral work in the popular journal, although it requires much talent and care to be a successful journalist. Mr. Cobb wrote for the million to gain his livelihood. His talents in that line were of large pecuniary value, but his brain and soul seemed to have been struck out for the larger themes of moral ethics and sociology. He loved to look at man, his environment, his powers, his achievements, and his possibilities; and had time and opportunity been granted him, he was capable of doing much more than he did for the cause of humanity. He had in him the elements of the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the statesman; for the best statesman is he who is guided by his love of justice and humanity. He had large and humane views upon all public and social questions, and was generally found in advance of the public mind. In connection with his enlarged views he possessed those gifts of eloquence and oratorical grace that enabled him to be an effective advocate of them. There were few men in any community who could interest and move an audience with more effect than he. His commanding presence, his clear tones of voice, his sound logic, and vivid imagination, made him an orator; and had he chosen the bar, the pulpit, or the platform, for his sphere of labor, he would have risen to eminence in either one of them. He was a many-sided man, inheriting from his

father a strong, sound mind, and from his mother strength combined with versatility and nervous energy. That he did not accomplish all that such an equipment ought to have done, was owing to a partially inherited tendency that shut him out, from the beginning, from the larger sphere of public life with its greater temptations as also its greater honors. By nature he had great will power, but failed at times to hold himself in subjection to it. He was like St. Paul in this respect, who said: 'To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not.' And yet, had not Mr. Cobb been such an inveterate worker, drawing so largely upon his nervous energies as to induce almost complete prostration, he would long since have gained the victory for which he fought so nobly. As it was, he was entitled to great merit and the respect of every one who knew him, for what he did for himself in his periodical contests with a foe as subtle as hell, and as powerful as the arch enemy of man. But we shall none of us soon forget the long and pleasant companionship we have enjoyed with him. Our lives will be chastened and enriched by the memory of his example in earnest fidelity to what he believed to be true and right. The success he achieved in his vocation, the confidence he secured, the character he established as a man. are his most enduring monument. And believing, with him, in the immortality of the spirit, it will require no stretch of imagination, or violence of faith. to feel that at times he may revisit us in spiritual sympathy in our solemn councils and assemblies, to cheer and encourage us in every good work for God and humanity."

The several Masonic bodies of Hyde Park held memorial meetings and adopted resolutions upon the death of Mr. Cobb, extracts from which have been selected as follows: —

Brothers of Hyde Park Lodge, — Since our last regular communication, the grim messenger of death has summoned one of our number to a higher sphere of duty. The call has come very near to us. It has taken from our midst one closely enshrined in our hearts. Worshipful Brother Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., had especially endeared himself to all true Masons, by his constant devotion to the highest interests and noblest precepts of our ancient institution. The simple words which thus state the facts of his various Masonic relations, seem idle when we think of the man; of the earnestness and the devotion, the self-sacrifice and true fraternal love, with which he performed the duties of all the various relations he sustained to the brethren. To him they were not merely duties, for they became the highest pleasures of his life. To aid and assist a worthy brother was his chief delight. His affection for what he called the "life lessons of Freemasonry," and his full, rich comments on them, which we have so often heard come forth spontaneously from his heart, overflowing with genuine brotherly love, are a rich legacy to his brethren of the craft.

As citizen, husband, father, neighbor, and friend, he was loved and honored beyond most of his fellow-men.

As an author, he was widely known and eagerly read by all lovers of pure romance. It has been said that during the thirty years in which he wrote enough to fill more than one hundred printed octavo volumes, he never penned a line that was not pure in its tendency. It was his mission, in his own peculiar way, to elevate his fellow-men, and inspire them with loftier ideals.

He believed in the immortality of man, and the infinite goodness of his God, and the radiance of that divine faith shone through his daily walk and conversation.

He believed most fully in Freemasonry, and his exemplification of its precepts in word and deed have made

us feel that its principles are the nearest approach that man can devise to the Gospel of the Blessed Master. "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you," was the motto of his life.

Brothers, the music of his voice and the inspiration of his presence are now lost to us; but in memory there will ever remain rich treasures, whose wealth shall gladden our hearts and ennoble our lives, until we shall be called from labor below to join him in the glorious rest of the world beyond.

To those who mourn the loss of one endeared to them by the sacred ties of home and kindred, our words can bring but little of comfort. We commit them to Him who spake as never man spake, saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," with full and complete faith that we shall soon meet the loved and lost where no word of parting is ever heard.

HYDE PARK LODGE.

IN MEMORIAM — SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Another year has passed and gone,
And now we meet in sorrow here.
Another soul has travelled on
To guide us to a brighter sphere.

His Master's summons he obeyed,
And closed his labors here below;
His Fraters — here we paused dismayed,
To pay him tribute ere we go.

He'll greet us in these halls no more;
No more he'll grasp us by the hand.
We trust he's waiting on the shore
To meet us in the better land.

COMPANIONS. — The gates which shut from our vision the unseen world have once more swung open to permit the passage of a loved and cherished companion to a knowl-

edge of the mysteries which lie beyond its portals. It is fitting that we should place on our records a tribute to one who filled so large a place in all our hearts, and whose place in our Chapter it will be so hard to fill.

The record of the numerous and highly honorable offices which he has held in the different Masonic bodies through the suffrage of his companions, illustrates in the most emphatic degree, the esteem and veneration of the fraternity, and is a most enviable indorsement of his worth as a man and a Mason. His loss will long be severely felt, and his place will not be easily supplied. In all his relations with the various Masonic bodies of which he was a member, he ever manifested a mind and soul thoroughly imbued with the pure and beneficent spirit of the Order.

Our beloved companion is gone. His faults will soon be forgotten, but the sweet remembrance of his virtues will abide in our hearts while memory asserts its sway, and will cheer us in our labors, until all who have known him here shall have gone to join him in the Eternal Lodge above.

To the members of his family, who are left to mourn in sorrow the loss of one who was so amiable in all the relations of the household, we extend our deepest and most heartfelt sympathies. Language can but feebly express the fulness of our sense of the burden of grief they are called upon to bear. We can only point them to the Everlasting Father who careth for all His children, loves them while He chastens, and in whose house is prepared a mansion eternal for all who love His appearing, and where families once re-united are united forever.

NORFOLK ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

Illustrious Companion Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., rests in peace. His labors in the earthly lodge are finished. His

genial face, beaming with fraternal love and sympathy, which has so long been like a benediction to the Masonic bodies of this town, we shall see no more. With a more than ordinary sense of bereavement, and with no common emotions of sorrow, we pause in our accustomed work to pay our tribute of respect to his memory, and lay up this memorial of his virtues in the archives of our council.

In delineating the character of Companion Cobb as a Free and Accepted Mason, it is difficult to repress eulogistic language that might appear extravagant to those not intimately acquainted with him. The record of the numerous and highly honorable offices which he held at the suffrages of his brethren, covering a period of thirty years, affords the most emphatic and glowing encomium of his worth as a man and a Mason. He was beloved in a much more than ordinary degree by every member of the fraternity, to whom he was well known. The present generation of Masons in Hyde Park will ever love and revere his memory. Thoroughly read in Masonic history, learned in the trestle board, and capable of filling any and every Masonic office, his usefulness in the several Masonic bodies that meet in this hall cannot be readily estimated. His loss will long be severely felt, and will not easily be supplied. Above and beyond these important qualities, he brought to the service of the fraternity prudent and thoughtful counsel, which always told effectively for harmony, good order, and justice, tempered with generosity. In his relations to the organizations of which he was a member, and to his brethren individually, and to himself in a great degree, he manifested a heart and mind and soul pre-eminently imbued with and governed by the pure and beneficent spirit of our beloved Order. Faults and weaknesses indeed he had, which find no countenance in Masonic principles and teachings; but he struggled to overcome them with a persistent heroism worthy of all praise. He

strove to guide his life and conduct by those great tenets of Freemasonry, — brotherly love, relief, and truth.

The most distinguished characteristic of Companion Cobb was his kind and genial love for his fellow-men, and especially for those who had knelt with him at the altar of Freemasonry. How carefully he guarded the honor and the rights of a brother; how happy he was in a brother's prosperity; how clement and indulgent he was to a brother's failings; how sympathetic he was in the times of a brother's misfortunes or adversity; how tenderly he watched a brother's wants through the tedious hours of sickness, and, if possible, cheered him back to life and health; with what loving words he offered to the memory of a departed brother the last tribute of Masonic affection, — every member of this council remembers and treasures in his heart. His warm grasp of the hand, his affectionate greeting, his cheerful words, were not affectations of regard, but the natural outflowing from the fountains of his generous, loving heart.

Our companion is gone, but the sweet remembrance of his brotherly kindness remains. He was a true Mason and a true friend. HYDE PARK COUNCIL.

Our banners are draped in mourning, and our hearts are filled with sorrow as we realize the irreparable loss which we have one and all sustained. The hand of death has effaced from the roll of our membership the name of one whom we have known to love, to honor, and to revere. His earthly pilgrimage is accomplished, and we have faith to believe that he has received the crown of life eternal, which is promised to those who are faithful unto death.

> "A crown awaits each faithful heart,
> Each earnest, self-denying soul
> That carries cheerfully the cross
> To death's cold, unrelenting goal.

And when the veil shall roll away,
Disclosing Heaven's endless bliss,
The crown of love shall compensate
The cross of such a life as this."

Our departed friend was a man of great intellectual force and varied talents. Had he chosen any other profession than that to which the best years of his life were devoted, he must have taken a high rank. He was widely known by reason of his literary work, and for years his name has been a household word wherever the English language is spoken. Innumerable readers have been charmed and entertained by his serial stories, and made happier and better by the domestic sketches and lessons of life which were peculiarly his forte. Critics unite in honoring him for the purity and high moral tone which pervaded all his writings, and which, as we know, reflected the personality of the man. "Blessed are the pure in heart."

In public affairs his position was always unequivocal, and his influence exerted for what he sincerely believed to be right and best. He was actively interested in the cause of education, public libraries, and in whatever tended to the moral and social uplifting of the community.

A patriotic citizen, when the cloud of civil war overhung the land, at considerable personal sacrifice to himself he freely offered his sword and service to the national cause.

It has been our privilege to know him intimately, to feel the warm grasp of his hand, to hear the cheery tones of his voice, and to observe the whole-souled interest which he manifested in the welfare of each individual friend, neighbor, or brother with whom he came in contact. He abhorred malice, envy, and backbiting, and was ever ready to act as a peacemaker when he found a tendency to strife and discord among his associates.

Our commandery is peculiarly indebted to him for the

manner in which he has dignified and adorned the prelate's station.

The seat which he has filled for so many years is now vacant.

Be it ours to cherish fondly the remembrance of our fraternal association, and strive to emulate his virtues.

CYPRUS COMMANDERY.

The following is extracted from the memorial resolutions adopted by Post 121, G.A.R.: —

"*Whereas*, The Great Commander has removed from among us our comrade Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., our first Post Commander; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we appreciate the life and service of our deceased comrade, and express our deep sympathy for the widow and children left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father, trusting that their grief may be assuaged by the memory of a life so full of patriotic devotion and patient self-sacrifice for his fellows."

The poems which follow were written for the *Ledger*, and appeared in the issues of August 20 and September 10, 1887, respectively: —

IN MEMORIAM — S. C., JR.

He worked with master hand the loom
That wove his fact and fiction;
And made the knight with waving plume,
Or clown with quaintest diction.

With stroke of pen he made a king,
And placed him in a palace;
Or gave the humble maid a ring,
And filled with joy her chalice.

The armorer's art full well he knew,
The lore of the magician,
The gypsy's language could construe,
Or speak as the patrician.

He knew the ways of ancient Greece,
The Persian and the Roman;
Described their ways in war and peace,
As husbandman or yeoman.

And millions saw and read his words,
In palace and in hovel:
The ranchman with his countless herds,
The lady with her novel.

But now the busy hand is still;
The brain has ceased its scheming,
To wake but when the Father will,
From sleep that knows no dreaming.

W. C.

MEMENTO MORI — SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Oh! far away, in the month of May,
Ere the battle of life, for us, begun,
A knight rode into the lists one day,
Through the rosied gates of the rain and sun.
Against the dawn his gonfalon
Flew, blazing like the morning star;
The virgin field of his bright shield
Was crossed by no sinister bar.
He came with waving banners,
And a legion at his back
Of ladies fair and debonair,
Gallants there was no lack.

From out the realms of wild romance —
The old, long-dead, chivalrous days —
He led his hosts, with trump and lance,
Into our plodding modern ways.

But not with falchion, dripping gore,
Nor conquest's rude magnificence ;
For in his good right hand he bore
A nobler weapon of defence.
His was the great enchanter's wand,
The versatile and graphic pen,
That touches with a living brand,
And fires the quickened hearts of men.
The chaplets were of purest gold
He heaped on virtue's spotless shrine ;
His men were of heroic mould,
His women more than half divine !
And oh! with what unmixed delights,
With what unflagging, youthful zests,
We shared his captive maidens' flights —
His Champion Knights' avenging guests!
As through the serried columns
Of the *Ledger*, year by year,
He marshalled with consummate skill
Bold king and cavalier.

Love — hate — he limned with cunning craft;
The pencil, in his master hand,
Was now a barbed and winged shaft,
And now the key to fairyland.
And one unflagging purpose strives
Through all he wrought: the force that bends
The courses of his mimic lives
To higher planes and nobler ends ;
So now that he hath gone away,
Forevermore to be at rest,
With simple truth his friends may say,
He did his worthiest and best!

Rest, busy brain, thy work is done;
Rest, kindly heart, in perfect peace,
Till Time's stupendous race is run,
And all yon rolling planets cease;
Rest, gentle wight, in memory still
Revered and loved, thy fame shall thrive!
There is no one thy place to fill,
Of all the millions now alive.

Rest well! the morals thou hast taught,
Of love and truth and constancy,
Shall leaven with a nobler thought
The generations yet to be.
"The pen is mightier than the sword"
To shape the universal good,
And bind the world with sweet accord
In one perpetual brotherhood.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Many letters of sympathy were received by the bereaved wife. From among them the following extracts have been taken, that they may serve to give further proof of the high esteem and love in which Mr. Cobb was held: —

FALL RIVER, July 23, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. COBB, — I have read with sorrow and regret that Mr. Cobb has passed on. How sad it must be to you all. He was a noble man. His large heart, his broad sympathies, his humane and philanthropic spirit, were as true as they were generous. It is not given to mortals to be perfect; but there was such a fountain of good impulses in this heroic soul, such tenderness of thought and feeling, such charity and wealth of pure and manly thought, such hatred of sham, and love of sincere, honest, straightforward conduct and bearing, such conscientious devotion to his ideals, that whatever his mistakes, he never failed to deserve, and to get and hold to the last, all worthy friends; and none others did he seek or care to have. All his errors "leaned to virtue's side;" his whole nature rebelled against pretence and meanness and narrowness; and much of what passes for religion he scorned as pure self-seeking. So frank and open and large and generous was his nature, that everybody loved him.

I speak not of his genius as a writer, of his fame as a

lecturer, as a philanthropist, battling for the weak and the tempted, and the more successfully because he had sometimes met the foe face to face; but I speak of the *man*, of his genuine soul, whose presence was always a tonic and a charm, a healing and a delight. It is not too much to say he was one whose

> "life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"

His heart beat for all the world, and all who knew him loved him as a father.

But all this is cold compared with his tenderness as a companion, his love for his home, his affection for his children. Into this inner chamber, this circle of domestic ties, a stranger may not enter, even to recall and make vivid the peace and serenity, the fidelity and the greatness, which characterized him in all these relations. How you will all miss him; how lonely it will be for you all; how silent will be hall and chamber without his breezy tread, and his moving life, and always fitting word. But words are cold, and an intrusion, while hearts are bleeding with the recent wounds of sorrow like yours; there is no effectual condolence while our dead lies in the next room, and our eyes are blinded by tears, and the shadows are deep as night on our hearts. But is there no consolation, are there no refuges? can you look for no light, and is all a mystery and a blight? I need not direct your mind and heart to the true source; and yet I cannot think it is *all* in the thought of that blessed reunion, you may be sure of in God's good time. There is something to console in the thought of love and help and blessing he has brought you these long years of the past. It is something that he had lived a useful life, that his pen and words had roused so many good impulses in the youthful and manly mind to

make it more manly. It is not a little that he lived a glowing example of one who believed in the goodness of God, and the reality and blessedness of religion; and that life here is a noble possession. He had his trials and his battles, but how truly he met the one and fought the other, none of us can know here. I loved the man! I loved him from our first meeting and till the last time I met him near the post-office a year ago. No one who ever felt the strong throb of his magnificent heart but that himself grew nobler and rose to higher ideals and diviner resolves.

Oh, grand spirit! thy furnaces have made thee finer gold, thy tears have been the dew to feed thy deeper life; thy struggles after the true and perfect way have lifted thee nearer toward the path the angels tread. Thou art not dead; thou hast not departed; our eyes filled with the tears of affection refuse to see thee, but the vision stays, and the dream abides, love lingers and makes real thy presence. Only that we could see thee as thou art seeing us, as thy spirit is about thy beautiful home, enwrapping thy wife and daughters and grandson, and all thy dear friends and companions. Oh, my brother, I thank thee for so much thou hast been to me. I cannot say farewell, for thou hast not departed; I cannot say adieu, for thou art with thy God and us.

> "Say not good-night, but in some brighter world
> Bid me good-morning."

Dear friends, one and all, I shall think of you to-morrow; but his *remains* will not be borne to the tomb; they will be with you; they are his love and sacred memories; his dust goes, his flesh departs; but all that was he remains with you to comfort and bless.

Please excuse this hasty, broken offering of sympathy. It is all that I can so well give, and it is given so heartily,

you may be sure. I am happy to have had him as a friend and parishioner. Be courageous, be brave; God and the angels and ten thousand friends are with you in sympathy, and I know your faith will stay you all up and give you peace.

Ever your friend, and former pastor,

A. Judson Rich.

Boston, Thursday.

Dear Mrs. Cobb, — It seems vain to offer you any words of condolence in such an hour of bereavement as yours. If however, the heartfelt sympathy of one who held your late lamented husband in high esteem can be of the least avail to soothe and strengthen you, I will not have written these few lines in vain. He leaves behind him a name for kindliness of heart, and a love of all that was noble, which is now more than any reputation which will be his in the future, as a writer. In the latter sphere, he was always on the side of what was good. For this, and for more, let us be thankful, and still more so, that now he is at rest with his Father and his God.

Ever, with sincere sympathy,

Yours most truly,

H. Bernard Carpenter.

Lowell, Mass., July 22, 1887.

My dear Mrs. Cobb, — I was deeply pained to hear of the death of your dear husband. The news came to me with a great shock, it was so sudden and unexpected. It is indeed a terrible blow to you, who loved him so well. It will be a great blow to a very numerous body of friends, to all of whom he was very dear. I need not tell you how sad I feel. I loved him greatly for his many noble traits of character. He was always a warm and true friend. God grant to you the comfort of His holy spirit in this

hour of your great affliction! May you find hope and solace in the blessed assurance of the reunion of the broken ties of earth in a happier and holier world beyond! Be assured that I deeply sympathize and mourn with you, and with all your family.

My love to all the family, and to yourself, love and earnest sympathy.

Sincerely your friend,

A St. John Chambre.

The place of rest at Woodlawn is marked by a simple marble tablet on which are chiselled the Masonic emblem of a square and compass; his name, with the date of birth and death; and the beatitude:

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."